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THE STRANGE STORY OF

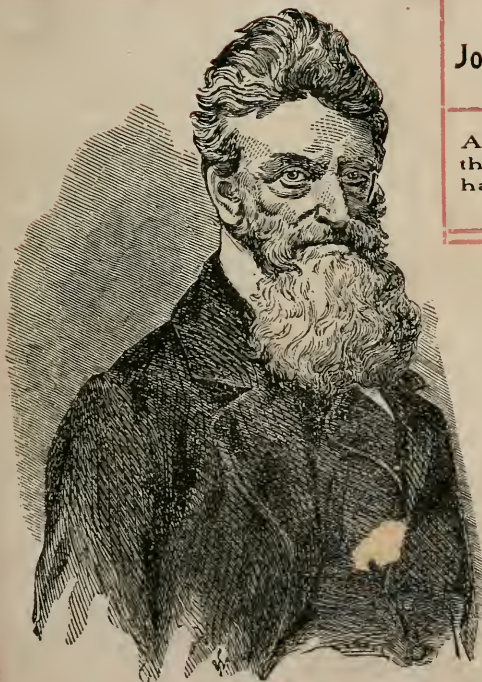
# HARPER'S FERRY

With Legends of the Surrounding Country

By

Joseph Barry

A Resident of  
the place for  
half a century





(Brown, John)

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MARTINSBURG, W. VA.:  
THOMPSON BROTHERS

1903

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## PREFACE.

THE *real story* of Harper's Ferry is sad, and but little less wild and romantic than the old-time legends that abound in the long settled country around. The *facts* of the story we give with scrupulous *exactness*. We, ourselves, have witnessed many of the most important incidents narrated and, for what happened before our time, we have the evidence of old settlers of the highest character and veracity.

The *legends* are *consistent*, even though they may have no other claim on our consideration. They never have more than one version, although one narrator may give more facts than another. The narratives never *contradict* one another in any material way, which goes to show that there was a time when everybody around believed the main facts.

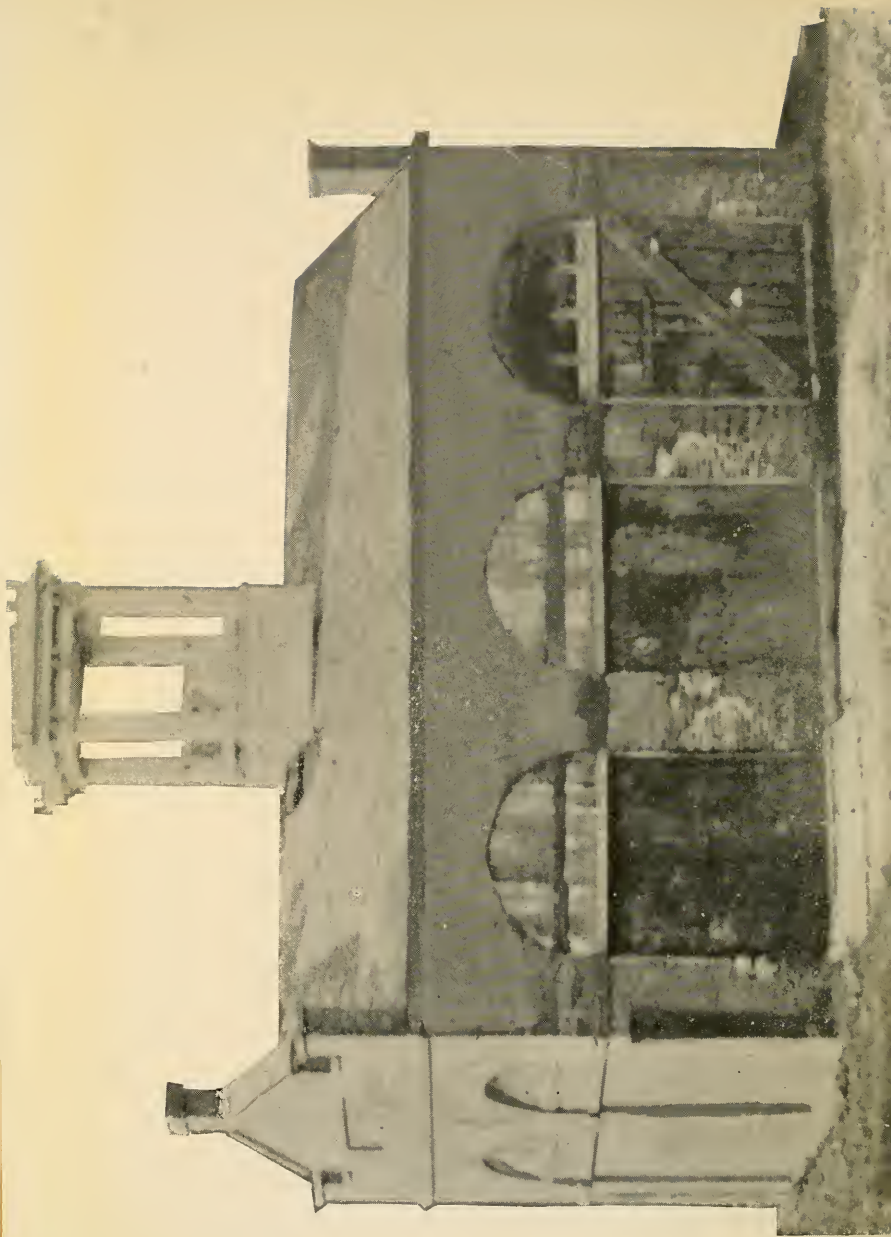
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JOHN BROWN'S FORT

# THE STRANGE STORY OF HARPER'S FERRY



## CHAPTER I.

**H**ARPER'S FERRY, including Bolivar, is a town which, before the war of the late rebellion, contained a population of about three thousand—nine-tenths of whom were whites. At the breaking out of hostilities nearly all the inhabitants left their homes—some casting their lots with "the confederacy" and about an equal number with the old government. On the restoration of peace, comparatively few of them returned. A great many colored people, however, who came at various times with the armies from southern Virginia, have remained, so that the proportion of the races at the place is materially changed. Also, many soldiers of the national army who married Virginia ladies, during the war, have settled there and, consequently, the town yet contains a considerable number of inhabitants. The present population may be set down at sixteen hundred whites and seven hundred blacks. The village is situated in Jefferson county, now West Virginia, at the confluence of the Potomac and the Shenandoah, at the base and in the very shadow of the

Blue Ridge Mountain. The distance from Washington City is fifty-five miles, and from Baltimore eighty-one miles. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad crosses the Potomac, at the place, on a magnificent bridge and the Winchester and Potomac railroad, now absorbed by the Baltimore and Ohio, has its northern terminus in the town. The Chesapeake and Ohio canal, also, is in the immediate neighborhood. Within the last twelve years, the place has become a favorite summer resort for the people of Washington City and, from about the first of June to the last of October, it is visited by tourists from every part of the northern states and Europe.

The scenery around the place is celebrated for its grandeur, and Thomas Jefferson has immortalized it in a fine description composed, it is said, on a remarkable rock that commands a magnificent view of both rivers and their junction. The rock itself is a wonderful freak of Nature and it is regarded by the inhabitants with pride for its being a great natural curiosity, and with veneration on account of the tradition among them that, seated on it, Jefferson wrote his "Notes on Virginia." It is, therefore, called "Jefferson's Rock." It is composed of several huge masses of stone, piled on one another (although the whole is regarded as one rock) the upper piece resting on a foundation, some years ago, so narrow that it might easily be made to sway back and forth by a child's hand. It is supported now, however, by pillars placed under it, by order of one of the old armory superintendents, the original foundation having dwindled to very unsafe dimensions by the action of the weather, and still more, by the devastations of tourists and curiosity-hunters. It is situated on the south side of "Cemetery Hill," behind the Catholic church, the lofty and glittering spire of which can be seen at a great distance, as you

approach from the East, adding much beauty to the scene. The first church building there, was erected in 1833 by Father Gildea. In 1896 the old edifice was torn down and a beautiful one substituted, under the supervision of the Rev. Laurence Kelly. There can be no doubt that *this* church, at least, is "built on a rock," for there is not soil enough anywhere near it to plant a few flowers around the House of Worship or the parsonage, and the worthy Fathers have been obliged to haul a scanty supply from a considerable distance to nourish two or three rosebushes. If "The Gates of Hell" try to prevail against *this* institution they had better assault from above. There will be no chance for attacking the foundation, for it is solid rock, extending, no one knows how far, into the bowels of the earth or through them, perhaps, all the way to the supposed location of those terrible gates themselves.

On one side, the Maryland Heights, now so famous in history and, on the other, the Loudoun Heights rise majestically, and imagination might easily picture them as guardian giants defending the portals of the noble Valley of Virginia. The Maryland Heights ascend in successive plateaus to an altitude of thirteen hundred feet above the surrounding country, and two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Loudoun Heights are not so lofty, but the ascent to them is difficult and, consequently, as the foot of man seldom treads them, they present the appearance of a more marked primeval wildness than the Maryland mountain—a circumstance which compensates the tourist for their inferiority in height. Between these two ramparts, in a gorge of savage grandeur, the lordly Potomac takes to his embrace the beautiful Shenandoah—"The Daughter of the Stars," as the Indians poetically styled this lovely stream. It will be seen, here-



after, however, that this usually serene and amiable damsel, like the daughters of men, is subject to occasional "spells" of perversity, and that, when she *does* take a tantrum she makes things lively around her. The former river rises in western Virginia and, tumbling from the Alleghany Mountains in an impetuous volume, traverses the northern extremity of the Valley of Virginia, forming the boundary between "The Old Dominion" and the State of Maryland. At Harper's Ferry it encounters the Blue Ridge, at right angles, and receives the tributary Shenandoah which, rising in the upper part of the great valley, flows in a northerly course, at the base of the same mountain, and unites its strength with the Potomac to cut a passage to the Ocean. This is the scenery of which Jefferson said that a sight of it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic, and no person with the least poetry in his soul will consider the praise extravagant. It is, truly, a sublime spectacle and imagination, when allowed to do so, lends its aid to the really wonderful sublimity of the scene. On the rugged cliffs, on both the Maryland and Loudoun sides are supposed to be seen, sculptured by the hand of Nature, various shapes and faces, the appearance of which changes with the seasons and as they are concealed more or less by the verdure of the trees. The giant, dwarf, centaur and almost every other animal of Nature or of Fable are here portrayed to the eye of Faith. On one rock, on the Maryland side, is a tolerably well defined face with an expression of gravity which, with some other points of resemblance, will remind one of George Washington, and, at almost any hour of any day, may be seen strangers gazing intently on the mountain in search of this likeness. Frequently, the Bald Eagle wheels in majestic circles immediately above this rock and, then, indeed, the illusion is too



agreeable to be rejected by the most prosaic spectator. George Washington, chiseled by the hand of Nature in the living rock, on the summit of the Blue Ridge, with the Bird of Victory fanning his brow, is too much poetry to be thrown away and common sense matter of fact is out of the question. Of late years, a new feature has been added to the scene which gives it quite an alpine appearance. Shortly after our civil war, a man named Reid, who then lived at the foot of the Maryland Heights, procured a few goats for the amusement of his children. The goats multiplied rapidly and gradually spread up the side of the mountain, where their opportunities for mischief in gnawing the bark of trees and for avoiding the attacks of dogs were practically unlimited. Their number is now Legion and they frequently gather in great crowds on the overhanging rocks, always in charge of a dignified old buck, with a patriarchal beard, and look down placidly and, may be, with contempt on the busy hive of men below. Perhaps, the old buck often thinks, "What fools those two legged mortals be." They call themselves Lords of the creation and claim to own us, free sons of the mountain, and even our neighbor, the eagle, but I would like to see one of them climb up the face of this cliff and jump from crag to crag as the feeblest of *my* clan can do. There they go crawling along, and when one of them wants to travel a few miles he must purchase a railroad ticket for a point to which my friend, the eagle, could arrive in a few dozen flaps of his wings without the care and trouble of baggage or the fear of a run-in or a collision." Such may be and such, it is to be feared, *ought* to be, the reflections of that old buck.

Before the war, the Loudoun Heights used to be the favorite roosting place of immense numbers of crows that, during the autumn and winter, foraged

all over the Shenandoah Valley and all the rich grain lands east of the Blue Ridge, as, also, Middletown Valley and the proverbially fertile region between the Catoctin and the Patapsco. About an hour before sunset, advance bodies of the vast army would appear from every direction and, before daylight had died out, it is no exaggeration to say, the whole sky was obliterated from view by myriads upon myriads of the sable freebooters. For some reason best known to themselves, these birds do not, at once, settle down to rest, on arriving at their encampments, but wheel and circle 'round, as if none of them had a fixed perch, and, from their deafening and angry cawing, it may be inferred that, every night, they have to contend for a convenient sleeping place. Sometimes, it would appear as if they were holding a court, for, bodies of them are seen, frequently, to separate themselves from the main crowd and, after conferring, as it were, beat and banish a member—presumably a criminal—and then return to the rookery. During the war, they disappeared and, no doubt, sought a more peaceful home. Besides, in those sad years agriculture was neglected in this region and it may be supposed that these sagacious birds sought for plenty as well as peace. Even after the war, they no longer frequented the Loudoun Mountain, but took to the Maryland Heights, where they may be seen every morning and evening in the autumn and winter, starting out on their forays or returning to their inaccessible resting place. Their numbers vary very much, however, for, during several consecutive years, they will be comparatively few, while for another period, they will appear in countless thousands. They always disappear in the spring to fulfill the great law of increase and multiplication, but, strange to say, a crow's nest is a comparatively rare sight in the Virginia or Maryland

woods, and, as far as the writer is advised, it is the same in the neighboring states. The farmers are unrelenting enemies of the crows, and they never neglect an opportunity for their destruction, and the sagacious birds, knowing this by instinct and experience, no doubt, take special pains to protect their young by rearing them in the least accessible places. Some day, perhaps, we will know what useful part the crow takes in the economy of Mother Nature. That he does something to compensate for the corn he consumes, no reflecting man will be disposed to deny, but what that service is, certainly, no Virginia or Maryland grain producer appears to have discovered, if we are to judge from the amount of profanity heard from those hard-fisted tillers of the soil, when the subject of crows is mentioned.

At a point unapproachable from any quarter by man and not far from Washington's profile, is a crevice in the rock which has been ever the home of a family of hawks that, like the robber knights of old, issue from their impregnable fortress and levy tribute from all that are too weak to resist them. They prey on the beautiful and useful little birds that are indigenous, often extending their ravages to poultry yards. The only way to destroy them is by shooting them with single bullets, while they are on the wing, for they fly too high for shot. Their screams are peculiarly harsh and cruel, and they often mar the peaceful serenity of a summer evening. The people would compromise with them gladly, if they would war on the English sparrow, but as far as the author knows they never do *that* recognizing, no doubt, and respecting a kindred depravity. May the shadows of both nuisances grow rapidly less! But, hold; not so fast. *They* too, perhaps, have their uses in the nice balance of Nature, and their annihilation might cause an injurious excess somewhere.

How inconsistent, even a philosopher can sometimes be!

Near the hawks' fortress there is a traditional beehive of immense proportions. No one has seen it, for, like the hawks' nest, it is inaccessible to man, but wild bees are seen, in the season of flowers, flying to and from the place where the hive is supposed to be, and it is believed that there is a very great stock of honey stored away, somewhere near, by many generations of these industrious and sagacious creatures. *They*, too, and the hawks and crows, as well as the goats and eagles may have their own opinion of the would-be Lords of creation, and it may be well for us of the genus homo that we do not know what that opinion is.

It is supposed by many that the whole Valley of Virginia was, at one time, the bed of a vast sea and that, during some convulsion of Nature, the imprisoned waters found an outlet at this place. There are many circumstances to give an appearance of truth to this theory, especially the fact that complete sea shells, or exact likenesses of them, are found at various points in the Alleghany and Blue Ridge Mountains. Be this as it may, the passage of the rivers through the mighty barrier is a spectacle of awful sublimity and it well deserves the many panegyrics it has received from orator and poet. A good deal depends on the point from which, and the time when, the scene is viewed. The writer would recommend the old cemetery and 10 o'clock, on a moonlight night, especially if the moon should happen to be directly over the gorge where the rivers meet. Then the savage wildness of the prospect is tempered agreeably by the mild moonbeams, and the prevailing silence adds to the impression of mingled sublimity, and weird loveliness. Let no one fear the companionship of the still inhabitants of "the

City of the Dead." They are quiet, inoffensive neighbors and they, no doubt, many a time in their lives, admired the same scene and, like the men of to-day, wondered what this whole thing of creation and human existence means. Perhaps they know it all now and, perhaps, they do *not*. Any way, their tongues will not disturb one's meditations, and it may be that their silence will furnish a wholesome homily on the nothingness of this life and the vanity of all earthly pursuits.

Robert Harper, from whom the place gets its name, was a native of Oxford in England. He was born about the year 1703 and, at the age of twenty years, he emigrated to Philadelphia where he prosecuted the business of architecture and millwrighting. He erected a church for the Protestant Episcopalians in Frankfort, which edifice, however, through some defect of title, was afterwards lost to the congregation for which it was built. In 1747 he was engaged by some members of the Society of "Friends" to erect a meeting-house for that denomination on the Opequon river, near the site of the present city of Winchester, Virginia, and, while on his way through the then unbroken wilderness to fulfill his contract, he lodged, one night, at a lonely inn on the site of what is now the city of Frederick, Maryland. While staying at this hostelry, he met a German named Hoffman to whom, in the course of conversation, he communicated the business that took him on his journey and, also, his intention to proceed to his destination by way of Antietam, a name now so famous in our national history, for the terrible battle fought there during the late rebellion. Hoffman informed him that there was a shorter route, by way of what he called "The Hole," and, as an additional inducement, he promised him a sight of some wonderful scenery. Har-



per agreed to go by the way of "The Hole" and, next night, he arrived at that point and made the acquaintance of a man named Peter Stevens who had squatted at the place which was included in the great Fairfax estate. Harper was so much pleased with the scenery that he bought out Stevens for the sum of fifty British guineas. As, however, he could only buy Stevens' good will, the real ownership being vested in Lord Fairfax, he, next year, paid a visit to Greenway, the residence of that nobleman, and from him or his agent he obtained a patent for the lands formerly occupied by Stevens on the precarious tenure of squatter sovereignty. Stevens had held the place for thirteen years and the agents of Lord Fairfax had experienced great trouble from him. They were, therefore, very glad to be rid of him. Harper settled down there and established a ferry, when the place lost the undignified name of "The Hole" and acquired the more euphonious title of "Harper's Ferry" by which it has, ever since, been known and by which, no doubt, it will be designated by the remotest posterity. At that time, there was but one dwelling there—the Stevens cabin—which was situated on what is now called Shenandoah street, on the site of the house at present owned by Mr. William Erwin and used as a drug store, liquor saloon, and a boarding house. Harper lived in this house, many years, until about the year 1775, when he built one about half a mile farther up the Shenandoah, where he died in 1782.

Mr. Harper was a man of medium height and considerable physical strength. He was very energetic and well suited for pioneer life. He left no children, and his property descended, by will, to Sarah, only child of his brother Joseph, and to some nephews of his wife, named Griffith. Sarah Harper was married to a gentleman of Philadelphia, named Wager.

He was a grandson of a German of the same name who, many years before, had emigrated from the city of Worms in Hesse Darmstadt. Neither Mr. Wager nor his wife ever saw their Harper's Ferry property, but many of their descendants were born there and some of them are now living in the neighboring cities, owning still a considerable estate at their old home. Of this family was the late venerable Robert Harper Williamson, of Washington city, the first person having the name of Harper who was born in the town. The wife of Judge Swain, a few years ago of the Supreme Court of the United States, was one of the Wager family and their son was General Wager Swain, much distinguished in the Union army during the late rebellion. Just as this goes to press we learn of his death.

Mr. Harper was interred on his own property and his moss-grown grave is yet to be seen in the romantically situated cemetery that overlooks the town—the same heretofore mentioned, as affording the best point from which to view the scenery. By a provision of his will, several acres of land were bequeathed to the place, as a burial ground—his own grave to be in the centre—and now, a very large number sleep their dreamless sleep in a beautiful though until lately a sadly neglected cemetery around the founder of the village.

Few of the events that transpired in Mr. Harper's time are recorded. Shortly after building the house on Shenandoah street he erected a large stone dwelling on what is now called High street. This house yet stands and occasionally it is occupied by some of his heirs. He experienced great difficulty in finishing this building, owing to a scarcity of mechanics, nearly all the able-bodied men of the place and neighborhood having gone to join the army of Washington. It is recorded that an intimate friend

of Mr. Harper, named Hamilton, lost his life in this house, by an accidental fall and this tradition, coupled with the age of the house, gives a sombre character to the building. At the time of Mr. Harper's death, therefore, there were but three houses at "The Ferry."

In 1748, there was a great flood in the Potomac, which, according to some memoranda left by the founder of the place, drove him from the house he then occupied—the Stevens cabin—and another, though a less freshet, called "The Pumpkin Flood," is recorded as having occurred in 1753. The latter derived its name from the great numbers of pumpkins which it washed away from the gardens of the Indians who, then, resided in scattered lodges along the two rivers.

It is said that, at the commencement of the Revolution Mr. Harper's sympathies were Tory, but that, soon, he espoused the cause of his adopted country.

In 1794, during the administration of General Washington, Harper's Ferry was chosen as the site of a national armory. It is said that the great Father of his Country, himself, suggested it as the best location then known for the purpose, having visited the place in person. This is a tradition among the people and, if it is true, it is characteristic of the most sagacious of men. The water-power at the place is immense, some people supposing it to be the finest in the world. The Valley of Virginia and that of Middletown, as well as the fertile plains of Loudoun, gave promise of an abundance of the necessities of life and; perhaps, with the eye of prophecy, he saw railroads penetrating the wilderness of the Allegheny regions and transporting its then hidden mineral treasures to aid in the proposed manufacture of arms. In the year above mentioned Congress applied to the General Assembly of



Virginia for permission to purchase the site and, by a vote of the latter, leave was granted to buy a tract, not exceeding six hundred and forty acres. Accordingly a body of land containing one hundred and twenty-five acres was bought from the heirs of Mr. Harper. This tract is contained in a triangle formed by the two rivers and a line running from the Potomac to the Shenandoah along what is now called Union Street. Another purchase was made of three hundred and ten acres from a Mr. Rutherford. The latter tract is that on which the village of Bolivar now stands. In some time after, Congress desiring to obtain the benefit of the fine timber growing on the Loudoun Heights and not deeming it proper to ask for any further concessions from the State of Virginia, leased in perpetuity of Lord Fairfax, proprietor of "The Northern Neck," the right to all the timber growing and to grow on a tract of thirteen hundred and ninety-five acres on the Loudoun Heights immediately adjoining Harper's Ferry.

Thus prepared, the government commenced the erection of shops, and in 1796, a Mr. Perkins, an English Moravian, was appointed to superintend the works. He is represented as having been an amiable, unsophisticated man, and tradition still tells of his simplicity of dress and deportment. During his time, nothing of moment occurred at the place. The town was yet in its infancy, with very few denizens, and, as the period antedates the time of that venerable personage—the oldest inhabitant—very little is known of what took place during Mr. Perkins' administration. One or two centenarians, now a few years deceased, however retained some faint reminiscences of him and another Englishman, named Cox, who had been for many years employed under him as a man of all work, and who had followed him to Harper's Ferry from southern Virginia, where

Mr. Perkins had formerly resided. On one occasion, Cox was required by his employer to attend to his—Perkins'—garden which was overrun with weeds. For some reason, Cox did not relish the job, but gave, however, a grumbling consent. Next morning, Cox commenced weeding and, towards evening, he presented himself to Mr. Perkins with the information that "he had made a clean sweep of it." The master was much gratified and he told Mrs. Perkins to give Cox a dram of whiskey for which the latter had a good relish. On visiting his garden next day, Mr. Perkins discovered that, sure enough, Cox had made a clean sweep. The weeds were all gone, but so were cabbages, turnips, carrots and everything else of the vegetable kind. In great wrath, he sent for Cox, charged him with every crime in the calendar and, with a kick on the seat of honor, ejected him from the house, at the same time forbidding him to show his face again around the works. Cox retreated hastily, muttering "the devil a step will I go—the devil a step will I go." He made his way to the shop where he was usually employed and, the good-natured Perkins, soon forgetting his anger towards his old follower, "the devil a step," sure enough, did Cox go from Harper's Ferry. Sir Walter Scott relates that a Scotch nobleman once addressed in the following words an old and spoiled servant of his family who had given him mortal offense. "John, you can no longer serve me. Tomorrow morning either you or I must leave this house." "Aweel, master," replied John, "if y're determined on ganging awa, we would like to ken what direction ye'll be takin." No doubt, the same relations existed between Mr. Perkins and Cox as between the nobleman and his servant.

In 1799, during the administration of John Adams, in anticipation of a war with France, the

government organized a considerable army for defense. A part of the forces was sent, under General Pinkney, into camp at Harper's Ferry, and the ridge on which they were stationed has ever since been called, "Camp Hill." It runs north and south between Harper's Ferry and Bolivar. When the war cloud disappeared many of the soldiers settled down at the place. A good many had died while in the service, and their bodies are buried on the western slope of Camp Hill. Although the mortal portion of them has mingled, long since, with Mother earth, their spirits are said to hover still around the scene of their earthly campaign and "oft in the stilly night" are the weird notes of their fifes and the clatter of their drums heard by belated Harper's Ferrymen. The colored people who appear to be especially favored with spirit manifestations, bear unanimous testimony to these facts, and it is well known that some fine houses in the neighborhood were, for many years, without tenants in consequence of their being supposed to be places of rendezvous for these errant spirits. Once, over forty years ago, the writer spent a winter's night in one of these houses, in company with a corpse and the recollection of the feelings he experienced, on that occasion, still causes the few hairs he has retained to stick up "like the quills of the fretful porcupine." The deceased was a stranger who had taken temporary possession of the house and had died there very suddenly. He had been keeping bachelor's hall there and, as he had no relatives at the place, a committee of charitable citizens, undertook the care of the remains, and the writer, then a young man, affecting some courage, was detailed to watch the corpse for one night. The house had an uncanny reputation, any way, and a corpse was not exactly the companion a man would choose to stay with, in a haunted house, but the writer was

then courting and desired to rise in the estimation of his girl, and this nerved him to the task. He held to it, but, gentle reader, that was a very long night, indeed, and even such fame as he acquired on that occasion and the approval of his loved one would, never again, be inducement enough for him to undergo a similar ordeal. But the spirits of the old soldiers behaved with commendable decency on the occasion and "not a drum was heard" or fife either. The corpse, too, conducted itself discreetly but, dear reader, that night was a very long one notwithstanding, and the daylight, when at last it *did* appear, was enthusiastically welcomed by the quaking watcher.

At that time—1799—a bitter war existed between the Federalists and Republicans, and a certain Captain Henry, in General Pinkney's army is said to have taken his company, one day, to Jefferson's Rock and ordered them to overthrow the favorite seat of Jefferson, his political enemy. They succeeded in detaching a large boulder from the top which rolled down hill to Shenandoah street, where it lay for many years, a monument of stupid bigotry. This action was the occasion for a challenge to mortal combat for Captain Henry from an equally foolish Republican in the same corps, but the affair having come to the ears of General Pinkney, he had both of the champions arrested before a duel could come off, very much to the regret of all sensible people in the town who expected that, if the meeting was allowed to take place, there would be, probably at least, one fool the less at Harper's Ferry.

Opposite to Jefferson's Rock and on the Loudoun side of the Shenandoah, there grew, at that time a gigantic oak which had been, from time immemorial, the eyrie of a family of eagles. Jefferson, while at the place, had been much interested in these birds and, after his election to the presidency, he sent a

request to Mr. Perkins that he would try to secure for him some of their young. At Mr. Perkins' instance, therefore, three young men named Perkins—the superintendent's son—Dowler and Hume ascended the tree by means of strips nailed to it, and, after a terrible fight with the parent birds, they succeeded in securing three eaglets. They were forwarded to the president and, by him, one of them was sent as a present to the King of Spain who, in return, sent a noble Andalusian ram to Mr. Jefferson. Being forbidden by law to receive presents from foreign potentates, the president kept the animal in the grounds around the White House, as a curiosity, but the ram being very vicious, and the boys of the city delighting to tease him, he, one day, rushed into the streets in pursuit of some of his tormenters and killed a young man, named Carr, whom he unfortunately encountered. Mr. Jefferson, therefore, advertised him for sale, and thus was the first of that breed of sheep introduced into America.

Some time during Mr. Perkins' administration, a singular character came to reside at Harper's Ferry. His name was Brown and he was supposed to be a native of Scotland. He had served as a surgeon in the American army, during the Revolution. He was a bachelor and as, in addition to the profits of his profession, he drew a pension from the government, he was in good circumstances and able to indulge in many costly eccentricities. He lived alone on what is now called High street, and his cabin was situated on the lot opposite to the present residence of Mrs. Ellen O'Byrne. A cave, partly natural and partly artificial, near his cabin, was used as his store-house and dispensary. His eccentricities were numerous, but the principal one was an inordinate love for the canine and feline races. No less than fifty dogs followed him in his daily rambles and made the night



hideous in the town with their howlings. His cats were as numerous as his dogs and they mingled their melodies with those of their canine companions to the delectation of his neighbors. A favorite amusement with the young men of the place, was to watch for the doctor, when he walked abroad, and shoot some of his dogs—an offense that was sure to earn his bitter hatred. He had many good qualities and he made it a point never to charge an armorer for medical advice. He died about the year 1824, and on his death-bed, he ordered that his coffin should be made with a window in the lid and that it should be placed in an erect position, in a brick vault which he had erected in the cemetery, and that it should be left so for nine days after his burial, when, he said, he would return to life. A person was employed to visit the vault every day, until the promised resurrection which did not take place, however, and probably will not, until the Archangel's trump wakes him up like other people. In time the vault crumbled to pieces, and, for years, a skull, supposed to be that of the doctor, lay exposed on the hillside near the site of the vault and children used it for a play-thing. Alas! poor Yorick!

With Mr. Perkins came, from eastern Virginia, the ancestors of the Stipes and Mallory families, as well as others who were regarded as being among the best citizens at the place. In Mr. Perkins' time a shocking accident occurred in the armory. Michael McCabe, an employe was caught in the machinery of one of the shops and, as he was drawn through a space not exceeding eight inches in breadth, of course, he was crushed to a jelly.

Mr. Perkins died at Harper's Ferry and was interred in Maryland. He was succeeded, in 1810, by James Stubblefield, a Virginian, and a gentleman of the true Virginia stamp. At that time, it was

deemed absolutely necessary that the superintendent of a national armory should be, himself, a practical gun-maker. Mr. Stubblefield, therefore, in order to satisfy the ordnance department of his fitness for the position, was obliged to manufacture a gun, he, himself, making all the component parts. The specimen giving satisfaction, he got his appointment, after a considerable interregnum. His superintendency was the longest of any in the history of the armory. It continued from 1810 to 1829, a period of nineteen years. In 1824, some discontented spirits among the armorers brought charges against Mr. Stubblefield which occasioned the convening of a court martial for their investigation. The court acquitted Mr. Stubblefield and, as he was generally popular, his friends among the employes gave him a public dinner which was served in the arsenal yard, in honor of his victory. While the trial was yet pending, a Mr. Lee was appointed to the superintendency, pro tem, but, on the termination of the court martial, Mr. Stubblefield was reinstated. During this superintendency—August 29th, 1821, an armorer named Jacob Carman lost his life by the bursting of a grinding-stone in one of the shops. A fragment struck him and, such was the force of the blow, that he was driven through the brick wall of the shop and his mangled remains were found several steps from the building.

While Mr. Stubblefield was superintendent, about the year 1818, a gentleman named John H. Hall, of the State of Maine, invented a breech-loading gun—probably the first of the kind manufactured. He obtained a patent for his invention and, the government having concluded to adopt the gun into its service, Mr. Hall was sent to Harper's Ferry to superintend its manufacture. Two buildings on "The Island" were set apart for him, and he continued to

make his guns in those shops until 1840, when he moved to Missouri. After this period, other buildings were erected on the same island, for the manufacture of the minie rifle, but the place retained the name of "Hall's Works" by which it was known in Mr. Hall's time. It was, sometimes, called "the Rifle Factory." The reader will understand by the term "armory," used in this book, the main buildings on the Potomac. Although both ranges of shops were used for the manufacture of arms, custom designated the one, "The Armory" and the other—the less important—"the Rifle Factory" or "Hall's Works." Mr. Hall was the father of the Hon. Willard Hall, at one time a member of Congress from Missouri and, during the war, Governor of that state. He was a high-toned gentleman and a man of great ability. His daughter, Lydia, was married to Dr. Nicholas Marmion, an eminent physician who resided at Harper's Ferry from 1827 until his death in 1882. Their sons, William V., and George H., are physicians of Washington, D. C., and are ranked among the first, as specialists, in diseases of the eye and ear. Another son, Robert, is a surgeon in the United States Navy. It may be remarked here, that Harper's Ferry has contributed more than any other place of the same size to the prosperity of other parts of our country, especially the West and Southwest, by sending them many distinguished people. Here, some eighty-five years ago was born, in an old house, now in ruins, on the bank of the Shenandoah, General Jeff Thompson. "Jeff" was but a nickname, his proper name being Merriweather Thompson. His father was, at one time, paymaster's clerk in the armory and was very highly respected.

Besides the parties above named, Harper's Ferry has furnished many other eminent men to the West. Some sixty-five years ago, Captain Jacamiah Sea-



man, who had resigned his position as captain in the company stationed at Harper's Ferry, moved to Sullivan county, Missouri. He took with him a youth to whom he had taken a fancy. The young man was named Robert W. Daugherty and he had been left by his dying parents in care of Mr. Martin Grace and his wife, nee O'Byrne. This lady's brother, Mr. Terence O'Byrne, will figure further on in this history as one of John Brown's prisoners at the time of that fanatic's famous raid. Young Daugherty had the consent of his guardians to accompany Captain Scaman, who was a man of very high standing at the place, and whose family—originally of Welsh descent—were always held in the greatest esteem in Virginia. Young Daugherty was a scion of the very warlike and singularly successful clan of O'Daugherty, who, from time immemorial, dwelt in the valleys of romantic Inishowen, in the county of Donegal, Ireland, and who distinguished themselves particularly, in the sanguinary battles of Benburb and Yellow Ford, fought in the 16th century, to the utter destruction, by the Irish clans of two powerful English armies. The name still flourishes in their native country, but alas, like many others, they *will* drop the O before their name, regardless of the loss of euphony, and the memory of the many glories their fathers achieved under the venerable old name. Robert's father was James Daugherty, a man of great force of character and executive ability. He was born in Donegal about the end of the 18th century and died young, of the cholera epidemic at Harper's Ferry, in 1831-1832, leaving several children. He and his wife who, also, died young, are buried, side by side, in the cemetery attached to Saint John's Catholic church, Frederick, Maryland, of which they were devoted members. Their children were put under strict Christian guardianship, and those of

them who lived to maturity married into some of the best families of Virginia and Maryland. Mary Jane, a highly educated lady, married Hugh Gifford, of Baltimore, John died, we believe, unmarried, at Memphis, Tennessee, aged 22 years. Catherine Anne, the third child, died in the Orphans' House of the Catholic church in Baltimore, aged 14 years. Elizabeth Ellen, the youngest child, married James Wall Keenan, of Winchester, Virginia, a brave confederate soldier, whose sister, Catherine, married Charles B. Rouse, the Merchant Prince and gallant soldier of New York.

Robert W. Daugherty, the second son, accompanied Captain Seaman to the West, as before stated, and, afterwards, married Lydia E. Seaman, sister of Captain Jacamiah Seaman and Richard S. Seaman who, in the civil war, served prominently under General T. J. Jackson. Robert W. Daugherty was the first man in Sullivan county, Missouri, to answer the call of Governor Jackson for volunteers, when the civil war broke out. He entered as a private and was elected captain, but refused further promotion. He served with distinction in the 3rd Missouri Infantry of the Confederate army. At the close of the war, he surrendered at Hempstead, Arkansas, and engaged in planting on Red River, Bosier Parish, Louisiana. He died there, on his plantation, June 2nd, 1877, leaving a son, Jacamiah Seaman Daugherty, now of Houston, Texas, who married Maggie C. Bryan, of Lexington, Kentucky, daughter of Daniel Bryan and sister of Joseph Bryan, M. D., who, while in charge of some hospital in New York, first applied plaster of paris in the treatment of sprains and fractures. The Bryans are of the old family who accompanied Boone to Kentucky. A daughter of Robert W. Daugherty—Miss May Ellen

—married Col. Caleb J. Perkins, who distinguished himself as a fearless fighter under General Sterling Price of the Confederate army. Col. Perkins is now dead. His widow survives him in Carroll county, Missouri, with an only son, a young man of great promise, as befits his gallant father's son and one with the mingled blood of the Seamans of Virginia and the O'Daughertys of Inishowen, so many of whom fought and bled for their beloved native land on the gory fields of Benburb, Yellow Ford and many other famous battles.

Nancy Augusta Jane Daugherty married Wesley Arnold, of Bosier Parish, Louisiana. He was a member of the old Arnold family of Georgia. Her husband is now dead and she lives with her two promising children—Hugh and Genevieve Arnold in Terrel, Kaufman county, Texas. Robert Richard Daugherty disappeared from Daugherty, Kaufman county, Texas, in the fall of 1889. He left his store locked and his safe had a considerable amount of cash in it. That was the last thing known of him, except that his hat was found in a creek bottom, a mile from his store. It is supposed that he was murdered by a band of thieves, because of his having aided in the arrest of some of their companions. John Edward, the youngest child of Robert W. Daugherty, married a Miss Scott in Kaufman county, Texas. He is now a prominent farmer of Denton county, in that state.

The parties who were instrumental in bringing charges against Mr. Stubblefield were not yet satisfied and, in 1829, he was subjected to another trial by court martial. He was again acquitted, after a protracted hearing and the general sympathy of the community was more than ever before in his favor. While the second trial was progressing, his accusers were very active in hunting up evidence against him.

They learned that Mr. Stubblefield had obligingly given to a man named McNulty the temporary use of some tools belonging to the government. They sought this man and they were much gratified to find that he spoke very disparagingly of the superintendent. Expecting great things from his evidence, they had him summoned, next day, before the court martial. On his being questioned by the prosecuting lawyer, however, he gave the most glowing account of Mr. Stubblefield's goodness and efficiency. Much disappointed, the counsel for the complainants exclaimed: "Sir, this is not what you said last night." "No," replied McNulty, "but what I said then was nothing but street talk. I am now on my oath and I am determined to tell the truth." The court and a great majority of the people were satisfied, before, of Mr. Stubblefield's innocence and his acquittal was long deemed certain, but McNulty's testimony tended to throw contempt on the whole prosecution and ridicule is often a more powerful weapon than reason or logic.

During the second trial, Lieutenant Symington was appointed to the temporary superintendency, but, as in the case of Lee, at the first trial, he was immediately withdrawn on the second acquittal of Mr. Stubblefield, and the latter was again reinstated. The proud Virginian, however, refused to continue in the office. He had been a benefactor to the people and had been treated with ingratitude by many. Twice he had been honorably acquitted by a military tribunal—always the most rigorous of courts—and, his honor being satisfied, he voluntarily vacated the superintendency.

In Mr. Stubblefield's time—1824—the "bell shop" of the armory was destroyed by fire. It got its name from its having the armory bell suspended in a turret which overtopped the roof. The origin of the



fire was unknown, but it was supposed that some sparks from a fire made in the yard for culinary purposes, occasioned the accident.

Mr. Stubblefield was succeeded, in 1829, by Colonel Dunn. This gentleman had been connected with a manufacturing establishment, at the mouth of Antietam Creek. His was a melancholy history. He was a strict disciplinarian and, indeed, he is represented as having been a martinet. The severity of his rules offended several of the workmen, and he paid with his life a heavy penalty for his harshness. A young man named Ebenezer Cox, an armorer, had given offense to Lieutenant Symington, while the latter temporarily filled the office of superintendent, during the second court martial on Mr. Stubblefield, and, therefore, he was dismissed by that officer. When Colonel Dunn succeeded to the office, Cox applied to him for a reinstatement. It is said that the latter expressed contrition and made submission to Colonel Dunn who, with violent language, refused to be appeased and displayed great vindictiveness by threatening with expulsion from the armory works any employe who should shelter the offender in his house. Cox's brother-in-law, with whom he boarded, was obliged to refuse him entertainment, and it appeared as if Colonel Dunn was determined by all means to force Cox to leave his native town. Thus "driven to the wall" the desperate man armed himself with a carbine and presented himself at the office of the superintendent, about noon, on the 30th day of January, 1830. What conversation took place is unknown, but in a few minutes, a report of fire arms was heard. People rushed to Colonel Dunn's office and were met by his wife who, with loud lamentations, informed them that her husband was murdered. The colonel was found with a ghastly wound in the stomach, through which protruded portions

of the dinner he had eaten a few minutes before. Being a very delicate, dyspeptic man, he generally used rice at his meals and a considerable quantity of this food was found on the floor near him, having been ejected through the wound, but, strange to say, it was unstained with blood. When found the Colonel was expiring and no information could be got from him. Mrs. Dunn was in her own house, opposite to the office, within the armory enclosure, when the crime was committed, and knew nothing, except the fact of the murder. She had heard the shot and, suspecting something wrong, had entered the office and found her husband as above described, but the murderer had escaped. Suspicion, however, at once rested on Cox and diligent search was made for him. He was discovered in the "wheelhouse" and taken prisoner. The arrest was made by Reuben Stipes. Cox made no resistance and he was immediately committed to Charlestown jail. The body of Colonel Dunn was buried in Sharpsburg, Maryland, near the spot where, many years afterwards, General Robert E. Lee of the Confederate army, stood while directing the movements of his troops at the battle of Antietam. There is a tradition that the day of his funeral was the coldest ever experienced in this latitude. So severe, indeed, was the weather that the fact is thought to be of sufficient interest to be mentioned in the chronicles of the place. In the course of the following summer—August 27th—Cox was executed publicly, near Charlestown, confessing his guilt and hinting strongly at complicity in the crime, on the part of some others. His words, however, were not considered to be of sufficient importance to form grounds for indictment against those to whom he alluded, and there were no more prosecutions. This murder marks an era in the history of Harper's Ferry and, although many more important

and thrilling events have occurred there, since that time, this unfortunate tragedy still furnishes material for many a fireside tale, and the site of the building in which the murder was perpetrated is yet pointed out, as unhallowed ground.

Cox is said to have been a remarkably handsome young man of about twenty-four years of age. He was a grandson of Cox who, in Mr. Perkins' time, figured in various capacities around the armory and who particularly distinguished himself at gardening, as before related.

General George Rust succeeded Colonel Dunn in 1830. For the seven years during which he superintended the armory, nothing of any interest is recorded. He was rather popular with the employes, and survivors of his time speak well of his administration. It may be that the melancholy death of his immediate predecessor had cast a gloom on the place which operated to prevent the occurrence of any stirring events. It is said that General Rust spent very little of his time at Harper's Ferry. He was a wealthy man, owning a good deal of property in Loudoun county, Virginia, where he lived much of his time, delegating the duties of his office in the armory to trusty assistants who managed its affairs so as to give satisfaction to the government. Had he been a poor man his long stays at home, no doubt, would have excited comment and some busy-body would have reported the facts to his detriment. As it was, the General was independent and he enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate* without any attempt at interruption or annoyance from tale-bearers.

General Rust was succeeded, in 1837, by Colonel Edward Lucas, a Virginian of Jefferson county. He was an exceedingly amiable and generous man, although fiery and pugnacious when he deemed himself insulted. He was extremely popular and the

writer well remembers his bent form, while he walked, or rode his mule along the streets of Harper's Ferry, lavishing kind expressions on old and young, and receiving in return the hearty good wishes of every one he met. The name of "Colonel Ed" was familiar as a household word at the place, and, as he was honored and respected in life, so was he lamented at his death, which occurred in 1858, while he occupied the position of paymaster at the armory. While Colonel Lucas was superintendent, the armory canal was much improved by the building of a permanent rock forebay. A stone wall also was built, extending from the front gate of the armory to the "tilt hammer shop"—the whole river front of the grounds—protecting the yard and shops from high waters and, indeed, reclaiming from the Potomac, several feet of land and adding that much to the government property. Twelve good dwellings, also, were built for the use of the families of the employes, and the place was much improved in every respect. During the exciting presidential contest in 1840, Colonel Lucas was a strong Van Buren man but, to his honor, he never oppressed any of the men under him, on account of politics nor was he charged with having done so. In 1847, he was appointed paymaster, an office which he filled until his death, eleven years afterwards.

It is said of Colonel Lucas that, if any of the mechanics or laborers employed under him did wrong, he was not inclined to discharge them, preferring to punish them by administering a sound thrashing. He had several fist-fights with his men and, although he was a small man, it is said that he always deported himself well in his combats and generally came off winner. In any case, he was never known to use his authority as superintendent to punish any one who had spirit enough to stand up for what he considered



his rights, even if it involved a personal quarrel with himself. The Colonel owned a good many slaves, nearly all of whom were of the most worthless description. It was said, indeed, with some show of reason, that he was virtually owned by his servants. Whenever a negro, anywhere near Harper's Ferry, had become so unprofitable that his master determined to sell him to a trader, the slave would appeal to Colonel Lucas to save him from the slave-drivers and servitude in "Georgia," which was regarded, justly perhaps, by the negroes as a fate worse than death. With them "Georgia" was a synonym for all the South. The good-natured Colonel would purchase the slave, if possible, and, consequently, he always had the most useless lot of servants in Virginia. His favorite slave was a diminutive old negro named "Tanner," who hardly weighed one hundred pounds, but who, nevertheless, prided himself on his muscle and was as fiery as his master. One day, Tanner had a fight with another negro and, while they were belaboring one another, the Colonel happened to come up, and, seeing his servant in a tight place, he called out, "Pitch in, Tanner! Pitch in, Tanner!" The street arabs took up the cry, and it has been used ever since, at Harper's Ferry, in cases where great exertion of muscle or energy is recommended. Colonel Lucas was truly a chivalrous man and we will not see his "like again," very soon.

It is to be noted that Colonel Lucas and his predecessors, with military titles, were, in reality, civilians, being merely militia officers or getting the prefix to their names by courtesy. This explanation is necessary for an understanding of the following:

## THE MILITARY SYSTEM.

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### CHAPTER II.

Colonel Lucas was succeeded in the superintendency by Major Henry K. Craig in 1841. The Major was an ordnance officer and, of course, his education having been military, he was inclined somewhat to that strictness of discipline which the most amiable of men, in military command, soon learn to exact from their inferiors, having been taught to observe it, themselves, towards their superiors. There were two classes of employes in the armory—the day workers and the piece workers. By an order of Major Craig, the latter were obliged to work the same number of hours as the former. This edict was deemed unjust by the piece workers, as they considered themselves entitled to the privilege of working for whatever time they chose. They claimed remuneration, only, for the work done, and, in their opinion, it mattered little to the government how many hours they were employed. The superintendent thought otherwise, however, and hence arose a “*causa teterrima belli*.” Besides, everything around the armory grounds assumed a military air, and a guard, at the gate, regulated the ingress and egress of armorers and casual visitors. Drunkenness was positively forbidden. These restrictions were not relished at all by the armorers and the older men remembered with regret the good old days of Perkins and Stubblefield, when the workmen used to have

hung up in the shops buckets of whiskey from which it was their custom to regale themselves at short intervals. It is said, indeed, that this license was carried to such excess in the time of Mr. Stubblefield that an order was issued, prohibiting the men from drinking spirituous liquors in the shops—a command which, at the time, was deemed arbitrary and which was evaded through the ingenious plan of the men's putting their heads outside of the windows, while they were taking their "nips." These grievances rendered the men rebellious and, for some years a bitter feud existed between the parties favoring the military system and those who were opposed to it. In 1842, a large number of the men chartered a boat on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and proceeded to Washington City to see the president, John Tyler, and state to him their grievances. At that time, little of an exciting nature had taken place at Harper's Ferry. The Dunn murder, alone, furnished the whole history of the town, up to the period of which we are treating, and that trip to Washington, therefore, assumed an undue importance which it has retained ever since, in the minds of the survivors of the voyage, notwithstanding the fearful ordeals to which they were afterwards subjected. Neither Jason and his Argonauts when they went in search of the Golden Fleece nor Ulysses in his protracted return home from Troy encountered as many vicissitudes of fortune as those hardy mariners of the canal boat. The writer has been listening to stories of this expedition for more than forty years, but as they never had any interest for him and as he does not suppose his readers would care to hear them, he leaves them to be collected by some future poet, able and willing to do them justice. The octogenarian participants in this voyage deem them of surpassing interest, but they were young when

those events took place and, now, they are old and that accounts for their fond recollection. Having reached Washington they obtained an audience of the president who received them in a style worthy of the head of a great nation and, what is more in the estimation of some people, a Virginia gentleman. Compliments were exchanged and the president gave each of them a cordial shake of the hand, an honor which was duly appreciated, for it is related that one of the delegation, in a burst of enthusiasm, reached out a hand of enormous proportions and dubious color to meet that of the president, at the same time exclaiming, "Hullo, old fellow, give us your corn stealer." This handsome compliment, no doubt, was very gratifying to the president, for he made them a speech in which he declared in the most emphatic manner, that he considered the working men as the bone and sinew of the land and its main dependence in war and in peace; that he loved them as such and that their interests should be his care. In this strain he continued for some time, but, suddenly, he threw cold water on the hopes he had created by telling them that "they must go home and hammer out their own salvation." This figurative expression and the allusion to that emblem of vulcanic labor—the hammer—were not received with the admiration which their wit deserved, and it is said that many loud and deep curses were uttered by some sensitive and indiscreet piece workers, and that the august presence of "Tyler too" had not the effect of awing the bold navigators into suitable respect for the head of the nation. They returned home wiser but hardly better men and, from that period dates the bitter opposition of many Harper's Ferry people to the military system of superintendency which continued until the final overthrow of that order of

things in 1854. This contest is the chief event of the time of Colonel Craig's command.

The Colonel was a veteran of the war of 1812. He had served on the Canadian frontier with General Scott and had received a severe wound in the leg, the effects of which were, ever after, apparent in his walk. He was not, however, a graduate of West Point.

He was succeeded in 1844 by Major John Symington, another military officer and the same who, with an inferior rank, had superintended the armory, previous to the second trial of Mr. Stubblefield. Major Symington was an exceedingly eccentric man. His talents were undoubted and he got credit for many virtues, but his oddities detracted much from his usefulness. His voice was of a peculiar intonation and his gestures were odd, but withal, he had a clear head and a good heart and, during his administration, many improvements were made at his suggestion, and the people were generally prosperous. The shops were remodeled, and may believe that he did more for the prosperity of the place than any other superintendent. Those who knew him best asserted that his eccentricities were mere pretense and assumed for the gratification of a latent vein of humor. On the whole, he is remembered with very kind feelings. Like other superintendents, he was much annoyed with applications for employment. People of every trade and calling, when out of work, thought they had a right to a part of the government patronage, no matter how unsuited they were, from their former occupations, to serve as armorers. One day the Major was troubled by more than the usual number of applicants and his temper was sorely tried. Towards evening a stranger presented himself and made the stereotyped request for work. "Well," said the Major, rubbing his hands in a man-



ner peculiar to himself, "What is *your* trade?" "I am a saddler and harnessmaker," replied the stranger. "Oh," said the Major, "we do not make leather guns here. When we do we will send for you."

He made it a point to exact from all his subordinates the most literal obedience to his orders and, while he must have often regretted his having issued absurd commands while in his pets, he always gave credit to those who carried them out fully. He had a colored servant on whom he could always rely for the exact performance of his most unreasonable orders. One day, this servant carried to the dinner table a magnificent turkey, cooked in the most approved fashion, but the Major was in one of his tantrums and would not endure the sight of the sumptuous feast. "Take it to the window and throw it out," said he, in the querulous tone peculiar to him and, perhaps, to his surprise, the command was instantly obeyed. The servant raised the window and pitched out into the lawn, turkey, dish and all. The Major commended his servant's obedience and was instantly appeased and induced to settle down to his dinner.

In his time, one of those exhibitions then rare, but unfortunately too common now—a prize fight—took place at, or very near Harper's Ferry. The then notorious Yankee Sullivan and an English bruiser named Ben, Caunt met by appointment there in 1846, and treated the people to one of those brutal shows. Caunt came to Harper's Ferry several weeks before the fight and there he went through his course of training. He was the favorite with the people, no doubt, because of his nationality—most of the armorers being descended from Birmingham gunsmiths. Sullivan arrived on the night before the encounter and with him came a crowd of shoulder-hitters, pickpockets, et hoc genus omne. They took possession of the town and, until the fight was de-



cided, the utmost terror prevailed among the peaceable inhabitants. The battle ground was outside the town limits, east of the Shenandoah, in a meadow near what is called "the old stillhouse," on the line of Jefferson and Loudoun counties. Sullivan won the fight, but the exhibition broke up in a general row.

In the summer of 1850, that fearful scourge—the Asiatic cholera again made its appearance at the place and decimated the people. Although it is said that the ravages of this pestilence are mostly confined to people of dissolute habits, it was not so in this case, for it visited the homes of rich and poor indiscriminately, and all classes suffered equally. It is estimated that over one hundred people at the place perished by this epidemic and, the town having been deserted by all who could leave it, business, too, suffered severely.

Major Symington was succeeded, in 1851, by Colonel Benjamin Huger. He was of Huguenot extraction and a native of South Carolina. His administration was not marked by any very important events. The excitement against the military system that arose in the time of Colonel Craig continued unabated. During Colonel Huger's superintendency in 1851, a sad accident occurred at Harper's Ferry. On the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from Cumberland to Fairmont, an excursion train containing the principal officers of the road proceeded from Baltimore to what was then the western terminus of that great channel of commerce. A number of Harper's Ferry people determined to give them a salute, as they passed that station, and, with this purpose, they loaded an old twelve-pounder cannon which was kept at the armory for such occasions. Through some mismanagement, there was a premature explosion which caused the death of two

colored men. One of them, named John Butler, was a veteran of the war of 1812 and had been long a resident of the town. The other, named Scipio, was, too, like Butler, well known and respected at the place. A third party, a white man, named James O'Laughlin, to whose want of forethought the accident was attributed, lost his life shortly afterwards by being run over by the railway cars, in front of the ticket office.

In 1852, on an order from the Secretary of War, the government disposed of a considerable portion of its property at Harper's Ferry to employes at the armory. Many of those people desired to purchase houses and the government deemed it politic to encourage them in so doing. The plan insured a number of prudent, sober and steady mechanics for employment in the government works—men who, having a deep interest in the place, would consult the well-being of society there and would feel the more attached to the public service. Therefore, many houses and lots were disposed of at public sale and, at the same time, many donations of land were made by the government for religious, educational and town purposes.

In 1852 there was a remarkable inundation at Harper's Ferry—the greatest that, up to that time, had occurred there—at least since the settlement of the place by white people. The winter of 1851-1852 was exceedingly severe. From November until April, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and when, about the middle of the latter month, there was a heavy and warm rain for several days, the snow melted rapidly and an unprecedented flood was the consequence. The Potomac, swollen by a thousand tributaries, the smallest of which might aspire, at the time, to the dignity of a river, rolled in an irresistible tide and was met by the Shenandoah with the accu-

mulated waters of the whole upper Valley of Virginia. The town was literally submerged and large boats were propelled with oar and pole along the principal streets. Of course, much damage was done to property, but no loss of life on that occasion is recorded. Similar inundations we have mentioned as having occurred there in Mr. Harper's time, and in 1832 a very remarkable one took place which is fresh in the memories of a few of the citizens. Indeed, there is a belief that at least once in every twenty years the town is partially submerged. Since the war these inundations are more frequent and far more injurious than they were before, because of the wholesale destruction of the forests for the use of the armies during the civil war, and the increased demand for timber for mercantile purposes. The day will come when legislation must step in to prevent this evil and when the American people must take a lesson from certain European governments in which the state takes charge of the forests and regulates the cutting down and planting of trees. The suggestion is, perhaps, an unpopular one, but it may be right nevertheless.

It may be observed that Colonel Huger afterwards became a general in the service of the Confederacy and obtained some fame in the seven days' fighting before Richmond.

Colonel Huger was succeeded, in 1854, by Major Bell, who was the last of the military superintendents. He "reigned" but a few months, the government having decided about the end of that year to change the system of armory superintendence back from the military to the civil order. There was great rejoicing among the anti-military men and a corresponding depression among those of the opposite party, for the military system had many friends at the place, although they were in a minority.

## CHAPTER III.

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### THE CIVIL SYSTEM REVIVED.

Major Bell was succeeded, early in 1855, by Henry W. Clowe, a native of Prince William county, Virginia, a very worthy mechanic who had been employed, for many years before, as a master millwright in the armory. He was a man of a very impulsive nature with all the virtues and many of the faults of men with that temperament. He was high-strung, as the saying is, but he was generous to a fault and never did the place enjoy greater prosperity than under his administration. Whether this was owing to his good management or not was a question which every man at the place decided according to his partialities, perhaps, but the fact of the great prosperity of Harper's Ferry at that time, is undoubted. Having been associated a long time with the workmen as an equal, he had many difficulties to encounter to which a stranger would not be exposed. It is probable, however, that his greatest troubles arose from the intrigues of politicians. He had a quarrel with the representative in Congress from the district to which Harper's Ferry then belonged, and by the influence of the latter or of some other party, Mr. Clowe was removed from the superintendency about the close of 1858.

In this administration, in the spring of 1856, a tragical occurrence took place in the town. Two men named Engle and Alison had a quarrel origi-

nating in drunkenness, when the latter struck the former on the head with a four-pound weight, breaking his skull in several places. The wounded man lay in a comatose state for some hours before his inevitable death. Alison was arrested immediately and conveyed to Charlestown jail to await trial. Having concealed on his person a small pistol he blew out his own brains in a few minutes after his lodgment in prison, and his spirit arrived at the great judgment seat almost as soon as that of his victim.

In the summer of 1858—June 10th—a melancholy accident occurred in the armory yard, whereby Mr. Thomas Cunningham, a most worthy man, lost his life. A very curious circumstance is connected with this accident. The mishap took place about 9 o'clock a. m. A few minutes before that hour the writer of these pages was passing the armory gate, when he encountered a very respectable citizen of the place, who, in an excited manner asked him if he had heard of any accident in the shops or the armory yard. Having heard of none the writer inquired what grounds the other had for the question. The reply was, that he had heard of no accident, but that he was certain that somebody was or would be hurt that day at the place, for he had seen in his dreams that morning several men at work in a deep excavation in the armory grounds and noticed particles of gravel falling from the sides of the pit and a big rock starting to fall on the men. In his endeavor to give notice to the parties in danger he awoke and this was his reason for believing that somebody would be injured that day at the place. Politeness alone prevented the writer from laughing outright at what he considered foolish superstition in his friend. He reasoned with him on the absurdity of a belief in dreams which, instead of being prophetic, can



always be traced to some impression made on the mind during waking hours. While they were yet conversing, a man ran out from the armory in breathless haste and inquired for a physician. On being questioned, he replied that Mr. Cunningham had been crushed by a rock falling on him in an excavation he was making and that Mr. Edward Savin, also, had been badly hurt. Mr. Cunningham died in a few minutes after his being injured and thus was the dream literally verified, even to the exact place, foreshadowed—the armory yard—for there it was the excavation was being made. Mr. Savin recovered from his hurts and afterwards served with great credit in the 69th regiment of New York Volunteers. At the first battle of Bull Run he had, it is said, his clothing perforated in more than a dozen places by bullets, but he escaped without a wound. It is reported that his preservation in this battle was among the most extraordinary of the war of the rebellion, considering the very shower of bullets that must have poured on him to so riddle his clothes. Whether the dream was a mere coincidence or a psychological phenomenon let every reader judge for himself. There is high authority for believing that “coming events cast their shadows before” and the above, for which the writer can vouch, would appear to confirm the truth of what every one is inclined, in his heart, to believe, though but few dare to own it, for fear of incurring ridicule. The occurrence convinced the writer of what he more than suspected before and fully believes now, that verily, there are many things transpiring daily which do not enter into anybody’s philosophy and which can not be explained by intellect clothed in flesh. Perhaps, we will understand it all when we enter some other sphere of existence and, perhaps, again, we will *not*.



Apropos of the foregoing, the reader may feel interested in the following which, although it did not occur at Harper's Ferry, took place so near to it, that it will not be considered much out of place in our chronicles. Besides, it was proposed at the start that the author should give strange incidents of the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, especially when the actors in the scenes, as in this case, were identified closely with that place and had daily business relations with its people. Some sixty years ago, there lived near Kabletown in the upper part of Jefferson county, a Scotchman, named McFillan, who was overseer on a plantation belonging to a Mrs. Hunter. He was a man of dissipated habits, and some person whom he had offended informed his employer in an anonymous note that he was neglecting his duties. On being taken to task by Mrs. Hunter, McFillan at once concluded that the author of the note was a neighbor named Chamberlain with whom he had had some quarrel. In a short time after McFillan and his supposed enemy encountered one another at a blacksmith's shop in Kabletown and, the former charging the latter with the authorship of the letter, a fight took place between them, when Chamberlain struck McFillan on the head with a stone, injuring him severely. Before any great length of time the wounded man died and, it being supposed that his death was caused by the injury received from Chamberlain, a coroner's inquest was held over the remains and a post-mortem examination was made by Dr. Creamer, a physician of local celebrity in those days. Chamberlain was put on trial in Charlestown and, as the fact of his having struck the deceased was notorious, he based his defense on the probability that McFillan had come to his death by dissipation. Dr. Creamer's evidence favored the prisoner's theory, and, as the

utmost confidence was felt generally in the doctor's ability and integrity, the accused was acquitted. Why the doctor did not so testify before the coroner's jury, the tradition does not tell.

In some time after the trial a man named Jenkins moved into the neighborhood of Kabletown and took up his residence in the house formerly occupied by McFillan and in which he had died. Jenkins was a bachelor and he lived without any company, except that of some slaves whom he had brought with him. Feeling lonely, he extended an invitation to the young men of the vicinity to visit him and assist him to pass away the long winter evenings in a social game of "old sledge" or "three-trick loo." One night Chamberlain visited him and engaged at a game. Their conversation was cheerful and not, at all, calculated to excite their imaginations disagreeably. While they were playing, a shuffling of feet was heard in the hall and, presently, a knock was given at the room door. Jenkins said, "walk in," when the door was opened and in came two men who were strangers to the proprietor. Chamberlain instantly fell to the floor in a swoon and Jenkins jumped up to assist him. While stooping to help his friend, the host, of course, took his eyes from the strangers and when he had succeeded in lifting Chamberlain to a seat, they had vanished unseen and unheard by any other person about the house. The negroes, on being questioned, denied positively their having heard or seen them arrive or depart, and it was impossible that any one in the flesh could enter the house and proceed to the room occupied by Jenkins and Chamberlain, without being discovered by the servants. Chamberlain exhibited signs of the most abject terror and his host was obliged to send some five or six of his slaves to accompany him to his home. Of course, the matter

got noised abroad and the neighbors eagerly questioned Jenkins about it, but he could give no explanation of it, beyond describing the appearance of the strangers. The description of one of them answered exactly to that of McFillan. The height, make, complexion and dress of the supposed spectre corresponded closely with those of the deceased overseer and the other equally resembled Chamberlain's father who had been dead some years. The latter apparition wore the peculiar dress of the Society of Friends of which the old gentleman had been a member and, in other respects, its description coincided exactly with that of the deceased Quaker. Of course, no one ventured to question Chamberlain on the subject, but it is religiously believed in the neighborhood that the apparitions were the ghosts of the men whom they so much resembled, but why they should travel in company or what the object of their visit was is as much of a mystery as the dream which suggested this episode. Jenkins had never before seen either of them, being as before noted, a stranger in the neighborhood and, certainly there was no reason why *his* imagination should conjure up those apparitions. Whatever skepticism may be entertained about the matter, it is certain that Jenkins, to the day of his death, persisted in his statement, and there was no man in the county of a higher character than he for veracity. It is said that never after that night did Chamberlain sleep in a dark room, but that he always kept a light burning in his bed chamber, from the time he retired to rest until daylight. He met his death many years afterwards in a singular manner. He was riding one day in a wagon over a rough road. In the bed of the wagon was a loaded musket with the muzzle of the barrel pointing towards him. In some way the musket was discharged and the bullet killed Cham-

berlain. It was claimed by some who, perhaps, were interested in having it appear so, that the jolting of the wagon caused the discharge of the gun, but no one attempted to explain how the weapon was cocked or why the bullet did not pass under the driver's seat, instead of through his body. Many ugly rumors floated around for some time in connection with the affair, but the writer does not feel at liberty\* to give them further currency. All the parties concerned are now dead, and let no one disturb their repose by rehashing what may have been mere slander or idle gossip. During Mr. Clowe's time as superintendent—in 1857—died at Harper's Ferry, John, commonly known as "Lawyer" Barnett, who was in his way, quite a celebrity. He was by trade a carpenter and he had the reputation of being an excellent mechanic. Like many other deluded visionaries, he conceived that he had discovered a principle on which perpetual motion could be produced and, for many years, he devoted his energies, spent his earnings and tried the patience of his friends, in the construction of a machine illustrative of his idea, and explaining his theory to any person willing to listen. His device was certainly very ingenious but marvelously complicated and when set in motion, it terrified, with its unearthly noises, his timid neighbors, many of whom looked with superstitious awe on the mysterious fabric and its uncanny inventor. The poor "Lawyer," however, was the most harmless of mankind and the last man that his friends should suspect of being in league with the powers of darkness. If any compact existed the poor fellow's appearance certainly did not indicate any accession of wealth, as he always went about dressed like a scare-crow, his rags fluttering in the breeze, betokening the most abject poverty. He always carried a thick cudgel and was accompanied

by a ferocious looking bull dog. The latter was, however, as harmless as his master and, for all that any one knew, as much abstracted in the contemplation of some problem of interest to his canine friends. Barnett, like many other great men, would take sprees occasionally, and the poor fellow died one night in one of his drinking bouts, at his solitary bachelor home, and his face was devoured by rats before his death was discovered by his neighbors. It need not be said that he did not accomplish the impossibility he had proposed to himself, and his machine now lies in a garret almost forgotten. Had the "Lawyer" been a married man he would not have met so appalling a fate and, besides, if we may rehash a stale joke on the ladies, he might have got some valuable hints from his wife's tongue and accomplished something for science.

Mr. Clowe was succeeded in January, 1859, by Alfred M. Barbour, a young lawyer from western Virginia, whose administration was the most eventful in the history of the place, as it was during that period that the great civil war broke out which, as is well known, caused the total destruction of the armory works. Other remarkable events, however, occurred in Mr. Barbour's time which were precursors of the subsequent great evils and foreshadowed the final catastrophe. These will be narrated in the next chapter.

On the 28th day of June, 1859, a memorable tornado swept over the place. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a thunder storm came up and two clouds were noticed approaching each other, driven by currents of wind from opposite directions. When they encountered one another, a fierce flash of lightning followed by an appalling thunder peal, lit up the heavens. Rain poured down in cataracts and, as if Aeolus had suddenly released all his boisterous sub-



jects, the winds rushed from all quarters and came in conflict in the gap through which the Potomac finds its way to the Ocean. In the war of winds a fine covered bridge that crossed the Shenandoah about three hundred yards above the mouth of that river was lifted from its piers and completely overturned into the bed of the stream. Mrs. Sloan, a respectable old lady, happened to be on the bridge at the time and, of course, was carried with it into the river. She was found shortly after, standing up in a shallow place, and completely covered over with the debris of the wrecked bridge, but fortunately, and almost miraculously, she received very little injury.

Having given a sketch of each of the superintendents, the writer thinks a notice due to the master-armorers, also. Originally, the superintendents were styled master-armorers, and Messrs. Perkins and Stubblefield went by this appellation officially. In 1815, however, the latter gentleman was allowed an assistant to whom that title was transferred, and that of superintendent was given to the principal officer. In the above mentioned year, Armistead Beckham was appointed to the second office in the armory. He was a high-minded gentleman who did his duty regardless of the clamor of factions and with a stern resolve to do justice—a difficult task during a portion of his time, as the administration at Washington was democratic and Mr. Beckham was always much opposed to President Jackson. The latter, however, could not be induced to dismiss the honest master-armorer—such was the respect entertained for the character of that gentleman. In 1830 Mr. Beckham exchanged with Benjamin Moore, who occupied a similar position in Pittsburg, each taking the place of the other. In some time after, Mr. Beckham was appointed superintendent of the



Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, in Allegheny City, which position he held until his death, many years after.

Benjamin Moore was a remarkable person. He was a fine specimen of the physical man and his mind was on the same scale as his body. He occupied the position of master-armorer at Harper's Ferry for nineteen years and, during that time, he introduced an improvement into the manufacture of arms which is universally admitted to be of the utmost advantage, but for which neither he nor his heirs ever received compensation, although a claim for it has been pending for many years. His invention was that of the interchange of the component parts of a gun, which means that any particular part will suit any gun. The advantage of this plan in field operations must be at once apparent as, from piles composed of the various parts of a rifle or musket, a gun can be extemporized to replace one rendered useless by accident. It is to be hoped that his descendants may yet reap the benefit of his ingenuity and that justice may at length be done to the heirs of a man who did so much for the efficiency of our armies.

Like many other men of studious minds, Mr. Moore had, in many things, a child-like simplicity. His son, Thomas, was a man of great talent and, in almost every field of art, his ability was apparent. Among other agreeable gifts, he possessed that of consummate mimicry. Sometimes he would disguise himself in the garb of a beggar and meet his father with the most piteous tale of distress, which never failed to work on the old gentleman's sympathies to the opening of his purse. Many a dollar did the son thus obtain from the benevolent father and, when the young man would throw off his disguise and make himself known, nobody enjoyed the deception better than the victim. Next day, however, the

father was just as liable to be taken in as before, such was his abstraction of mind, caused by intense thought on the subject of his invention. He died some forty years ago, at a ripe old age, covered with honors and with the happy assurance of the rewards promised for a well-spent life.

Mr. Moore was succeeded in 1849 by James Burton, a young man whose whole previous life had been devoted to the service of the government at Harper's Ferry. He was a fine musician and a man of varied accomplishments. In 1853, he was appointed by the British government to superintend the manufacture of their Enfield rifle. Shortly before our civil war, he returned to his native country, and, while the struggle was in progress, he superintended the manufacture of arms in Richmond. Mr. Burton died a few years ago in Winchester, Virginia.

He was succeeded in 1853 by Samuel Byington, a good-natured, easy-going man, who was much respected by all at Harper's Ferry. He died, during the civil war, at Washington City, to which place he had moved in 1858.

Mr. Byington was succeeded in the year last mentioned, by Benjamin Mills, a practical gunsmith, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Mr. Mills did not reside very long at Harper's Ferry, returning, in the autumn of 1859, to his former residence. During his stay, however, he met with an adventure which will be related in the next chapter, and it can be safely said that, in his experience in the west, he scarcely met with anything that made a deeper impression on him than what he encountered on this occasion, or which will bide longer in his memory.

Mr. Mills was succeeded, in 1859, by Armistead M. Ball, a man of remarkable powers as a machinist. He participated in Mr. Mills' adventure and, like

the latter, no doubt, had a lively recollection of the affair until his death, which occurred in 1861.

The capacity of the Harper's Ferry armory was from fifteen hundred to two thousand guns a month, and the muskets and rifles manufactured there were, generally, considered the best in the world. A good deal has been heard of the needle-gun, the Chassepot and other guns used by various nations, which may be all that is claimed for them, but the Harper's Ferry Rifle Yerger enjoyed in its day a reputation second to no weapon of the small arms kind under the sun, and it is very doubtful if it will be much excelled hereafter, notwithstanding the many improvements we hear of year after year. In the war of the rebellion it went by the name of the Mississippi Rifle because the troops of that state were the first of the Confederates to be armed with it.

## CHAPTER IV.

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### THE BROWN RAID.

In the summer of 1859, a party of strangers made their appearance at Sandy Hook, a small village of Washington county, Maryland, in the immediate vicinity of Harper's Ferry. With them was an old man of venerable appearance and austere demeanor who called himself Isaac Smith. They represented themselves as being prospecting for minerals, and they took frequent and long rambles, with this ostensible purpose, over the various peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Since the first settlement of Harper's Ferry, it has been believed that, in the earth beneath the wild crags of the Maryland and Loudoun Heights, mines of different metals and of fabulous value are hidden, awaiting the eye of science and the hand of industry to discover and develop them. Many of the citizens of the place, from time to time, have supposed that they had found them and no small excitement has been aroused on this account by sanguine explorers. Specimens of different kinds of valuable ore or what was supposed to be such, were sent to Boston and subjected to chemical analysis and very favorable reports were returned by the most eminent chemists and geologists of the Athens of America. No wonder was felt, therefore, at the appearance of the party, and their expeditions over the tortuous and difficult paths of the mountains excited no suspicion. At

first, they boarded at the house of Mr. Ormond Butler, where their conduct was unexceptionable. They paid in gold for whatever they purchased and, as their manners were courteous to all, they were, on the whole, very much liked by Mr. Butler's family and his guests. After a week's stay at Sandy Hook, they removed to what is known as "the Kennedy Farm" about five miles from Harper's Ferry, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, where they established their headquarters. While at this place, Smith and his party, of whom three were his sons, made themselves very agreeable to their neighbors and they were as popular there as they had been at Sandy Hook. The father was regarded as a man of stern morality, devoted to church exercises, and the sons, with the others of the party, as good-natured, amiable, young men. Thus things continued 'till the night of Sunday, October 16th, 1859. On that night about 10 o'clock, Mr. William Williams, one of the watchmen on the railroad bridge, was surprised to find himself taken prisoner by an armed party, consisting of about twenty men, who suddenly made their appearance from the Maryland side of the river. Most of the party then proceeded to the armory enclosure, taking with them their prisoner, and leaving two men to guard the bridge. They next captured Daniel Whelan, one of the watchmen at the armory, who was posted at the front gate, and they took possession of that establishment. The party then separated into two bodies—one remaining in the armory and the other proceeding to the rifle factory, half a mile up the Shenandoah, where they captured Mr. Samuel Williams—father of William Williams before mentioned—an old and highly respected man, who was in charge of that place as night watchman. He, too, was conducted to the armory where the other prisoners were confined, and



a detachment of the strangers was left to supply his place. About 12 o'clock—midnight—Mr. Patrick Higgins, of Sandy Hook, arrived on the bridge, for the purpose of relieving Mr. William Williams. They were both in the employment of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company as watchmen, and each used to serve twelve hours of the twenty-four on duty. Higgins found all in darkness on the bridge and, suspecting that something had gone wrong with Williams, he called loudly for him. To his astonishment he was ordered to halt and two men presented guns at his breast, at the same time telling him that he was their prisoner. One of them undertook to conduct him to the armory, but, on their arriving at a point near the Virginia end of the bridge, the hot-blooded Celt struck his captor a stunning blow with his fist, and, before the stranger could recover from its effects, Higgins had succeeded in escaping to Fouke's hotel, where he eluded pursuit. Several shots were fired after him without effect, and he attributes his safety to the fact that his pursuers, while in the act of firing, stumbled in the darkness over some cross pieces in the bridge, and had their aim disconcerted. About this time a party of the invaders went to the houses of Messrs. Lewis Washington and John Alstadt, living a few miles from Harper's Ferry, and took them and some of their slaves prisoners, conducting them to the general rendezvous for themselves and their captives—the armory enclosure. From the house of the former they took some relics of the great Washington and the Revolution, which the proprietor, of course, very highly prized. Among them was a sword, said to be the same that was sent to the "Father of his Country" by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia—a present, as a legend inscribed on it said, "from the oldest General of the time to the best." All through

the night, great excitement existed among such of the citizens as became cognizant of these facts. There happened to be, at the time, protracted meetings at nearly all of the Methodist churches in the town and neighborhood, and the members, returning home late, were taken prisoners in detail, until the armory enclosure contained a great many captives, who were unable to communicate to their friends an account of their situation.

About one o'clock a. m., Monday, the east bound express train, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, arrived in charge of Conductor Phelps. The train was detained by order of the leader of the band, and the telegraph wires were cut. The object of these orders was, of course, to prevent news of the invasion from being spread. The train was allowed to proceed, however, after a considerable delay. While the train was at Harper's Ferry, great alarm naturally existed among the passengers who could not understand these movements. Several shots were exchanged between the attacking force and a Mr. Throckmorton, clerk at Fouke's hotel, and some other parties unknown, but no person was injured. Some time in the course of the night, Heywood Shepherd, a colored porter at the railroad office, walked to the bridge, impelled, no doubt, by curiosity to understand the enigma. He was ordered to halt by the guards at the bridge and being seized with a panic and running back, he was shot through the body. He succeeded in reaching the railroad office, where he died next day at 3 o'clock, in great agony.

A little before daylight, some early risers were surprised to find themselves taken prisoners, as soon as they appeared on the streets. Among them was James Darrell, aged about sixty-five years, the bell-ringer at the armory, whose duties, of course, com-

pelled him to be the first of the hands at his post. It being yet dark, he carried a lantern. When near the gate, he was halted by an armed negro, one of the invading party, and, Darrell, not dreaming of what was transpiring and mistaking his challenger for one of Mr. Fouke's slaves on a "drunk," struck the negro with his lantern and consigned his "black soul" to a climate of much higher temperature than that of Virginia. The negro presented a Sharp's rifle at Darrell and, no doubt, the situation of bell-ringer at Harper's Ferry armory would have been very soon vacant, had not a white man of the stranger party who appeared to relish very highly the joke of the mistake, caught the gun and prevented the negro from carrying out his intention. Another white man of the party, however, came up and struck Darrell on the side with the butt of his gun, injuring him severely. Darrell was then dragged before "the captain" who, pitying his age and his bodily sufferings, dismissed him on a sort of parole. Mr. Walter Kemp, an aged, infirm man, bartender at Fouke's hotel, was taken prisoner about this time and consigned to Limbo with the others.

It was, now, daylight and the armorers proceeded singly or in parties of two or three from their various homes to work at the shops. They were gobbled up in detail and marched to prison, lost in astonishment at the strange doings and many, perhaps, doubting if they were not yet asleep and dreaming. Several of the officers of the armory were captured, but the superintendent not being in the town at the time, the invaders missed what, no doubt, would have been to them a rich prize. About this time, Mr. George W. Cutshaw, an old and estimable citizen of the place, proceeded from his house on High street, towards the Potomac bridge, in company with a lady who was on her way to Wash-

ington City and whom Mr. Cutshaw was escorting across the river, to the place where the canal packet-boat on which she intended to travel, was tied up. He passed along unmolested until he disposed of his charge, but, on his return, he encountered on the bridge several armed apparitions—one of them, an old man of commanding presence, appearing to be the leader. Mr. Cutshaw, who was "a man of infinite jest," used to relate in the humorous manner peculiar to himself, how he, on first seeing them, took up the thought that a great robbery had been committed somewhere and that the tall, stern figure before him was some famous detective, employed to discover and arrest the perpetrators, while the minor personages were his assistants. He was halted, but, being in a hurry for his breakfast, he was moving on, when he received another and peremptory challenge. At last he said impatiently, "let me go on! What do *I* know about your robberies?" These were unfortunate words for Cutshaw, as they gave the chief to understand that his party were suspected of an intention to plunder—an imputation which the old warrior very highly resented. Mr. Cutshaw was, therefore, immediately marched off to the armory and placed among the other prisoners, where "the Captain" kept a close eye on him until his attention was engrossed by the subsequent skirmish.

A little before 7 o'clock, a. m., Mr. Alexander Kelly approached the corner of High and Shenandoah streets, armed with a shotgun, for the purpose of discharging it at the invaders. No sooner did he turn the corner than two shots were fired at him and a bullet was sent through his hat. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Thomas Boerly approached the same corner with the same purpose. He was a man of herculean strength and great personal courage. He discharged his gun at some of the enemy who

were standing at the arsenal gate, when a shot was fired at him by one of the party who was crouching behind the arsenal fence. The bullet penetrated his groin, inflicting a ghastly wound, of which he died in a few hours.

The writer of these annals met with an adventure on this occasion which, though it partook largely of romance to which he is much addicted, was anything but agreeable. Sharing in the general curiosity to know what it was all about, he imprudently walked down High street to Shenandoah street. At the arsenal gate he encountered four armed men—two white and two black. Not being conscious of guilt he thought he had no reason to fear anybody. The four guards saluted him civilly and one of the white men asked him if he owned any slaves. On his answering in the negative, the strangers told him that there was a movement on foot that would benefit him and all persons who did not own such property. The writer passed on strongly impressed with the thought that, sure enough, there was something in the wind. He then looked in at the prisoners, among whom was Mr. Thomas Gallaher, to whom he spoke. The invaders had ceased some time before from making prisoners, as they thought they now had as many as they could well manage. This accounts for the writer's escape from arrest when he first exposed himself to capture. The leader of the party approached the writer on his speaking to Gallaher, and ordered him off the street, telling him, that it was against military law to talk with prisoners. Not conceiving that this stranger had a right to order him off so unceremoniously and not being at the best of times of a very patient temper, the historian refused to comply, when a pistol was presented at his breast by the captain, which obliged him to duck a little and take shelter behind a brick



pillar in the wall that enclosed the armory grounds. The commander then called out to the same men whom the writer had encountered at the arsenal gate, on the opposite side of the street, and who were not thirty yards off when the encounter with the chief took place. He ordered them to shoot or to arrest the historian and they at once prepared to obey the order. Not relishing either alternative of death or imprisonment, the writer dodged up the alleyway that ran along the sidewall of the armory yard, and, in order to disconcert their aim, he took a zigzag course which probably would not have been enough to save him from four bullets shot after him in a narrow alley by experienced marksmen, had not aid come from an unexpected source. And, now, for the romance. A colored woman, who was crouching in a doorway in the alley, rushed out between him and the guns, and, extending her arms, begged of the men not to shoot. They did not shoot and the present generation has not lost and posterity will not be deprived of this history, a calamity which, without the intervention of a miracle, their shooting would have entailed. Ever since, the writer has claimed great credit to himself for presence of mind in thinking of the "zigzag," under these trying circumstances, but his friends maliciously insinuate that absence of body did more to save him than presence of mind. He takes consolation, however, by comparing himself to the great John Smith, the first white explorer of Virginia, who was once in an equally bad fix and was saved by the timely intervention of another dusky maiden. The heroine who, in the present case, conferred so great a blessing on posterity, was Hannah, a slave belonging to Mrs. Margaret Carroll, of Harper's Ferry, and her name will be embalmed in history, like that of Pocohontas, and it will be more gratefully remembered than that

of the Indian maiden, by future readers of this veracious story, who will consider themselves—partly at least—indebted to her for an unparalleled intellectual treat.

It was now breakfast time and "the captain" sent an order to Fouke's hotel for refreshments for his men. The state of his exchequer is not known, but he did not pay for the meals in any usual species of currency. He released Walter, familiarly called "Watty" Kemp, the bartender at Fouke's and he announced this as the equivalent he was willing to pay. It is to be feared that the landlord did not duly appreciate the advantages he gained by this profitable bargain, and it may be that "Uncle Watty" himself did not feel much flattered at the estimate put on him in the terms of the ransom and his being valued at the price of twenty breakfasts. Be this as it may, the bargain was struck and the meals furnished. The leader of the raiders invited his prisoners to partake of the provisions as far as they would go 'round, but only a few accepted the hospitable offer for fear of the food's being drugged.

Up to this time no person in the town, except the prisoners, could tell who the strange party were. To the captives, as was ascertained afterwards, the strangers confessed their purpose of liberating the slaves of Virginia, and freedom was offered to any one in durance who would furnish a negro man as a recruit for the "army of the Lord." However, as there was little or no communication allowed between the prisoners and their friends outside, the people, generally, were yet ignorant of the names and purposes of the invaders and, as may be believed, Madam Rumor had plenty of employment for her hundred tongues. Soon, however, they were recognized by some as the explorers for minerals and then suspicion at once rested on a young man

named John E. Cook, who had been sojourning at Harper's Ferry for some years, in the various capacities of schoolmaster, book agent and lock-keeper on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal and who had married into a reputable family at the place. He had been seen associating with the Smith party and, as he had been often heard to boast of his exploits in "the Kansas war," on the Free Soil side, it was instinctively guessed that he and the Smiths were connected in some project for freeing the slaves and this opinion was confirmed by the fact of there being negroes in the party. Shortly after, a new light broke on the people and it was ascertained, in some way, that "the captain" was no other than the redoubtable John Brown, of Kansas fame, who had earned the title of "Ossawatimie Brown" from his exploits in the portion of Kansas along the banks of Ossawatimie river. The information came from one of the prisoners—Mr. Mills—who was allowed to communicate with his family.

At the regular hour for commencing work in the morning, Mr. Daniel J. Young, master machinist at the rifle factory, approached the gate to these shops, expecting to find Mr. Samuel Williams at his post, as watchman, and little anticipating to find the place in possession of an enemy. He was met at the gate by a fierce-looking man, fully armed, who refused him admittance, claiming that he and his companions—four or five of whom appeared at the watch house door, on hearing the conversation—had got possession by authority from the Great Jehovah. Mr. Young, being naturally astonished at hearing this, asked what the object of the strangers was and learned that they had come to give freedom to the slaves of Virginia; that the friends of liberty had tried all constitutional and peaceable means to accomplish this end and had failed signally, but that,

now the great evil of slavery must be eradicated at any risk and that there were resources enough ready for the accomplishment of this purpose. Mr. Young said in reply: "If you derive your authority from the Almighty I must yield as I get my right to enter only from an earthly power—the government of the United States. I warn you, however, that, before this day's sun shall have set, you and your companions will be corpses." Mr. Young then went back to stop the mechanics and laborers who were on their way to go to work and warn them of their danger. It appeared to be no part of the policy of the strangers to keep prisoners at the rifle works, as no attempt was made to arrest Mr. Young. This gentleman, it may be remarked, became conspicuous afterwards for his adhesion to the cause of the Union. During the war, he was in charge of the ordnance at Harper's Ferry, with the rank of captain. Soon after the close of hostilities he received a commission in the regular army with the same rank, and, after having served the government for a long time, at various points, he was retired some years ago, and took up his residence at Troy, New York, where he died in 1893.

About 9 o'clock, a. m., the people had recovered from their amazement and sought for arms wherever they thought they could find any. It was no easy matter to find effective weapons, as the arsenal and nearly all the storehouses were in possession of the enemy. It was remembered, however, that, some time before, a lot of guns had been removed from the place where they were usually stored, in order to protect them from the river which, at the time, had overflowed its banks and encroached on the armory grounds and buildings. The arms were put away in a building situated far above high water mark and the strangers knew not of their existence. Enough

was procured from this lot to equip a few small companies of citizens and a desultory skirmish commenced around the armory buildings and the adjacent streets which continued all day. A company under Captain Henry Medler crossed the Shenandoah on the bridge and took post on the Loudoun side of the river, opposite the rifle works. Another company under Captain Hezekiah Roderick, took position on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, northwest of the armory, and a third body, under Captain William H. Moore, crossed the Potomac about a mile above Harper's Ferry and marched down on the Maryland side to take possession of the railroad bridge. Thus Brown's party were hemmed in and all the citizens who were not enrolled in any of these companies engaged the invaders wherever they could meet them. The rifle factory was attacked and the strangers there posted were soon driven into the Shenandoah where they were met by the fire of Captain Medler's men who had crossed the river on the bridge, and, between the two fires, they all perished, except one—a negro named Copeland, who was taken prisoner. It is said that one of the citizens named James Holt, waded into the river after one of the enemy who had reached a rock in the stream, knocked him down with his fist and disarmed him. Whether it was Copeland or one of those who were afterwards killed that was thus knocked down the writer is not informed, but that Holt performed this feat is undoubted.

At the armory proper, however, where Brown commanded in person, a more determined resistance was made. Brown had told several of his prisoners in the course of the morning that he expected large re-inforcements and when, about noon, the company of citizens under Captain Moore, that had crossed into Maryland, was seen marching down the river



road great excitement prevailed, it being supposed by the prisoners and such of the other citizens as were not aware of Captain Moore's movements and, perhaps, by Brown's party, that these were, sure enough, allies of the invaders. Soon, however, it was ascertained who they were and Brown now seeing that the fortune of the day was against him, sent two of his prisoners, Archibald M. Kitzmiller and Rezin Cross, under guard of two of his men, to negotiate in his name with Captain Moore for permission to vacate the place with his surviving men without molestation. The two ambassadors proceeded with their guards towards the bridge, but when they came near the "Gault House" several shots were fired from that building by which both of the guards were wounded severely and put hors de combat. One of them contrived to make his way back to the armory, but the other was unable to move without assistance and Messrs. Kitzmiller and Cross helped him into Fouke's hotel, where his wounds were dressed. It will be believed that neither of the envoys was foolish enough, like Regulus of old, to return to captivity. Brown, finding that his doves did not come back with the olive branch and now despairing of success, called in from the streets the survivors of his party and, picking out nine of the most prominent of his prisoners as hostages, he retreated into a small brick building near the armory gate, called "the engine house," taking with him the nine citizens. This little building was afterwards famous under the name of "John Brown's Fort," and, from the time of the invasion until the spring of 1892, it was an object of great curiosity to strangers visiting the place. It was sold at the time last mentioned to a company of speculators for exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago, and with it much of the glory of Harper's Ferry departed forever. About the year 1895, it was

repurchased and reshipped to Harper's Ferry by the late Miss Kate Fields, and it is now to be seen about two miles from its original site on the farm of Mr. Alexander Murphy. Of course, the bricks are not relaid in their original order and the death of Miss Fields makes its restoration to anything like its old self very improbable. About the time when Brown immured himself, a company of Berkeley county militia arrived from Martinsburg who, with some citizens of Harper's Ferry and the surrounding country made a rush on the armory and released the great mass of the prisoners outside of the engine house, not, however, without suffering some loss from a galling fire kept up by the enemy from "the fort." Brown's men had pierced the walls for musketry and through the holes kept up a brisk fusilade by which they wounded many of the Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry people and some Charlestown men who, too, had come to take part in the fray. The sufferers were Messrs. Murphy, Richardson, Hammond, Dorsey, Hooper and Wollett, of Martinsburg; Mr. Young, of Charlestown, and Mr. Edward McCabe, of Harper's Ferry. Mr. Dorsey was wounded very dangerously and several of the others were injured severely. All got well again, however, except one, whose hand was disabled permanently.

Before Brown's retreat to the fort, two of his men approached the corner of High and Shenandoah streets, where Mr. Boerley had been shot in the morning. It was then about 2 o'clock, p. m., and Mr. George Turner, a very respectable gentleman of Jefferson county, who had come to town on private business, was standing at the door of Captain Moore's house on High street, about seventy-five yards from the corner above mentioned. He had armed himself with a musket and was in the act of resting it on a board fence near the door, to take

aim at one of those men, when a bullet from a Sharp's rifle struck him in the shoulder—the only part of him that was exposed. The ball, after taking an eccentric course, entered his neck and killed him almost instantly. A physician who examined his body described the wound as having been of the strangest kind, the bullet having taken a course entirely at variance with the laws supposed to prevail with such projectiles. It was thought by many that the shot was not aimed at Mr. Turner and that the man who fired it was not aware of that gentleman's being near. There were two citizens named McClenan and Stedman in the middle of the street opposite to Captain Moore's house. They had guns in their hands and at one of *them* it is supposed was aimed the shot that proved fatal to Mr. Turner.

After this shooting the two strangers immediately retreated and a ludicrous occurrence took place, if, indeed, any event of that ill-omened day can be supposed to be calculated to excite merriment. Mr. John McClenan—above mentioned—shot after them and his bullet striking the cartridge box of one of them, as he was approaching the armory gate, an explosion of his ammunition took place and he entered the gate amid a display of fireworks of a novel description. Apparently, he did not relish the honors paid him and, with accelerated pace, he took refuge with his companions in the engine house.

The strangers continued to fire from their fortress and they now killed another very valuable citizen—Fountain Beckham, for many years agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company at Harper's Ferry, and long a magistrate of Jefferson county. Being a man of nervous temperament he was naturally much excited by the occurrences of the day. Moreover, Heywood Shepherd, the negro shot on the railroad bridge on the previous night, had been

his faithful servant and he was much grieved and very indignant at his death. Against the remonstrances of several friends he determined to take a close look at the enemy. He crept along the railroad, under shelter of a watering station, which then stood there and peeped 'round the corner of the building at the engine house opposite, when a bullet from one of Brown's men penetrated his heart and he died instantly. A man named Thompson, said to be Brown's son-in-law, had been taken prisoner a short time before by the citizens and confined in Fouke's hotel under a guard. At first it was the intention of the people to hand him over to the regular authorities for trial, but the killing of Mr. Beckham so exasperated them that the current of their feelings was changed. They rushed into the hotel, seized Thompson and were dragging him out of the house to put him to death, when Miss Christina Fouke, a sister of the proprietor, with true feminine instinct, ran into the crowd and besought the infuriated multitude to spare the prisoner's life. This noble act has elicited the warmest commendations from every party and it may be considered the one redeeming incident in the gloomy history of that unfortunate day. Miss Fouke's entreaties were unheeded, however, and Thompson was hurried to the railroad bridge, where he was riddled with bullets. He tried to escape by letting himself drop through the bridge into the river. He had been left for dead, but he had vitality enough remaining to accomplish this feat. He was discovered and another shower of bullets was discharged at him. He was either killed by the shots or drowned and, for a day or two, his body could be seen lying at the bottom of the river, with his ghastly face still showing what a fearful death agony he had experienced.

Another of the invaders, named Lehman, at-

tempted to escape from the upper end of the armory grounds by swimming or wading the Potomac. He had been seen shortly before conducting one of the armory watchmen, named Edward Murphy, towards the engine house. He kept his prisoner between himself and an armed party of citizens who were stationed on a hill near the government works. More than a dozen guns were raised to shoot him by the excited crowd and, no doubt, he and Murphy would have been killed had not Mr. Zedoc Butt, an old citizen, induced the party not to fire, in consideration of the danger to the innocent watchman. Immediately afterwards, Lehman disappeared for a while, but soon he was seen endeavoring to escape as above mentioned. A volley was fired after him and he must have been wounded, as he lay down and threw up both his arms, as if surrendering. A temporary resident of Harper's Ferry waded through the river to a rock on which Lehman lay, apparently disabled, and deliberately shot him through the head, killing him instantly. *His* body, too, lay for a considerable time where he fell, and it could be seen plainly from the high ground west of the armory. The slayer now asserts that Lehman first drew his pistol to shoot at him.

A little before night Brown asked if any of his captives would volunteer to go out among the citizens and induce them to cease firing on the fort, as they were endangering the lives of their friends—the prisoners. He promised on his part that, if there was no more firing on his men, there should be none by them on the besiegers. Mr. Israel Russel undertook the dangerous duty—the risk arose from the excited state of the people who would be likely to fire on anything seen stirring around the prison house—and the citizens were persuaded to stop firing in consideration of the danger incurred of



injuring the prisoners. Like Messrs. Kitzmiller and Cross, Mr. Russel, it will be readily supposed, did not return to captivity. It is certain that the people of the place would have disposed of Brown and his party in a very short time, had they not been prevented all along from pushing the siege vigorously, by a regard for the lives of their fellow townsmen, who were prisoners. As it was, they had killed, wounded or dispersed more than three-fourths of the raiders and, consequently, the sneers that were afterwards thrown out against their bravery, were entirely uncalled for and were by parties who, in the subsequent war, did not exhibit much of the reckless courage which they expected from peaceful citizens, taken by surprise and totally at a loss for information as to the numbers and resources of their enemies.

It was now dark and the wildest excitement existed in the town, especially among the friends of the killed, wounded and prisoners of the citizens' party. It had rained some little all day and the atmosphere was raw and cold. Now, a cloudy and moonless sky hung like a pall over the scene of war and, on the whole, a more dismal night cannot be imagined. Guards were stationed 'round the engine house to prevent Brown's escape and, as forces were constantly arriving from Winchester, Frederick City, Baltimore and other places to help the Harper's Ferry people, the town soon assumed quite a military appearance. The United States' authorities in Washington had been notified in the meantime, and, in the course of the night, Colonel Robert E. Lee, afterwards the famous General Lee of the Southern Confederacy, arrived with a force of United States' marines, to protect the interests of the government, and kill or capture the invaders. About 11 o'clock at night Brown again endeavored to open negotia-

tions for a safe conduct for himself and his men out of the place. Colonel Shriver and Captain Sinn, of the Frederick troops, had a conference with him which, however, did not result in anything satisfactory. About 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning—October 18th—Colonel Lee sent, under a flag of truce, Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, of the 1st Cavalry regiment—afterwards so famous for his exploits in the service of the confederacy—who had accompanied Colonel Lee from Washington, to summon the garrison to surrender. Knowing the character of Brown, Colonel Lee did not hope for any success in trying to induce him to lay down his arms, and he sent Lieutenant Stuart merely through solicitude for the prisoners and a desire to use every expedient in his power before ordering an assault and subjecting them to the danger of being injured by mistake in the melee. As anticipated, Brown stubbornly refused to surrender and, therefore, about 8 o'clock, an attack was made by the marines under Lieutenant Greene. At first, they tried to break open the door with sledge hammers, but failing in this they picked up a large ladder that lay near and with that used as a battering ram they succeeded in making a breach. Through a narrow opening thus made, Lieutenant Greene squeezed himself, but he found that the insurgents had barricaded the door with a fire engine and hose that were in the building. Over these obstructions Lieutenant Greene scrambled, followed by his men and attacked Brown who, with his party, was fortified behind the engine. It is said that one of Brown's men offered to surrender and that Brown announced the man's willingness to do so, but, for some reason, the offer was not accepted. While the marines were effecting a breach and when they commenced to rush in, the enemy fired on them and one of the soldiers—Luke Quinn—was mortally wound-

ed and another, named Rupert, had his upper lip badly lacerated. The former was shot through the body and, if the latter is still alive, he certainly has an ugly scar to remind him and others of John Brown's raid. The insurgents were all bayoneted or captured, but fortunately none of the citizen prisoners received any injury. Their escape, indeed, was almost miraculous, as it was difficult for the marines to distinguish them from the enemy. Brown himself was wounded severely by Lieutenant Greene and he was taken to another building where his injuries were examined by a physician and his wounds dressed. He received a cut on the head and a sword thrust in the shoulder. Two or three survivors of his men were kept in the engine house, under a guard of marines. The bodies of the slain raiders were collected soon after from the streets and rivers and, with one exception, buried in a deep pit on the southern bank of the Shenandoah, about half a mile above Harper's Ferry, and the prisoners—Brown included—were lodged in Charlestown jail. One body was taken away by some physicians for dissection, and, no doubt, the skeleton is now in some doctor's closet. After having lain just forty years in this rude grave by the Shenandoah, the bodies of the slain raiders were disinterred about three years ago (1899) and taken to North Elba, New York, where they now rest close to the grave of their famous leader. This removal and reinterment were accomplished through the efforts and under the auspices of Professor Featherstonhaugh, of Washington, D. C., who has ever taken a deep interest in everything appertaining to John Brown and his famous raid. Can fiction imagine anything more weird than the reality of the sad fate of those men?

Some of Brown's men had escaped, however, from the place, in the course of the skirmish, and Cook had not been

noticed at all in the fray or in the town since an early hour on Monday morning, when he was seen to cross the Potomac on the bridge into Maryland with a few others, taking with him two horses and a wagon captured at Colonel Washington's place on the previous night, and two or three slaves belonging to that gentleman. There was satisfactory evidence, however, of his being fully implicated in the outrage and it was ascertained that he, Owen Brown—one of old John's sons—and others had been detailed to operate on the Maryland shore and that they had seized a schoolhouse, taken the Domine—McCurrie—prisoner and driven away the pupils, for the purpose of establishing at the place a depot for arms convenient to Harper's Ferry. It was learned, also, that all the day of the 17th, they had kept up a musketry fire from the Maryland mountain on the people of the town, and that late in the evening Cook had got supper at the canal lockhouse, on the Maryland side of the river. Moreover, it was supposed that, finding the fate of war against them, they had fled towards Pennsylvania. A large body of men, under Captain Edmund H. Chambers, an old citizen and a man of well known courage, marched towards the schoolhouse and the Kennedy farm and, at each place they found a large number of Sharp's rifles, pistols, swords, &c., with a corresponding quantity of powder, percussion caps and equipments of various kinds. A swivel cannon carrying a one pound ball was discovered, also, in a position to command the town, although it is not known that it was used during the skirmish. A large number of pikes of a peculiar form, and intended for the hands of the negroes, was also found. The blacks were expected to turn out at the first signal, and this weapon was considered to be better suited to them than firearms, especially at the commencement of the campaign.

It should have been mentioned before that Brown had put into the hands of his negro prisoners some of these pikes, but, up to the time of the discovery of the magazine at the Kennedy farm, the object of this novel weapon was not fully understood. Captain Chambers' party found, also, a great number of papers which tended to throw light on the conspiracy and several hundred copies of a form of provisional government to be set up by Brown as soon as he had got a footing in the south.

The Governor of Virginia, Henry A. Wise, had arrived in the meantime. He immediately took every precaution to secure the prisoners and guard the state against any attempt from the many allies Brown was thought to have in the north. Governor Wise indulged in many uncalled for strictures on the people of Harper's Ferry, for their supposed inefficiency as soldiers on this occasion, boasting that he could have taken Brown with a penknife. This he might have done if the handle was long enough to allow him to keep beyond rifle range while he was punching the old man through the key hole, but with an ordinary penknife or even with a minnie musket and bayonet, it is doubtful if the governor could have done more than was performed by many a mechanic of Harper's Ferry in the skirmish of Monday. In the subsequent war Governor Wise held quite an important command and history does not record of him any of the wonderful feats of skill or courage that might be expected from a man so confident of his own prowess as the governor was when sneering at a brave people taken by surprise and unarmed, when an unexpected attack was made on them. To Governor Wise Brown confessed the whole plan for liberating the slaves and, indeed, he had, all along, communicated to his prisoners his intentions, but, as before noted, he kept his captives



isolated as much as possible and, in consequence, the people generally had but a vague suspicion of his purposes. It is true that the party at the rifle factory had informed Mr. Young of their object, but so many wild rumors had been started before his interview with them, and there was so much general confusion that "neither head nor tail" could be found for the strange occurrences of the day. The governor who, although he exhibited a great deal of petulance on this occasion, was certainly a gallant man himself, could not refrain from expressing admiration for Brown's undaunted courage, and it is said that he pronounced the old man honest, truthful and brave.

The interview between these two men of somewhat similar character, though of diametrically opposite views on politics, is said to have been very impressive. It lasted two hours and those who were present reported that Brown exhibited a high order of uncultivated intellect in his conversation with the highly educated and polished governor of Virginia. It is said, also, that in the course of this interview, Brown foretold the utter destruction of Harper's Ferry to take place in a very short time—a prophecy which, if uttered at all, has met with a terrible and literal fulfillment. Brown, Wise and the group surrounding them while this conversation was in progress, would furnish a fine theme for a picture. The stern, old Puritan with his bleeding wounds and disordered dress, his long, gray beard and wild gleaming eyes, like some prophet of old, threatening the wrath of Heaven on a sinful generation, and the stately governor of Virginia reminding one of some cavalier of Naseby or Worcester—each firm and true as the blade he carried and each a type of the noble though fanatical race from which he sprang, would make an impressive picture and, perhaps, the scene

will exercise, some day, the genius of a future painter.

On Wednesday night, October 19th, while the fever of excitement was yet at its height, a gentleman residing in Pleasant Valley, Maryland, about three miles from Harper's Ferry, heard a rumor that the "abolitionists" and the slaves were butchering the people around Rohrsville, a few miles farther up the same valley, and very properly gave notice of what he had heard, riding furiously through Sandy Hook, towards the centre of the trouble, the government armory. The people of Sandy Hook, men, women and children rushed wildly towards the same point for protection at the hands of the troops there assembled, while the people of Harper's Ferry were equally wild with this new excitement. The marines who were yet at the place turned out and marched to the point designated, where their appearance caused another and more reasonable alarm among the people there, who had not been disturbed by Brownites, white or black and who, for a long time, could not be convinced that the soldiers had come to protect and not to molest them. Sandy Hook was totally deserted by its people on this occasion, and many of them hurried away whatever of their portable property they deemed most valuable. It is said that one man shouldered a half-grown hog of a favorite breed and made tracks to Harper's Ferry, and, as he and his neighbors scoured along the road, the squeals of the indignant pig blended harmoniously with the multifarious noises of the flying column. The marines, finding no enemy, returned to Harper's Ferry, but, for many weeks afterwards, similar alarms were started by nervous or mischievous people with nearly the same results.

Harper's Ferry was now patrolled every night by details of citizens until the execution of Brown, which took place near Charlestown, December 2d,

1859. Many a midnight tramp did the author take along the muddy streets that winter with an old Hall's rifle on his shoulder when his turn came to watch out for prowling abolitionists. The companion of his watch was a worthy Milesian gentleman named Dan. O'Keefe, from "the beautiful city called Cork." They made it a point to watch Dan's house particularly, through a very natural and praiseworthy anxiety on the part of that gentleman for the safety of his better half and several pledges of love presented from time to time by that excellent lady to her lord and master, as well as for the sake of a corpulent flask which the hospitable Hibernian never failed to produce from a cupboard, near the door, when in their rounds, they came to his house. As the night and the contents of the flask waned, the courage of the brothers-in-arms arose and it is fortunate, perhaps, for the fame of Horatius Cocles, Leonidas and other celebrated defenders of bridges or passes that no abolitionists attempted to cross to "the sacred soil of Virginia" while those worthies were on guard and full of patriotic enthusiasm and whiskey punch. No doubt, their exploits would have eclipsed those of the above mentioned Roman and Greek and of anybody else who has gained celebrity by blocking the passage of an enemy. Several companies of armorers were organized for the defense of the place and, once a week did they display all "the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" marching and countermarching along the streets, to the delight of the ladies, the children and, no doubt, of themselves, as well as to the terror of any book peddler from the north who might be in the neighborhood and who might reasonably be suspected of being opposed to slavery. A force of United States troops under Captain Seth Barton, afterwards prominent in the service of the confed-

eracy, was stationed at Harper's Ferry and, gradually, quiet was restored. A Milesian warrior, named Sergeant McGrath of the above troop was detailed to instruct the awkward squad of citizens in the manual of arms and his deep Munster Doric could be heard on parade evenings thundering his commands to refractory recruits.

Cook and another of Brown's party, named Albert Hazlett, were arrested in Pennsylvania and brought back to Virginia on requisitions. This circumstance furnished a lesson to the fanatics who unhappily abounded on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. To the southern men it ought to have proved that the people of the north did not sympathize to any great extent with the invaders of Virginia and to the northern people who expressed themselves as being shocked at the want of clemency exhibited by the state of Virginia on this occasion, it showed that among themselves were men who were ready to deliver over Brown's party to the tender mercies of the slave holders for the sake of a few hundred dollars offered as a reward for this service.

Cook and another white man, named Edwin Copic, with two negroes, named Green and Copeland, were executed on the 16th of December, in the same year and Hazlett and Aaron D. Stevens—both white—met the same fate on the 16th of March, 1860.

Brown's trial was, of course, a mere matter of form. He took no pains to extenuate his guilt and openly avowed that he desired no favors from the state of Virginia. Two young lawyers of Boston, named Hoyt and Sennott, volunteered to defend him and they acquitted themselves creditably. The Honorable Samuel Chilton, of Washington City, was employed for the defense by John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, afterwards governor of that state, but, of

course, nothing could save the prisoner and he was executed as before stated.

Brown died with unshaken fortitude and, bitter as the animosity against him was, his courage or rather his stoical indifference elicited the admiration of even his unrelenting enemies. Indeed it is difficult at the present time to do justice to the character of this remarkable man, but, no doubt, the future historian of this country who will write when the passions that excite us have subsided or, perhaps, are forgotten will class him with the Scotch Covenanters of the 17th century. It appears to the writer that in many respects John Brown very closely resembled John Balfour, of Burly, whose character is so finely portrayed in Scott's "Old Mortality." The same strong will and iron nerve and the same fanaticism characterized these two men and it must be said of both, for Burly's character is taken from life—that, while no sane person can wholly approve of their actions, their most implacable opponents cannot deny a tribute of respect to their unflinching courage. The other prisoners, also, died bravely and, indeed, it was a melancholy thing to see men of so much strength of character lose their lives in such a foolish undertaking—foolish, as far as the limited faculties of man can reach—but wise, perhaps, could men understand the workings of Him "whose thoughts are not our thoughts and whose ways are not our ways." In judging of this invasion it is well to remember that everything which John Brown proposed to do was successfully accomplished within five years from the day of his execution, and who can tell how much active providential interference there was in this apparently wild and lawless enterprise?

An attempt to escape was made by Cook and Coppic on the night before their execution. By some means they succeeded in eluding the vigilance



of the cell watch and in climbing the outer wall of the prison, when they were challenged by a citizen guard who was posted outside and their further progress was prevented. The name of the sentinel who discovered them in their flight was Thomas Guard and many jokes and puns were perpetrated for months afterwards on the coincidence. They were taken back immediately to their cell and closely *guarded* 'till morning.

A characteristic anecdote was told by the late Mr. James Campbell, who was sheriff of Jefferson county at the time of the Brown troubles. It will be remembered that, on the morning of the raid, Brown got breakfast for his men at Fouke's hotel and that, in liquidation, he restored to liberty Walter Kemp, the bartender, whom he had taken prisoner. A short time before Brown's execution Sheriff Campbell sold some property belonging to Brown which was found at the Kennedy farm and was accounting to him for it, and naming some claims presented against him by various parties with whom Brown had had dealings. Among these claims was one of Mr. Fouke for the refreshments mentioned. Brown was reclining on his bed, not having yet recovered from his wounds, and, no doubt, with his spirit darkened by the shadow of his impending fate. He listened apathetically to the list of debits, until that of Mr. Fouke was mentioned when he suddenly rose up and protested against this demand. "Why, Mr. Campbell," said he, "I made a fair exchange with Mr. Fouke; I restored to him his bartender as pay for the meals referred to, and I do not think it honorable in him to violate the contract." Mr. Campbell replied: "Why, Mr. Brown, I wonder at you. I thought you were opposed to trading in human flesh, but, now, I find that even you will do it, like other people, when it suits your convenience." A

grim smile played for a moment' round the old Puritan's firmly compressed mouth. He lay down again quietly and remarked "Well, there may be something in *that*, too." He made no further opposition to the claim. A part of the property disposed of by Sheriff Campbell was a horse which Brown had bought from a Harper's Ferry horse trader. In the transaction Brown had been badly bitten, as the animal was nearly valueless and, on the day of the raid the old man made particular inquiries about the tricky trader. The latter was warned of his danger and took care not to encounter his victim, who, with all the solemn thoughts of a great national uprising, and the fearful risk of his undertaking, was yet smarting from the petty deception put on him in the sale and eager to take vengeance for it.

On the morning of his execution he bade an affectionate farewell to his fellow captives with the exception of Cook whom he charged with having deceived him, and Hazlett of whom he denied any knowledge. It is said that he gave to each of them, with the exceptions noted, a silver quarter of a dollar, as a memento and told them to meet their fate courageously. His pretense not to know Hazlett was understood to be for the benefit of the latter whose trial had not yet come off. Hazlett stoutly denied that he knew anything of Brown or that he was connected in any way with the raid on Harper's Ferry. It will be remembered that he was arrested in Pennsylvania, some time after the invasion, and, of course, his defense, if he had any, was an alibi. A very absurd story was published about Brown's taking a colored baby from its mother's arms at the scaffold and kissing-it. No colored person of either sex would dare to approach the scene of the execution. The slaves were frightened and bewildered so thoroughly at the time that their sole aim was to

avoid the public eye as much as possible, but the paragraph promised to take well and the reporter was not disappointed.

Brown's wife arrived at Harper's Ferry shortly before his execution and, to her his body was delivered for burial. He was interred at North Elba, in the State of New York, where he had resided for some years. His wife was a rather intelligent woman and she did not appear to sympathize with her husband's wild notions on the subject of slavery. In conversation with a citizen of Harper's Ferry she expressed an opinion that Brown had contemplated this or a similar attack for thirty years, although he had never mentioned the subject to her. The bodies of Cook, Coppic, Hazlett and Stevens, also, were delivered to friends, and it is said that the last named two are buried near the residence of a benevolent lady of the Society of Friends in New Jersey. She had always sympathized with their cause and she provided their remains with the only thing now needed—a decent burial.

Many anecdotes of John Brown are told in the neighborhood of the Kennedy farm where he and his party resided during the greater part of the summer previous to the attack, and they serve to illustrate the character of this extraordinary man. Whenever he killed an animal for his own use and that of his men he invariably sent a portion of it to some of his neighbors, many of whom were poor and sorely in need of such attentions. In other respects, also, especially in his love for children, he exhibited a kindness of heart which made him to be much liked by all who knew him. He was very regular in his attendance at church exercises and his piety was undoubtedly genuine, as will appear from the following: Once, a large crowd had assembled in a log schoolhouse to listen to an itinerant preacher. The

minister made but a very poor show and his sermon was considered, even in that unsophisticated region, as far below mediocrity. John Brown or Isaac Smith, as he was then called, was one of the audience and, all through the sermon he kept his eyes riveted on the preacher and appeared to be totally absorbed in attention, as much so, indeed, as if the pulpit was occupied by Henry Ward Beecher or some other far famed divine. When the sermon was concluded one of Brown's neighbors in the audience made some jocular remark about the preacher and the discourse and asked Brown if, ever before, he had heard such trash from a pulpit. "Sir," said the stern old man, "When I come to hear the word of God, I do not propose to criticise the preaching of His minister. I recognize the Master, humble as the servant may be, and I respect His word, though coming from the mouth of an obscure and illiterate man."

On the other hand he sometimes savored strongly of blasphemy, whenever religious dogmas or tenets appeared to clash in any way with his favorite hobby. After his conviction many preachers of various denominations offered him the consolations of religion according to their particular rites. At their introduction to him Brown always asked these gentlemen: "Do you approve of slavery?" As the answer at that time was sure to be in the affirmative—for not even a minister of the Gospel dared then to hint at any sin in "the institution"—he refused to receive their services, preferring to go before his God unshriven to accepting the ministrations of slavery-loving preachers. One reverend gentleman remarked to him that Saint Paul himself had sent back a fugitive slave to his master, when Brown, with his dark eye ablaze said: "Then Saint Paul was no better than you are." And in this spirit he entered the great unknow, where it is to be hoped that honest

convictions receive at least as much honor as well conned creeds, learned by rote, and often wanting in the great essential—an active charity.

The gallows on which Brown was hung must have been a vast fabric and the rope used must have been as long as the Equinoctial Line, or, else, both had some miraculous powers of reproduction. Of the many thousands of soldiers who were stationed from time to time in Jefferson county, from the day of Brown's execution till the last regiment disappeared, more than a year after the war, almost every other man had a portion of either as a souvenir of his sojourn in Virginia. The writer saw pieces of wood and fragments of rope purporting to have formed parts of them—enough to build and rig a large man-of-war. If the soldiers believed they had genuine relics they were as well contented as they would be if they had the reality and it would be cruel to undeceive them. The true history of that scaffold is as follows: It was built by a carpenter of Charlestown, named David Cockerell, expressly for the execution of Brown. When this purpose was accomplished the builder took it to his home and put it away as a curiosity. When the war broke out Cockerell joined the confederate army and acted as engineer on the staff of Stonewall Jackson. Fearing that in his absence from home his family might be annoyed by soldiers coming to see the relic or, if possible, to steal it, he ordered it to be built into a porch attached to the house and the whole structure to be painted in the same color so that no stranger could guess at anything beyond the common in the ordinary looking porch. Cockerell died some years after the war, and it is said that his heirs disposed of the famous scaffold to some Washington City speculators, who proposed to exhibit it at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. The writer gives this history of the scaffold



as he has received it from trustworthy sources. For several months after the raid a brisk trade was prosecuted by the boys of Harper's Ferry selling "John Brown pikes" to railroad passengers who, everyday now stopped at the station from curiosity and, as the number of genuine pikes was not very large, the stock must have been exhausted in a very short time. It is said, however, that some ingenious and enterprising blacksmiths in the neighborhood devoted much of their time and capital to the manufacture of imitations, and it is certain that the number of pikes sold to strangers exceeded, by a great many, the number supposed to have been captured at Brown's headquarters.

The names of the invaders, as well as could be ascertained, were as follows: John Brown, Watson Brown, Oliver Brown, Owen Brown, Aaron D. Stevens, Edwin Coppic, Barclay Coppic, Albert Hazlett, John E. Cook, Stuart Taylor, William Lehman, William Thompson, John Henrie Kagi, Charles P. Tydd, Oliver Anderson, Jeremiah Anderson, 'Dolph Thompson, Dangerfield Newby, Shields Greene alias "Emperor," John Copeland and Lewis Leary, of whom the last four were negroes or Mulattoes.

John Brown was, at the time of the raid, fifty-nine years old. He was about five feet and eleven inches in height, large boned and muscular, but not fleshy, and he gave indications of having possessed in his youth great physical strength. His hair had been a dark brown, but at this period it was gray. His beard was very long and, on the day of the raid, it hung in snowy waves to his breast and helped to give to his aquiline features a singularly wild appearance. His eyes were of a dark hazel and burned with a peculiar light that gave promise of a quick temper and a daring courage. His head, as it appeared to the writer, was of a conical shape, and, on the whole,

his physique well corresponded with the traits of his character. The portrait of him in this book is an admirable likeness. He was a native of Connecticut, but he had resided for many years in the states of New York and Ohio where, it is said, he was a rather extensive and successful wool-grower. He was twice married and he had a very large family of sons and daughters, the most of whom were married. He emigrated to Kansas at an early period in the history of that territory and he was an acknowledged leader in the civil broils which distracted that region for several years. Of course, various opinions were entertained concerning him—the Free Soil men considering him a hero, and the pro-slavery people regarding or affecting to regard him as a demon incarnate. It is said that, in 1851, he visited Europe with the ostensible purpose of exhibiting samples of wool, but in reality to study the science of earth fortifications and gain military knowledge to be made available in a servile war which he designed to excite at a suitable opportunity. He certainly suffered a great deal in Kansas—losing one of his sons, Frederick, and a considerable amount of property in fighting the southern settlers, and it is probable that a bitterness of feeling on this account mingled with his natural hatred of slavery.

There was confusion respecting the identity of his two sons—Watson and Oliver. They were both mortally wounded on the 17th. One of them, supposedly, a young man apparently about twenty-three years of age, of low stature, with fair hair and blue eyes, was shot in the stomach and died in the course of the night in the engine house, while the party had still possession of it. It is said that he suffered terrible agony and that he called on his companions to put him out of pain by shooting him. His father, however, manifested no feeling on the oc-

casion beyond remarking to his boy that "he must have patience; that he was dying in a good cause, and that he should meet his fate like a brave man." The other was a tall man, about six feet in height, with very black hair. He, also, as before stated, was wounded in the skirmish of the 17th, and he died next morning, after the marines got possession of the engine house. He was one of the two men who were wounded from "the Gault house." When he died his father was a prisoner and badly wounded. On learning that one of his men had died a few minutes before, he sent out to inquire if it was his son and, on being informed that it was, he manifested the same stoicism and made a remark similar to the one of the previous night, when the other son was dying—that the cause was good and that it was glorious to die for its sake. When the news reached him he was engaged in the interview with Governor Wise. After satisfying himself as to the identity of the man just deceased, he resumed his conversation with the governor, as if nothing had happened which was calculated in the least to discompose him. As before noted, there is a doubt with the people of Harper's Ferry as to which of these two men was Oliver and which was Watson, and, indeed, whether or not the fair-haired youth was his son at all.

Owen Brown was one of those detailed to operate in Maryland. He was not in the skirmish, and he made his escape and was not seen again in Virginia or Maryland. The writer has no knowledge of his appearance or age.

Aaron D. Stevens was a remarkably fine looking young man of about thirty years of age. He was about five feet and ten inches in height, heavily built and of great symmetry of form. His hair was black and his eyes of dark hazel had a very penetrating glance. He was said to be a desperate char-

acter and, as it was reported that he had suggested to Brown the murder of the prisoners and the firing of the village, there was greater animosity felt towards him than any of the others, except, perhaps, Captain Brown himself and Cook. He received several wounds in the skirmish and it was thought he could not survive them. In consequence of these injuries he was one of the last put on trial and executed. He was said to be a believer in spiritualism or spiritism which is, perhaps, the proper term. He was the one who was so badly wounded from "the Gault house" and who was taken to Fouke's hotel. Had he not been disabled, it is to be feared, from what is reported of him, that a massacre of the prisoners would have been perpetrated on his recommendation. Whatever his crimes may have been it is certain that he was a man of undaunted courage and iron nerve. While he lay at Fouke's hotel helpless from his wounds, a crowd of armed and frenzied citizens gathered 'round him, and it was with the utmost difficulty that a few of the less excited people succeeded in saving his life for the present. One man put the muzzle of his loaded gun to Stevens' head with the expressed determination to kill him instantly. Stevens was then unable to move a limb, but he fixed his terrible eyes on the would-be murderer and by the sheer force of the mysterious influence they possessed, he compelled the man to lower the weapon and refrain from carrying out his purpose. To this day the magnetized man avers that he cannot account for the irresistible fascination that bound him as with a spell.

Edwin Coppic or Coppie was a young man aged about twenty-four years, about five feet and six inches in height, compactly built and of a florid complexion. He was a very handsome youth, and for various reasons, great sympathy was felt for him by

many. He was not wounded in the skirmish, but he was taken prisoner by the marines in the engine house. He had come from Iowa where resided his widowed mother, a pious old lady of the Society of Friends. He had been for a long time in the employ of a Mr. Thomas Gwynn, living near Tipton, Cedar county, in the above mentioned state. Mr. Gwynn was a farmer and merchant and Coppic assisted him as a farm laborer and "help" around his store. His employer was much attached to him and came to Charlestown for his remains, which he took with him to Iowa. After Coppic's conviction a petition was forwarded to the governor of Virginia, requesting executive clemency in his case. It was not successful, however, and he was executed as before stated. In conversation with a citizen of Harper's Ferry who interviewed him in his cell, Coppic said that, when he left his home in Iowa, he had no intention to enter on any expedition like the one against Virginia, but he confessed that his object was to induce slaves to leave their masters, and to aid them to escape.

Of Barclay Coppic little is known in Virginia beyond the fact that he was Edwin's brother and that he was with Brown's party in the raid. He was with Owen Brown and Cook on the Maryland side of the Potomac while the skirmish was in progress and he was not captured. It is said that he was killed some years ago in a railroad accident in Missouri.

Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania, was a man of about five feet and eleven inches in height, raw-boned and muscular. His hair was red and his eyes were of a muddy brown color and of a very unpleasant expression. He was very roughly dressed on the day of the raid, and in every sense of the word he looked like an "ugly customer." He made his escape from Harper's Ferry on the evening of the 17th,



about the time when Brown withdrew his force into the engine house, but he was afterwards captured in Pennsylvania and executed with Stevens. His age was about thirty-three years.

John E. Cook was a native of Connecticut and he was a young man of about twenty-eight years—five feet and eight inches in height, though, as he stooped a good deal, he did not appear to be so tall. He had fair hair and bright blue eyes and he was, on the whole, quite an intelligent looking man. As before stated, he had resided several years at Harper's Ferry, and he had become acquainted with all the young men of the place, by whom he was regarded as a pleasant companion. He had married a respectable young lady of the place, who knew nothing of his former life or of his plans against the peace of Virginia. He was highly connected and the governor of Indiana at that time—Willard—was his brother-in-law, being the husband of Cook's sister. At his trial Daniel Voorhees, afterwards so famous as a politician and criminal lawyer, made a speech for the defense which is regarded as one of his best efforts.

Little is known of Stuart Taylor. Some contend that he was a man of medium size and very dark complexion, while others believe that he was a red-haired young man who was bayoneted by the marines in the engine house and dragged dead from that building at the same time that Brown was removed. The writer is inclined to the latter opinion and he thinks that those who favor the former confound him with a man named Anderson of whom mention will soon be made at some length.

William Lehman, who was killed on a rock in the Potomac while endeavoring to escape, was quite a young man, with jet black hair and a very florid complexion. The killing of this young man was, under

all the circumstances of the case, an act of great barbarity, as he had made signs of a desire to surrender. The man who shot him was, as before stated, but a temporary resident of Harper's Ferry and, in reality, belonged to a neighboring county. Nothing can be gained by giving his name and the concealing of it may save people yet unborn from unmerited shame. In justice it must be said that he now claims that Lehman drew a pistol to shoot him, but we did not hear of this until very lately.

William Thompson, who was shot on the bridge, was a man apparently of about thirty years of age, of medium size, but of a symmetrical and compact form. His complexion was fair, and he gave indications of being a man of a pleasant disposition. He was well known to many in the neighborhood of the Kennedy farm and he was very popular with all his acquaintances there. The killing of this man was unnecessary, also, but some palliation for it may be found in the excitement caused by Mr. Beckham's death.

John or, as he was sometimes called, Henrie Kagi, is said to have been a remarkably fine looking man, with a profusion of black hair and a flowing beard of the same color. He was about thirty years of age, tall and portly, and he did not display the same ferocity that many of the others exhibited. He was "secretary of war" under Brown's provisional government and he held the rank of captain. He is supposed to have been a native of Ohio. He was killed in the Shenandoah near the rifle factory.

Of Charles P. Tydd little is known. It is said that, before the raid, he used to peddle books through the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry. As far as ascertained, he did not appear in the fight, but escaped from Maryland to parts unknown. It is said that he was a native of Maine.

Respecting the identity of Oliver and Jeremiah Anderson there is a doubt, as in the case of the young Browns. One of them was killed by the marines, but what became of the other is unknown. The man who was killed was about thirty years of age, of middle stature, very black hair and swarthy complexion. He was supposed by some to be a Canadian mulatto. As before noted, he is confounded by many with Stuart Taylor. He received three or four bayonet stabs in the breast and stomach and, when he was dragged out of the engine house to the flagged walk in front of that building, he was yet alive and vomiting gore from internal hemorrhage. While he was in this condition a farmer from some part of the surrounding country came up and viewed him in silence, but with a look of concentrated bitterness. Not a word did the countryman utter, as he thought, no doubt, that no amount of cursing could do justice to his feelings. He passed on to another part of the armory yard and did not return for a considerable time. When he came back Anderson was yet breathing and the farmer thus addressed him: "Well, it takes you a h— of a long time to die." If Anderson had vitality enough left in him to hear the words this soothing remark must have contributed greatly to smooth his way to the unknown land of disembodied spirits. The writer heard from very good authority that another and still greater barbarity was practised towards this helpless man while he was in the death agony. Some brute in human shape, it is said, squirted tobacco juice and dropped his quid into the dying man's eye. The writer did not see the latter occurrence, but it was related by witnesses of undoubted veracity. After death, also, this man—Anderson—was picked out for special attentions. Some physicians of Winchester, Virginia, fancied him as a subject for dis-

section and nem. con. they got possession of his body. In order to take him away handily they procured a barrel and tried to pack him into it. Head foremost, they rammed him in, but they could not bend his legs so as to get them into the barrel with the rest of the body. In their endeavors to accomplish this feat they strained so hard that the man's bones or sinews fairly cracked. These praiseworthy exertions of those sons of Galen in the cause of science and humanity elicited the warmest expressions of approval from the spectators. The writer does not know, certainly, what final disposition they made of the subject which the Fates provided for them, without the expense or risk of robbing a grave.

Dolph Thompson was quite a boy and he appeared to be an unwilling participator in the transaction. He was seen by not more than two or three of the citizens, and it is supposed that he escaped early on the 17th. He had fair hair and a florid complexion.

Dangerfield Newby was a tall and well built mulatto, aged about thirty years. He had a rather pleasant face and address. He was shot and killed at the Arsenal gate by somebody in Mrs. Butler's house opposite, about 11 o'clock, a. m., on Monday, and his body lay where it fell until the afternoon of Tuesday. The bullet struck him in the lower part of the neck and went down into his body, the person who shot him being in a position more elevated than the place where Newby was standing. Mr. Jacob Bajeant, of Harper's Ferry, used to claim the credit of having fired the fatal shot, and the people generally accorded him the honor. A near relative and namesake of George Washington disputes Bajeant's claim and is confident that it was a shot from *his* rifle that put an end to Newby's career. Mr. Bajeant is now dead and it is not likely that the question will

be brought up again. From the relative positions of the parties, the size of the bullet or some other circumstance, the hole in Newby's neck was very large, and the writer heard a wag remark that he believed a smoothing iron had been shot into him. The writer has no intention to make light, as might appear from the following, of what was a fearful occurrence. He relates the simple truth, as many can attest. Some fastidious critics have objected to the details of this tragedy in former editions of this book, but Truth is mighty and ought to prevail. That Newby's body was torn by hogs at Harper's Ferry is too well known to require an apology for a relation of the facts, although the details are undoubtedly disgusting. Shortly after Newby's death a hog came up, rooted around the spot where the body lay and, at first appeared to be unconscious that anything extraordinary was in its way. After a while, the hog paused and looked attentively at the body, then snuffed around it and put its snout to the dead man's face. Suddenly, the brute was apparently seized with a panic and, with bristles erect and drooping tail, it scampered away, as if for dear life. This display of sensibility did not, however, deter others of the same species from crowding around the corpse and almost literally devouring it. The writer saw all this with his own eyes, as the saying is, and, at the risk of further criticism, he will remark that none of the good people of Harper's Ferry appeared to be at all squeamish about the quality or flavor of their pork that winter. Nobody thought on the subject or, if anybody did recall the episode, it was, no doubt, to give credit to the hogs for their rough treatment of the invaders.

On Tuesday evening, after Brown's capture, and when the people were somewhat relieved from the terror of a more extensive and dangerous



invasion, a citizen of Harper's Ferry, who had not had a chance to distinguish himself in the skirmish of Monday, fired a shot into what was left of Newby's body, a feat which, it must be supposed, tended to exalt him, at least, in his own estimation. Like Kirkpatrick at the murder of the Red Comyn, he thought he would "make sicker" and guard against any possibility of the dead man's reviving. The citizen referred to was somewhat under the influence of whiskey when he fired the superfluous shot, but the writer saw another man who was apparently sober and who was certainly a person of excellent standing in the community, kick the dead man in the face and, on the whole, great a crime as the invasion of the place was and natural as the animosity towards the raiders should be considered, it must be confessed that the treatment the lifeless bodies of those wretched men received from some of the infuriated populace was far from being creditable to the actors or to human nature in general.

Shields Greene alias "Emperor" was a negro of the blackest hue, small in stature and very active in his movements. He seemed to be very officious in the early part of Monday, flitting about from place to place, and he was evidently conscious of his own great importance in the enterprise. It is supposed that it was he that killed Mr. Boerly. He is said to have been a resident of the State of New York, but little is known with certainty about him. He was very insulting to Brown's prisoners, constantly presenting his rifle and threatening to shoot some of them. He was aged about thirty years.

John Copeland was a mulatto of medium size, and about twenty-five years of age. He was a resident of Oberlin, Ohio, where he carried on the carpenter business for some years.

Lewis Leary, a mulatto, was mortally wounded

at the rifle factory in Monday's skirmish and died in a carpenter's shop on the island. He was a young man, but his personal appearance cannot be described minutely by any person not acquainted with him before the raid, as he was suffering a great deal from wounds when he was captured and, of course, his looks were not those that were natural to him. He, too, had resided in Oberlin, and his trade was that of harness making.

A negro man whom Colonel Washington had hired from a neighbor and who had been taken prisoner with his employer on the previous night was drowned while endeavoring to escape from his captors. He was an unwilling participant in the transactions of the day, and no blame was attached to him by the people.

Heywood Shepherd, the first man killed by Brown's party, was a very black negro aged about forty-four years. He was uncommonly tall, measuring six feet and five inches, and he was a man of great physical strength. He was a free man, but, in order to comply with a law then existing in Virginia, he acknowledged 'Squire Beckham as his master. The relations of master and slave, however, existed only in name between them and "Heywood" accumulated a good deal of money and owned some property in Winchester. He was a married man and he left a wife and several children. It is supposed by many that the killing of this man was the only thing that prevented a general insurrection of the negroes, for some of the farmers of the neighborhood said that they noticed an unusual excitement among the slaves on the Sunday before the raid. If it is true that the negroes knew anything of the intended attack, it is probable that they were deterred from taking a part in it by seeing one of their own race the first person sacrificed.

Thomas Boerly, the second man killed, was a native of the County of Roscommon, in Ireland. As before noticed, he was a man of great physical strength and he was noted for courage. He measured about six feet in height and weighed about two hundred pounds. He was a blunt, straight-forward man in his dealing and he was very popular on account of his love for fun and from that unreasonable tendency of human nature to pay respect to the purely accidental quality of personal prowess. Many years before he encountered at fisticuffs an equally powerful man named Joseph Graff, who, at that time, resided at Harper's Ferry. The fight was conducted in the old border style of "rough and tumble," including biting and gouging. Night alone terminated the encounter and the combatants parted with their mutual respect greatly augmented and with a great accession of glory to both. The admirers of each party claimed a victory for their champion, but the principals themselves wisely divided the laurels and never again jeopardized their reputation by renewing the contest. Mr. Boerly's age was about forty-three years. He was married and he left three children. His youngest child, Thomas, junior, still resides at Harper's Ferry and is quite a prominent citizen. He has inherited the great bodily powers and the many genial characteristics of his father. The State of Virginia granted a small pension to the widow but, the war breaking out shortly afterwards, she received no benefit from the annuity until at the restoration of peace, her claim was brought to the notice of the state authorities. From that time, until her death a few years ago, she was paid punctually. Mr. Boerly kept a grocery store and was in very comfortable circumstances.

Thomas Boerly, junior, was the mayor of Harper's Ferry who arrested and brought to justice Erwin

Ford, the brutal murderer of Elsie Kreglow, of the District of Columbia, in 1896.

George Turner, the third man killed (of the citizens) was a very fine looking man, aged about forty years. It is said that he was educated at West Point and that he was distinguished for great polish and refinement of manners. He was unmarried and he left a good deal of property. He was a native of Jefferson county, Virginia—now West Virginia.

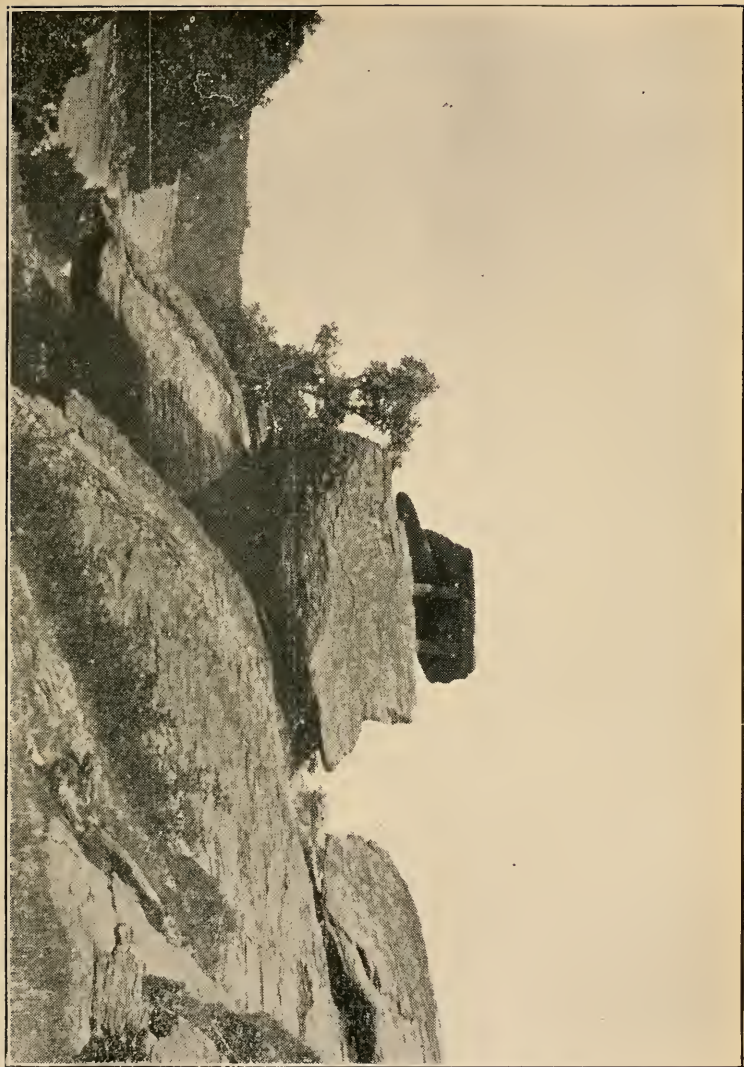
Fountain Beckham, the fourth and last of the citizen's party killed, was like the others, a tall, powerfully built man. His age was about sixty years. He was a native of Culpeper county, Virginia, and a brother of Armistead Beckham, heretofore mentioned as master-armorer. As before stated, he had been for many years a magistrate of the County of Jefferson and the agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company at Harper's Ferry. At the time of his death he was mayor of the town. He was a widower and two sons and a daughter survived him. Mr. Beckham was in many respects a remarkable man. It was said that he was the best magistrate that Jefferson county ever had, his decisions being always given with a view rather to the justice than to the law of the cases and, in many instances, being marked with great shrewdness and soundness of judgment. On the other hand he was sometimes very whimsical, and some amusing scenes used to be enacted between him and "Haywood"—his factotum. Frequently, the squire would give unreasonable or contradictory orders to his servant who never hesitated on such occasions to refuse obedience, and it was no uncommon thing to see Haywood starting out from the railroad office with a bundle on his back en route for Winchester, and swearing that he would not serve the squire another day for any consideration. He never proceeded very

far, however, before he was overtaken by a message from his master conveying proposals for peace and Haywood never failed to return. Notwithstanding their frequent rows, a strong attachment existed between these two men through life; and in death they were not parted. Mr. Beckham was very respectably connected. His sister was the wife of Mr. Stubblefield, so long superintendent of the armory, and his niece, Miss Stubblefield, was married to Andrew Hunter, of Charlestown, one of the most eminent lawyers of Virginia. Mr. Beckham's wife was the daughter of Colonel Stevenson, of Harper's Ferry, and, thus, it will be seen that he was connected with many of the most influential families of the Northern Neck. Mr. Beckham's death was mourned as a public loss for, with many oddities of manner, he had all the qualities that go to make a lovable man and a good citizen.

The nine citizens who were confined as hostages in the engine house were as follows: Colonel Lewis W. Washington and John Alstadt, planters; John E. P. Dangerfield, paymaster's clerk; Armistead M. Ball, master-machinist; Benjamin Mills, master-armorer; John Donohoo, assistant agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Harper's Ferry; Terence O'Byrne, a farmer residing in Washington county, Maryland; Israel Russell, a merchant of Harper's Ferry, and a Mr. Schoppe, of Frederick City, Maryland, who happened to be on a business visit that day at the scene of the trouble.

Colonel Lewis W. Washington was at the time a very fine looking man of about fifty years of age, with that unmistakable air that always accompanies a man of true patrician birth and education. He was the soul of hospitality and Cook used to visit him at his home for the ostensible purpose of contending with him in pistol shooting, an art in which





JEFFERSON'S ROCK



both were famous adepts. On these occasions Colonel Washington used to exhibit the sword and some other relics of his great namesake and grand-uncle, and, thus it was that Cook and his companions in the conspiracy gained so intimate a knowledge of Colonel Washington's household arrangements and were enabled to find at once the place in which the relics were stored and to capture the owner without difficulty. Cook was entertained hospitably whenever he visited the generous Virginian, and the ingratitude manifested towards Colonel Washington was, perhaps, the worst feature of the whole transaction, and it is not to be excused for the moral effect that the capture might be expected to secure. The grand-nephew of the founder of our nation, it is said, exhibited on this occasion a great deal of the dignity and calmness which characterized his illustrious kinsman and his fellow captives used to speak of his great coolness under the trying circumstances of his situation.

Colonel Washington, in his testimony before the select committee of the United States Senate, appointed to inquire into the outrage, gave a graphic description of his capture by the party. He described them as having consisted of Stevens, Tydd, Taylor and the negro, Shields Greene. Another, named Merriam, was supposed to be about the premises, but he was not seen by Colonel Washington. In his recital no mention is made of Cook's presence at the capture, but it was ascertained afterwards that though he was not there in person, the captors had got from him all necessary information and that they acted under his instructions. It may be remarked that Merriam, although he is known to have been connected with the enterprise, was not seen in the skirmish at Harper's Ferry, and what became of him afterwards is unknown to the writer. It was under-

stood that he was an Englishman by birth and that, in early life, he was a protege of Lady Byron, widow of the celebrated poet. Colonel Washington was one of those who disagreed with the author as to the identity of Stuart Taylor. In the writer's opinion Anderson and not Taylor accompanied the party to make the seizure. The colonel had several narrow escapes from death while in the hands of "the Philistines." About the time when Mr. Beckham was killed, Brown was sitting on the fire engine near the engine house door, rifle in hand, apparently watching an opportunity to make a good shot. Colonel Washington noticed him fingering his gun abstractedly, and like a person touching the strings of a violin and, being somewhat struck with the oddity of the idea, he approached Brown, for the purpose of inquiring if he had learned to play the fiddle. It is easy to imagine the answer the stern, old Puritan would have returned, had there been time enough to propound the question. As Colonel Washington came near Brown, a bullet from the outside whistled immediately over the head of the latter, penetrated the handle of an axe that was suspended on the engine and passed through Colonel Washington's head, striking the wall near him and sprinkling brick dust all over him. Brown coolly remarked, "that was near," and Colonel Washington postponed his inquiry, thereby consigning posterity to ignorance on the momentous question as to whether John Brown played the fiddle or not. The colonel deeming it prudent to leave that neighborhood, moved a little to one side, when he entered into conversation with Mr. Mills, another of the prisoners. Their faces were not four inches apart, yet through this narrow passage, another bullet sped and the friends finding one place as safe as another continued their conversation.

Colonel Washington at that time owned a dog of very eccentric appearance and habits and apparently of a most unamiable disposition. His name was "Bob" and he was of the common bull species. With other peculiarities, he was remarkable for having been born without a tail. Nature, however, with that tendency to compensation which our common Mother exhibits in awarding gifts to her children, gave him more than an equivalent for the caudal deficiency by providing him with an extra allowance of brains. He made it a point to visit several times every day the laborers on the plantation and, if there were more than one party of them, he would inspect each in turn, and eye the negroes suspiciously, after which he would return to his bed which was in front of the main entrance to the house. He never made free with any person, not even with his master, who tried frequently, but in vain, to induce his surly dependant to follow him 'round the farm. His morose disposition and the jealous eye with which he always regarded the negroes gave rise to a superstitious dread of the animal among the servants and a belief that in him was the soul of some defunct plantation overseer who, with the ruling passion strong *after* death, continued to exercise his favorite avocation. Pythagoras himself would, no doubt, have agreed with the negroes, had he known "Bob" and his peculiarities, and it may be supposed that the philosopher would have pointed triumphantly to this overwhelming proof of the Metempsychosis. On the night of Colonel Washington's capture, however, Bob's whole nature appeared to undergo a change. He accompanied his master to Harper's Ferry, stuck by him all day on Monday and, when Colonel Washington was confined in the engine house as a hostage, his faithful though hitherto undemonstrative dog followed him into close captivity. Brown and



his men tried to eject him and even his master endeavored to induce him to go out, but in vain. When Colonel Washington was released, he lost him in the dense crowd, but, on reaching home on Tuesday night, he found the metamorphosed overseer waiting for him at the gate and exhibiting signs of the most extravagant joy at his return. After this, the dog was regarded with more favor and many of the negroes from that time rejected the former theory of transmigration as a slander on the faithful animal. Many years ago, at a ripe canine age, poor Bob was gathered to his fathers, and he sleeps in an honored grave in the plantation garden, but, as slavery has been abolished in the United States and bids fairly to disappear from the whole earth, it might puzzle even Pythagoras himself to find a suitable tenement for the now unhappy shade of the overseer. Colonel Washington died at his residence near Harper's Ferry October 1st, 1871, much regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Mr. Alstadt was a gentleman then about sixty years of age, of very unassuming manners and amiable disposition. He, too, was examined before the Senate committee and gave a lively picture of his adventures while a prisoner. His son, Thomas, then a little boy, was taken prisoner with his father or voluntarily accompanied the party to Harper's Ferry to watch for the old gentleman's safety. Mr. Alstadt, senior, has been dead for some years, but Thomas yet survives, now a well-matured man, and he is probably the only one of the prisoners who were confined in the engine house who survives, with the possible exception of Messrs. Mills and Schoppe, of whom nothing has been heard at Harper's Ferry for the last forty years.

John E. P. Dangerfield was then a man of about forty years of age and of a very delicate constitution.

He bore up very well, however, and when he was released by the marines his physical strength had not given way, as his friends feared it would. At the breaking out of the war he moved to North Carolina and there he died suddenly a few years ago while on a hunt in the woods. It is supposed that his death was caused by too severe exertion while he was prosecuting a favorite sport.

Armistead M. Ball was at that time a man of about forty-six years of age. He was very corpulent but, notwithstanding his great bulk, his health was delicate. He died in June, 1861, of apoplexy. As before said, he was a man of great mechanical ingenuity. He invented a rifling machine which was used for several years in the armory, and was regarded as an excellent piece of mechanism. Many people, however, believed that Mr. Ball owed much of his reputation to ideas borrowed from a man named John Wernwag who, at that time and for many years before and afterwards, lived at Harper's Ferry and whose name will hereafter appear in this history in connection with a thrilling adventure in the great flood of 1870. Mr. Wernwag was, confessedly, a great genius in mechanics, but, as he was a man of very retiring habits and taciturn disposition, he never made any show of his ability and, consequently, only a few were aware of the wealth of mechanical genius that was possessed by this unassuming man, but was lost to the world through his unfortunate bashfulness. He and Mr. Ball used to take long and frequent rambles over the neighboring heights, and it was supposed that in their conversation on those excursions the latter got many hints which he improved and practically elucidated in his mechanical devices.

Benjamin Mills was a man of about fifty years of age at the time of the Brown raid, low in stature but muscular and active. As before stated, he soon after

returned to Harrodsburg, Kentucky, from which place he had come to Harper's Ferry. The writer knows not whether he yet survives or not.

John Donohoo was at the time quite a good looking young man of about thirty-five years of age. He was a native of Ireland, but a resident of this country from his childhood. For many years his home was at Harper's Ferry, where he was highly respected for his integrity and business qualifications. His life was one of many vicissitudes and he died in the spring of 1892 at Hagerstown, Maryland.

Terence O'Byrne was at the time of the raid about forty-eight years of age. He was, as far as is known here, the last survivor of the hostages, except young Alstadt. As his name indicates, he was of Irish extraction. He was in comfortable circumstances and resided near the Kennedy farm where, unfortunately for him, he became well known to Brown and his men. Mr. O'Byrne was examined before the Senate committee and testified that the party who captured him was composed of Cook, Tydd and Lehman. They visited his house early on Monday morning and conducted him a prisoner to Harper's Ferry. Mr. O'Byrne died about the year 1898.

Israel Russell was then about fifty years of age. He was for many years a magistrate of Jefferson county, and was very much respected. He died a few years ago from a disease of the jaw, caused by the extraction of a defective tooth. It is strange that men will often escape unhurt from the most appalling dangers to succumb to apparently trivial ailments or casualties.

Of Mr. Schoppe little is known at Harper's Ferry. As before stated, he was a resident of Frederick City, Maryland, and his connection with the raid was due entirely to his accidental presence at the scene of disturbance on the memorable 17th of October.

Of the Grand Jury that indicted Brown and the Petit Jury that tried and condemned him there is but one survivor, as far as the writer knows, Mr. Martin, now of Virginia. Judge Parker, who presided at the trial, and the lawyers—Hunter and Harding—who prosecuted, have all “crossed the bar” as have, probably, the strangers who defended. The sheriff—Campbell—who officiated at the execution, and all his deputies, have passed away. Lee and Stuart are dead, and it is believed that of all who figured prominently in this remarkable tragedy the juror above referred to is the only survivor, with the exceptions before named and possibly that of Lieutenant Greene of the marines; but John Brown’s fame is on the increase and time enhances it, call him what you will. It is remarkable that the gentlemen who were Brown’s prisoners displayed little or no vindictiveness towards the man who had subjected them to so much danger. The writer frequently noticed in conversation with them that they invariably dwelt on his extraordinary courage and that the animosity, which it was natural they should feel on account of his treatment of them, was lost in their admiration for his daring, though misguided bravery. Mr. Donohoo visited him in prison and, very much to his credit, exhibited towards his fallen foe a generosity characteristic of the man himself and the gallant nation of his birth.

The story of the Brown raid should not close without notice of another party who figured rather curiously in that memorable transaction. At that time there lived at Harper’s Ferry a half-witted fellow, named John Malloy, who managed to gain a precarious living by getting scraps of broken bread and meat from the kitchens of the people, in return for services rendered in carrying water from the town pump and the river. He was never known to sleep

in a house—a door step answering all the purposes of a bed, and a store box being regarded by him as a positive luxury. When drunk—which was as often as he could get whiskey enough—he had a particular fancy for a sleep on the railroad track and, in consequence, he was run over several times by the trains, but it appeared as if nothing could kill him. On one occasion the point of a “cow catcher” entered his neck and he was pushed by the engine a considerable distance. Even this did not terminate his charmed life, but several ugly scars remained as mementoes of the adventure. Like others, he was taken prisoner by Brown and confined in the armory yard. About 3 o’clock in the afternoon of Monday when the alarm had spread a long way and people had crowded in from the surrounding country, armed with every species of weapon they could lay hands on, John managed to escape by climbing the armory wall. When he was seen getting over, the country people to whom he was unknown supposed that he was one of Brown’s men, and scores of them blazed away at him with their guns. A shower of bullets whistled ’round him and his clothes, never in the best of repair, were almost shot off his body. No less than twenty balls perforated his coat, but, strange to say, he escaped without a scratch and succeeded in regaining his liberty. When, after the raid, strangers visited the scene, John always made it a point to be about, exhibiting the scars which he had received from the cowcatcher and attributing them to wounds inflicted by Brown’s party. Many a dollar did John receive on the strength of those scars and, no doubt, he has figured in many a tourist’s book as a hero and a martyr to the cause of the “Divine Institution.” His escape from the bullets of his neighbors was certainly remarkable, and it goes to prove the truth of the old proverb: “A fool for luck,&c.” Notwithstanding his many close calls and his persistent good



fortune, poor John finally succumbed to a combined assault of smallpox and bad whiskey. He was attacked by the former disease in the war—the other he was never without and in a delirium, he wandered away and was found dead in a fence corner.

The foregoing is a succinct account of the so-called "Brown Raid," an invasion which may be considered as the commencement of our unhappy civil war. Of course, it created intense excitement all over the land and the feeling then aroused had not subsided when the election of Mr. Lincoln in November, 1860, renewed the quarrel on a greater scale. As before noticed, a select committee of the United States Senate was appointed to investigate the occurrence, and the following gentlemen testified before it: John Alstadt, A. M. Ball, George W. Chambers, Lynd F. Currie, Andrew Hunter, A. M. Kitzmiller, Dr. John D. Starry, John C. Unseld, Lewis W. Washington and Daniel Whelan, all of Harper's Ferry or its neighborhood. Many gentlemen from the northern and western states, also, who were supposed to be sympathizers with Brown were called on to give testimony. Prominent among these were John A. Andrew, a lawyer of Boston, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, and Joshua R. Giddings, a leading anti-slavery man of Ohio and for many years a member of Congress from that state. Nothing, however, was elicited to prove that any considerable number of the people of the Free States knew of the contemplated invasion and unprejudiced minds were convinced that the knowledge of it was confined mostly to John Brown and the party that accompanied him on the expedition.

Thus Harper's Ferry enjoys the distinction of having been the scene of the first act in our fearful drama of civil war, and as will be seen hereafter, it was the theatre of many another part of the awful tragedy.

## CHAPTER V.

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### DURING THE WAR.

In the following we sometimes, indifferently use the words "rebel," "insurgent" and "confederate," "federal," "union men," "northern men" &c. These different epithets are used only to avoid disagreeable repetitions of the same words. There is no offense intended, and it is hoped that none will be taken. George Washington was a rebel and he was proud to be considered one. We have noticed lately that some people are sensitive on this subject, and hence our explanation. Personally, we owe too little to either party to take sides very decidedly.

When, on the election of Mr. Lincoln, the Gulf states seceded and the Legislature of Virginia called a convention of the people to consider what course was best to be pursued under the circumstances, Mr. A. M. Barbour, superintendent of the Harper's Ferry armory, and Mr. Logan Osborne, both now dead, were elected to the convention to represent the union sentiment of the county of Jefferson over Andrew Hunter and William Lucas, eminent lawyers, both of whom, also, are now deceased, who were nominated on the secession ticket. While in Richmond, however, attending the convention, Mr. Barbour is said to have been drawn into the vortex of rebellion through the powerful influences brought to bear by the secessionists on the members of that body. Mr. Barbour's family is one of the oldest and

most aristocratic in Virginia, and many of his relatives had seats in the convention and were ultra-southern in their views. These, no doubt, had great influence over him, and, anyway he was finally induced to vote for a separation of his native state from the union. Indeed, many at Harper's Ferry who voted for him at the election, did so with strong misgivings respecting his sincerity, but, as there was no better choice under the circumstances, they gave him their support. Some who enjoyed his confidence said that he afterwards bitterly regretted his course, and the writer is convinced that Mr. Barbour acted from sheer compulsion. The author of these pages was then a young man—poor and without weight in the community, but Mr. Barbour appeared to have some confidence in his judgment, for he sought an interview with him and asked him his advice as to the proper course to pursue in the convention. The author told him that he had a fine chance to immortalize himself by holding out for the Union of the States; that he was of a prominent southern family and that, if he proved faithful, his loyalty under the circumstances would give him such a national reputation as he could not hope for from the opposite course. They parted to meet but once again, and that for only a minute. After the fatal vote of the convention, Mr. Barbour called on business at the place where the author was employed and said just three words to him—"You were right." These words told the tale of compulsion or, perhaps, of contrition. The ordinance of secession was passed by the Virginia convention on the 17th of April, 1861, and, on the following day Mr. Barbour made his appearance at Harper's Ferry in company with Mr. Seddon, afterwards prominent in the confederate government. He made a speech to his old employes advising them to co-operate with their native state and

give in their allegiance to the new order of things. He appeared to be laboring under great excitement caused, perhaps, by his consciousness of having done wrong and unwisely. This speech excited the anger of the unionists to a high pitch, as he had received their suffrages on the understanding that he was for the old government unconditionally. A partial riot took place and the appearance soon after of a southern soldier, a young man named John Burk, on guard over the telegraph office, aroused the loyalists to frenzy. Lieutenant Roger Jones, with forty-two regular United States soldiers, was then stationed at Harper's Ferry, a company of military having been kept there by the government for the protection of the place since the Brown raid. Hearing that a large force was marching from the south to take possession of the armory, he made some preparations to defend the post and called on the citizens for volunteers. Many responded, prominent among whom was a gigantic Irishman named Jeremiah Donovan, who immediately shouldered a musket and stood guard at the armory gate. This man was the first—at least in that region—who took up arms in defense of the government and, as will be seen shortly, he was very near paying a heavy penalty for his patriotism. As before mentioned, a southern soldier was on guard at the telegraph office and he and Donovan were not fifty yards apart at their posts. To use a homely phrase, Harper's Ferry was "between hawk and buzzard," a condition in which it remained 'till the war was ended four years afterwards. All day the wildest excitement prevailed in the town. All business was suspended except in the barrooms, and many fist fights came off between the adherents of the adverse factions. Mr. William F. Wilson, an Englishman by birth, but long a resident of the place, attempted to ad-

dress the people in favor of the Union, but he was hustled about so that his words could not be heard distinctly. Mr. Wilson continued all through the war to be an ardent supporter of the Federal government. Mr. George Koonce, a man of great activity and personal courage, and Mr. Wilson, above mentioned, who is also a man of great nerve, were very prompt in volunteering their aid to Lieutenant Jones, and the latter put great confidence in them. With a few young men they advanced a little before midnight to meet the Virginia militia, about two thousand in number, who were marching towards Harper's Ferry from Charlestown. They encountered and, it is said, actually halted them on Smallwood's Ridge, near Bolivar. At this moment, however, news reached them that Lieutenant Jones, acting on orders from Washington City or under directions from Captain Kingsbury, who had been sent from the capital the day before to take charge of the armory, had set fire to the government buildings and, with his men, retreated towards the north. This left the volunteers in a very awkward position, but they succeeded in escaping in the darkness from the host of enemies that confronted them. Mr. Koonce was obliged to leave the place immediately and remain away until the town again fell into the hands of the United States troops. A loud explosion and a thick column of fire and smoke arising in the direction of Harper's Ferry, gave to the confederate force information of the burning, and they proceeded at double quick to save the machinery in the shops and the arms in the arsenal for the use of the revolutionary government. Before they had time to reach Harper's Ferry the citizens of that place had extinguished the fire in the shops and saved them and the machinery. The arsenal, however, was totally consumed with about fifteen thou-



sand stand of arms there stored—a very serious loss to the confederates, who had made calculations to get possession of them. Lieutenant Jones had put powder in the latter building and hence the explosion which had given notice to the confederates and, hence, also, the impossibility of saving the arsenal or its contents. Just at 12 o'clock on the night of April 18th, 1861, the southern forces marched into Harper's Ferry. Poor Donovan was seized and it is said that a rope was put 'round his neck by some citizens of the place who held secession views, and who threatened to hang him instant. A better feeling, however, prevailed and Donovan was permitted to move north and seek employment under the government of his choice. The forces that first took possession of Harper's Ferry were all of Virginia and this was lucky for Donovan, for the soldiers of that state were the most tolerant of the confederates, which is not giving them extravagant praise. Had he fallen into the hands of the men from the Gulf states who came on in a few days, he would not have escaped so easily. These latter were near lynching Dr. Joseph E. Cleggett and Mr. Solomon V. Yantis, citizens of the town, for their union opinions. The Virginia militia were commanded by Turner Ashby, afterwards so famous for his exploits in the Valley of Virginia. His career was short but glorious from a mere soldier's view. He was killed near Port Republic June 6th, 1862, by a shot fired, it is said, by one of the Bucktail—Pennsylvania—regiment, and he and his equally gallant brother, Richard, who was killed in the summer of 1861 at Kelly's Island, near Cumberland, Maryland, now sleep in one grave at Winchester, Virginia. It may be noted that Donovan met with no valuable recognition of his gallantry. He worked all the rest of his days as a helper in a blacksmith's shop at laborer's wages,

while many a smooth traitor who secretly favored the rebellion and many a weak-kneed patriot who was too cowardly to oppose it, while there was any danger in doing so, prospered and grew fat on government patronage. There are many instances of this prudent patriotism not far from Harper's Ferry and certain it is that few of the noisy politicians, so loyal now, exhibited the courage and disinterested attachment to our government that was shown by this obscure laborer. Harper's Ferry now ceased for a time to be in the possession of the national government. Next day—April 19th—news arrived of the disgraceful riot in Baltimore, when the 6th Massachusetts regiment was attacked while marching to the defense of the national capital. Exaggerated reports of the slaughter of "Yankee" soldiers were circulated and Maryland was truly represented as ready for revolt. Numbers of volunteers arrived from various parts of that state, especially from Baltimore, and many of those who participated in the riot came to Harper's Ferry and for a season were lionized. In a few days the troops of Mississippi-Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky and other southern states arrived and were greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. ✕The forces of Kentucky, like those of Maryland, were volunteers in the strictest sense. Neither of these last two states ever formally seceded and therefore their sons were not in any way compelled to join the confederate army. ✕The Kentuckians who came to Harper's Ferry were among the worst specimens of the force to which they were attached, being composed mostly of rough, Ohio boatmen and low bidders from the purlieus of Louisville and other river towns. Martial law was at once substituted for the civil and for the first time—if we except the Brown raid—the peaceful citizens experi-

enced the dangers and inconveniences of military occupation. General Harper, a militia officer of Staunton, Virginia, was put in command, but in a few days the confederates wisely dispensed with "feather bed" and "corn stalk" officers and put into important commands West Pointers and men of regular military education. In consequence of an order to this effect many a "swell" who had strutted about for a few days in gorgeous uniform was shorn of his finery and it was amusing to see the crest-fallen, disappointed appearance of the deposed warriors. General Harper, like many of inferior grade, was removed and Colonel Jackson was put in command of the place. The latter officer was at this time quite obscure. He was known to few outside of the walls of the Virginia military academy at Lexington, but he afterwards gained a world-wide reputation under the name of "Stonewall Jackson." All the government property at the place was seized and many families who were renting houses from the government were obliged to vacate their homes at great inconvenience and procure shelter wherever they could. Guards were posted along the streets at very short intervals and these, like all young soldiers, were extremely zealous and exacting. Of course, regular business was entirely destroyed, but new branches of industry of the humblest and, in some cases, of the most disreputable kind sprang into existence. The baking of pies and the smuggling of whiskey were the principal employments of those who felt the need of some kind of work, and these trades continued to flourish at the place all through the war to the probable detriment to the stomachs and the certain damage to the morals of the consumers. The whiskey business was exceedingly profitable and it was embraced by all who were willing to run the risks attending it (for it was strictly

interdicted by the military commanders of both sides) and who were regardless of the disgraceful nature of the employment.

Another trade soon sprang up—that of the spy. Malicious and officious people—many of whom are to be found in all communities—stuffed the ears of the hot-headed southern men with tales about sneaking abolitionists, black republicans, unconditional union men, &c., and private enmity had an excellent opportunity for gratification, of which villains did not hesitate to avail themselves. Many quiet, inoffensive citizens were dragged from their homes and confined in filthy guard houses, a prey to vermin and objects of insult to the rabble that guarded them. Large histories could be written on the sufferings of individuals during this period and our proposed limits would not contain the hundredth part of them.

Sometimes a false alarm about advancing “Yankees” would set the soldiers on the *qui vive* and, of course, the citizens were on such occasions thrown into a state of the utmost terror. Sometimes, also, the officers would start or encourage the circulation of these reports in order to test the mettle of their men and several times were lines of battle formed in and around the town. On one occasion a terrible hail storm came up which, of itself, is worthy of a place in the annals of the town. In the midst of descending cakes of ice the 2nd Virginia regiment—raised mostly in Jefferson county—was ordered to march to Shepherdstown to repel an imaginary invasion. They obeyed with alacrity and returned, if not war-worn, certainly storm-pelted and weather-beaten, as their bleeding faces and torn and soaked uniforms amply proved.

The confederates exercised control over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and also the Winchester and

Potomac railroad, the latter being entirely within the territory of Virginia, and, whenever a passenger train stopped at the station, the travelers were scrutinized and, if a man of any prominence who was attached to the old government was recognized among them, he was greeted with groans, hisses and threats of lynching. On one occasion the Hon. Henry Hoffman, of Cumberland, who, even then, was regarded as an ultra-Republican, was a passenger and, when the train stopped at Harper's Ferry, the fact of his presence was made known to the crowds of soldiers on the platform of the depôt by a fellow passenger who evidently entertained some private malice against Mr. Hoffman. The informer stood on the platform of one of the cars and, with wild gestures and foaming mouth, denounced Mr. Hoffman in the fiercest manner and, no doubt, the life of the latter would have been sacrificed had not some of the more cool-headed among the confederate officers present poured oil on the troubled waters until the starting of the train. One evening the mail train was detained and the mail bags were taken away from the government agent by an armed posse. The letters were sent to headquarters and many of the townspeople to whom friends in the north and west had written freely denouncing secession, were put under arrest and some were in imminent danger of being subjected to the utmost rigor of military law. Mr. William McCoy, of Bolivar, an aged, infirm man and one of irreproachable character, was handled very roughly on this occasion. He was arrested on some charge founded on evidence obtained from the plundered mail bags and he was kept for several days in close confinement. The military authorities in the meantime expressed their intention of making him a signal example of vengeance. Whether they really meant to go to extremes with him or not is uncer-



tain, but there is no doubt that the ill usage he received from them hastened his death. With the utmost difficulty some powerful friends succeeded in obtaining for him a commutation of the proposed punishment, and he was allowed very grudgingly to move with his family to Ohio, on condition that he should never return. Hastily picking up a few necessities, he started on the first train going west for the place of his exile, glad enough to escape with his life, even at the sacrifice of his valuable property in Bolivar. The confederate soldiers immediately destroyed the neat fence around his residence and filled up the post holes, in order, as they said, to give him as much trouble as possible in case he was enabled at any time to return. The house itself being necessary to them as barracks, was spared unwillingly. The poor old man died in a short time after and, no doubt, he now enjoys all the happiness promised to those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. It is true that, even in the peaceful realms to which poor "Uncle Billy" has ascended there was once a rebellion, but there never will be another in that happy land and, if there should be, he need not fear any worse treatment than he received on earth from the chivalry of his native south.

Mr. Abraham H. Herr, proprietor of the Island of Virginius, was arrested, like Mr. McCoy, on some charge founded on his intercepted correspondence. He was taken to Richmond, but was released soon after on parole, as is supposed. He was a native of Pennsylvania and, although he had voted with the south to ratify the ordinance of secession passed by the Virginia convention, he lay under suspicion of unfriendly thoughts towards the south, and it will appear hereafter that he suffered for his supposed attachment to the union, a heavy loss in property, besides the deprivation of liberty above noted.

Harper's Ferry was occupied for nearly two months by the confederates. The fine machinery at the workshops was taken down and transported to Fayetteville, North Carolina, where the rebels had established an armory. While the place was held by the insurgents it presented a scene, novel at the time, but very familiar during the remainder of the war. One night great excitement was caused by the capture of General Harney of the United States army, who was a passenger on board of one of the trains en route for Washington City from Saint Louis. The general was sent a prisoner to Richmond, but his advanced years rendering it improbable that he could do much good or harm to either side, he was soon released, and he was not again heard from 'till the close of the war. While a prisoner on the road from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown, he and his guards came up to a squad of farmers who, on their plough horses, were learning the cavalry drill. The officer who was instructing them sat in a buggy, either because he could not procure a decent horse or on account of illness. The sight furnished the old veteran with infinite amusement and, turning to his guards, he said that in all his army experience of over half a century and, in all he had studied of warfare, he had never before seen or heard of a cavalry officer commanding his troop from a buggy seat, and his fat sides fairly shook with laughter at the oddity of the conceit. The sarcasm was felt by the guards, and they were forced to admit that this innovation on cavalry methods was hardly an improvement. In a short time after his appointment General Jackson was succeeded by General Joe Johnston, who continued in command of the post until the retreat of the confederates from the place after an occupancy of it of two months.

On the 14th of June the insurgents blew up the

railroad bridge, burned the main armory buildings and retreated up the valley, taking with them as prisoners, Edmond H. Chambers, Hezekiah Roderrick, Nathaniel O. Allison and Adam Ruhlman, four prominent citizens of Harper's Ferry, whom they lodged in the jail at Winchester on the charge of inveterate unionism. From the first, preparations had been made for the destruction of the railroad bridge under the superintendence of competent engineers and, early in the morning of the day above named, the town was alarmed at hearing a loud explosion and seeing the debris of the destroyed bridge flying high in the air. The noise was apparently the signal for the march or retreat of the confederates up the valley, for instantly their columns set out in that direction leaving, however, the most dangerous of their forces—that is the most dangerous to civilians, to loiter in the rear and pick up whatever was unprotected and portable. Fortunately, however, they soon quarreled among themselves and, as usual, when bad people fall out, the honest are the gainers. Towards night the marauders were gathered up by a guard sent back for them and they vacated the place, leaving one of their number murdered by his fellows.

After the retreat of the confederates a dead calm reigned for a few days and the stillness was rendered oppressive by contrast with the former bustle and confusion. On the 28th of June a force, composed of some Baltimoreans and a part of the 2nd Mississippi regiment, under the command of Colonel Faulkner of the latter, made its appearance in the early morning hours and destroyed with fire the rifle factory and the Shenandoah bridge, as also engine No. 165 and some cars of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company which they pushed on the ruins of the bridge destroyed on the 14th, until they fell through into the Potomac. Again, on the retreat of this

force, did a silence deep as that of an Arabian desert brood over the place, broken only by the stealthily step of some petty thief engaged in picking up stray articles belonging to the army or to the citizens who had fled in every direction, and almost completely deserted the town as soon as the confederates had pushed far enough up the valley to leave the roads comparatively safe. It is to be noted that the confederates had outposts in Maryland and that they refused permission to depart in any direction to any one of whose loyalty to them they had any doubt. On their retreat the way to the north was open to all whose inclinations led them in that direction and very many availed themselves at once of the opportunity to escape offered by the retreat of the rebels.

On the 4th of July a lively skirmish took place between Captain John Henderson's company of confederate cavalry and a part of the 9th New York regiment of militia, which a few days before had occupied Sandy Hook in Maryland—one mile east of Harper's Ferry—the same village in which John Brown boarded when he first came to the neighborhood—the federal soldiers being on the Maryland side and the confederates on the Virginia shore of the river, the game was at "long taw" and comparatively little damage was done. Two men were killed on the Maryland bank and at least one was wounded on the Virginia side. The name of one of the slain New Yorkers was Banks and it was said that he was a man of high character in his regiment and at his home, but the name of the other is unknown to the author. The man wounded on the Virginia shore was a shoemaker of Harper's Ferry, named Harding, who, although not in the army, was a sympathizer with the south. On this occasion he was on a spree and, having exposed himself recklessly, he received

a dangerous wound. He was an Irishman by birth, and had served many years in the British East India Company's forces. The honor of having wounded him was claimed by John, better known as "Ginger" Chambers, a citizen of Harper's Ferry, who, being strongly attached to the Union and, happening to be at Sandy Hook at this time, picked up a gun and fell into ranks with the New Yorkers. Poor Ginger afterwards met his weird not far from the spot where he fought on that 4th of July. On the morning of October 14th, 1874, he was almost literally cut to pieces by an engine of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad while on his way to take charge of a train of which he was the conductor. Prominent among the confederates in this skirmish was a man named James Miller, of Halldown, Jefferson county, and it is thought that it was he who killed Banks. In a short time after, while he was under the influence of whiskey, he, in company with a fellow-soldier named Kerfott, shot his captain—Henderson—wounding him severely, and for this offense he was executed in Winchester by order of a court martial. The skirmish, of course, effected little beyond putting the few old people who still clung to their homes at the place into a most uncomfortable state of alarm.

In the evening when the fight was over a sad occurrence took place whereby the community lost one of its very best citizens. When the confederates had retired Mr. F. A. Roeder walked towards the railroad office and, while he was sauntering about, a shot was fired from the Maryland side of the Potomac, which inflicted a mortal wound on him, of which he died in half an hour. It is known that the bullet was discharged at Mr. Ambrose Cross who, also, was on the railroad at the time. The man who thus deprived the place of a valuable citizen was an old bummer belonging to a Pennsylvania regiment, who had



straggled from his command in Pleasant Valley and had become drunk, celebrating the "glorious Fourth" at Sandy Hook. Hearing of the skirmish at Harper's Ferry, he staggered towards that place and arrived after the end of the fight, and, when the enemy had retired. Seeing Mr. Cross on the railroad he fired off his gun at him, swearing that he would kill some d— rebel anyway. The shot missed the object at which it was directed and, striking the end of Fouke's hotel, it glanced and hit Mr. Roeder, who, unfortunately, happened to be then coming 'round the corner of that building. The bullet tore a ghastly hole in his groin through which his intestines protruded. He managed to reach his home unassisted—for there was scarcely an able-bodied man then at the place—when death soon released him from his sufferings. Little did the slayer know and little, perhaps, would he care if he knew—that the man he shot at—Mr. Cross—was one of the sternest Union men in the whole land and that his bullet proved fatal to one of the first men in the State of Virginia who dared to express sympathy with the Republican party. Mr. Roeder was a native of Saxony, but he had resided for many years at Harper's Ferry, where he was very much respected and where by industry he had accumulated a considerable property. He was very much opposed to slavery and his death, especially under the circumstances, was very much to be deplored. (It is singular that the first man killed by John Brown's party was a negro and that the first who lost his life at Harper's Ferry at the hands of the union army was a warm friend to the government and one who would have sacrificed, if necessary, all the property he possessed to preserve the union of the states.) Who knows what design an all-wise Providence had in permitting these mistakes, or what good purposes the death of these men

may have subserved. Mr. Roeder appeared to have a presentiment of his fate. On the 14th of June, when the confederates retreated, he called the author of these pages into his house and invited him to partake of a cup of "Schnapps," for a similarity of tastes and sentiments on many subjects had bound them for several years in the closest friendship. When they were seated Mr. Roeder remarked: "Well, we have got rid of that lot and have escaped at least with our lives, but what will the next party that comes do with us?" He appeared to be in very low spirits and to look forward to the next party with apprehension. His fears were prophetic for, in a few days, he met his fate at the hands of the first body of federal troops that made its appearance at the place after the evacuation by Lieutenant Jones.

It was sad to see the rapid demoralization of the people at this time and the various phases of corrupt human nature suddenly brought to light by the war. Not only were the government buildings ransacked for plunder, but the abandoned houses of the citizens shared the same fate. Even women and children could be encountered at all hours of the day and night loaded with booty or trundling wheelbarrows freighted with all imaginable kinds of portable goods and household furniture. In many instances their shamelessness was astounding and it appeared as if they considered that a state of war gave unlimited privilege for plunder. Citizens who recognized their property in the hands of those marauders and claimed it, were abused, and sometimes beaten and, sadder yet to be related, women were in many instances, most prominent in those disgraceful scenes. Spies were constantly crossing and recrossing the Potomac to give information to their friends on either side, and it frequently happened that the same

parties were or pretended to be working in the interests of both armies and, as the phrase goes, "carried water on both shoulders." In the country horse-stealing was prosecuted on a gigantic scale and quite a brisk business was carried on by certain parties pursuing the thieves and capturing runaway negroes, for slavery had not yet been abolished by law and many slaves were taking advantage of the unsettled state of affairs to make their escape to freedom.

On the 21st of July General Patterson, who had been operating with a large union army watching General Joe Johnston's motions around Winchester, fell back from Charlestown to Harper's Ferry. This was the day on which the first battle of Bull Run was fought in which Johnston took an important part, having given the slip to Patterson, who, no doubt, was much surprised afterwards to learn that his antagonist was not still at Winchester on that fatal day. Patterson's army occupied Harper's Ferry for several days and helped themselves to most of what was left by the rebels. Whatever may be said of their exploits on the field of battle their achievements in the foraging line are certainly worthy of mention in this and all other impartial histories of that period. The United States army at that time was composed mostly of "three month's men" and certainly, it must be said that if they were not thieves before their enlistment their proficiency in the art of stealing was extraordinary, considering the short time they were learning this accomplishment so necessary or at least so becoming in a thorough campaigner, especially while in an enemy's country. Hen's teeth are articles the scarcity of which is proverbial in all countries, but it can be safely averred that, when this army left Harper's Ferry, the teeth of those useful fowls were as plentiful at that place as any other part of them, and Saint Columbkille him-

self could not desire more utter destruction to the race of cocks than was inflicted on them at Harper's Ferry by General Patterson's army. Indeed, every thing movable disappeared before them and, at the risk of not being believed, the author will declare that he learned of their carrying off a tombstone from the Methodist cemetery. What they wanted with it he will not venture to guess, but a regard for the truth of history compels him to relate the fact. It may have been that some company cook wanted it for a hearth-stone or it may have been that some pious warrior desired to set it up in his tent as an aid to his devotions, but certain it is that six or eight soldiers of this army were seen by many of the citizens conveying it between them from the cemetery to their bivouac in the armory yard.

When Patterson's men crossed into Maryland on their way home—their three month's term of service having expired—quiet again, and for a comparatively long time, reigned at Harper's Ferry. At Sandy Hook, however, there was a lively time during the month of August and a part of September. General Nathaniel Banks, of Massachusetts, at one time speaker of the House of Representatives, was sent with a large army to occupy that village and Pleasant Valley, and, for six or seven weeks, those places enjoyed the felicity that had fallen to the lot of Harper's Ferry during the spring and early summer. General Banks earned for himself the reputation of being a thorough gentleman and, although his after career in the war was not signalized by much success, no failure on his part has been sufficient to erase the respect which he earned from people of all shades of political opinion in that region. His army occupied the low grounds between the Blue Ridge and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, as, also, Pleasant Valley, while the General's headquarters

were at the house of Mr. Jacob Miller, near Sandy Hook. The latter place, though a mere hamlet, at once acquired a national importance, but, for some reason, Harper's Ferry was entirely ignored for the time. Indeed it appeared to be an axiom with the officers of both armies that the latter place could not be defended successfully against any considerable force. The first battle of Bull Run or Manassas had been fought July 21st—the day on which General Patterson's army retreated from Charlestown to Harper's Ferry, instead of being engaged with General Joe Johnston's forces, who were that day aiding Beauregard at Manassas, having stolen away from Patterson. General Banks' as well as other commands of the union army were being reorganized and prepared for future operations, and Sandy Hook for some reason, was assigned as the temporary position of that General. Early in the Fall he moved to Darnestown, twenty miles farther down the river and after a short stay there he moved to Frederick City, where he spent the winter. After the departure of the main army for Darnestown the 13th regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers was left at Sandy Hook as a corps of observation and a guard for the ford at Harper's Ferry. These men were uncommonly zealous in shooting at rebels as long as they—the 13th—were on the Maryland side of the river with the broad Potomac between them and the enemy, or rather between them and Virginia for, now, it rarely happened that a Confederate soldier appeared anywhere within gun shot of them. Crouching under the buttresses of the ruined bridge on the Maryland side of the river in the now dry bed of the canal, or among the thickets and rocks of the Maryland Heights, the gallant 13th kept up a constant fire on the few inhabitants of Harper's Ferry, suspecting or affecting



to suspect them of being rebels. Everything that moved about the streets they shot at vindictively. The appearance of even a mullein leaf swaying in the wind elicited a volley from these ever vigilant guardians of the nation, and it was lucky for the place that they were indifferent marksmen, else it would have been wholly depopulated. They had field glasses through which they watched the motions of the inhabitants and there is no exaggeration in saying that they shot at weeds set in motion by the wind, for it frequently occurred that volleys were fired at bushes which in no way could hide an enemy and which were noteworthy only because they were set in motion by the breeze. Sometimes the 13th would send detachments in skiffs across the river and on one or two occasions they were encountered by parties of Confederates who would occasionally lurk in the cemetery and behind the fences on Camp Hill and keep up a scattering fire on the "Yankees" in the town. In one of these skirmishes a rebel soldier named Jones was killed near the graveyard, a bullet having penetrated through the palm of his hand and then into his stomach. In this affair an officer of the 13th, whose name need not be given, very much distinguished himself. At the first fire he jumped into the Shenandoah to hide behind a stone wall that protects the Winchester and Potomac railroad from the strong current of that river. Although he effectually shielded himself against fire, he was not equally successful against the river which at this place is both deep and rapid and he had much difficulty in saving himself from being drowned. As it was, his fine clothes were much damaged and a red sash, which he wore around him, left a stain on his uniform which could not be removed by any amount of washing. It would appear as if a soldier's uniform eternally blushed for the cowardice of the unworthy

wearer. This officer was loaded down with medals and badges of merit which he said himself he had gained in the Crimean campaign, fighting against the Russian Bear. After this skirmish he lost caste in his regiment and soon after he was sentenced by a court martial to a term in Sing-Sing for embezzlement. It is told that when he entered the prison and the principal keeper, with a view of assigning him to some suitable employment, inquired if he had learned a trade of any kind, he answered, that he never had labored any, but that he was a scholar and could talk in seven languages. The keeper on this told him that at Sing-Sing there was but one language spoken and d— little of that, and he immediately set the scholar to work in one of the shops. This was unkind in the keeper but, no doubt, it would be difficult to please all penitentiary prisoners in assigning them employment during their terms of servitude. An Irishman, under similar circumstances, was asked what trade he would have and answered that he always had a liking for the sea, and that he would choose to be a sailor. History does not record what success the Irishman met with in the assignment to work.

Our hero was certainly a poor specimen of the men who fought at Alma and Sebastopol, if, indeed, he ever saw the Crimea, which is very doubtful. In justice it ought to be noted that he was not a Massachusetts man by birth. His men, however, on this occasion showed a good deal of gallantry and, under Lieutenant Brown, of the same company—*his* name needs no concealment—they stood their ground like good soldiers until the enemy retired. The writer is not prone to saying harsh things, but he cannot forget the many bullets shot at him by the above regiment and that a whole platoon of them once opened fire on him and a young lady in whose com-

pany he was at the time, actually cutting off with their balls portions of the lady's headgear. He also remembers a degrading proposition made to him by some of them—that he should inform them as to what rebels in the neighborhood were in good circumstances, with a view of plundering them, the rebels, and dividing the proceeds with the informer. The officer whose conduct in the skirmish was so discreditable would have been left to oblivion, had not his behavior to some ladies of the place been as disgraceful as his cowardice in battle. But, notwithstanding all this, his name is mercifully omitted.

Early in October Mr. A. H. Herr, proprietor of the Island of Virginius and the large flour mill on it, having a large quantity of wheat which he could not grind into flour—his mill having been partially destroyed by some federal troops under Lieutenant Colonel Andrew, brother of the governor of Massachusetts, in order to prevent the confederates from using it—and being a union man at heart, invited the government troops to remove the grain to Maryland. There being no bridge across the Potomac at the time, a large boat was procured and a company of the 3rd Wisconsin regiment impressed the few able-bodied men then at the place into the service of the government to take the wheat from the mill to the boat and ferry it across with the aid of the soldiers. The citizens were promised a liberal per diem, but that, like many other good promises and intentions, forms a part of the pavement of a certain region where it never freezes. Even the sacred person of the future historian of the town was not spared, and many a heavy sack did he tote during several days, under the eye of a grim Wisconsin sergeant who appeared to enjoy immensely the author's indignation at his being put to this servile employment. Like the recreant soldier at Sing-Sing, the

historian derived no benefit on this occasion from the smattering of different languages with which he is credited, while the sergeant was indifferent as to the tongue in which the writer chose to swear or to the number of anathemas he thought proper to vent against the world in general and soldiers in particular, he took care that the hapless author did his full complement of the work. Suddenly, on the 16th of October—the second anniversary of the Brown raid—while the citizens and soldiers were busy working at the wheat, a report reached them that Colonel Ashby, at the head of the Virginia militia, was approaching from Charlestown to put a stop to their work. The news turned out to be true and Colonel—afterwards General—Geary, at one time governor of the territory of Kansas, and, after the war, chief executive of the State of Pennsylvania, at the head of three companies of the 28th Pennsylvania, three companies of the 13th Massachusetts and the same of the 3rd Wisconsin regiments, crossed the river from Maryland and marched through Harper's Ferry to Bolivar Heights, where the enemy were posted. A very sharp skirmish took place, which is known in history as the battle of Bolivar Heights. Both sides claimed the victory, though both retreated—Geary to Maryland and Ashby up the valley towards Charlestown. Four or five federal soldiers lost their lives in this affair, but the loss of the Confederates is unknown to the writer. It is certain that many of them were wounded severely, but they acknowledged only one death. Many young men of the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, who were serving in the confederate army, were wounded in this battle, among whom were J. W. Rider and John Yates Beall, the latter of whom was afterwards executed in New York for being engaged in hostile acts within

the limits of that state. Colonel Geary succeeded in capturing and taking to Maryland a large cannon belonging to the confederates, but the latter claimed that they had abandoned it as being unserviceable and that there was no honor attached to the possession of it by the union troops.

The federal soldiers were very much excited on this occasion, in consequence of a malicious report spread among them that some citizens of Bolivar were harboring the enemy in their houses and giving them an opportunity to pick off the unionists from the windows. Mr. Patrick Hagan was arrested on this charge and hurried away to Maryland without his getting time to put on his coat of which he had divested himself for work around his house. This gentleman was one of the most peaceable men of the place, and no citizen of either party in Harper's Ferry or Bolivar believed that he was guilty. Notwithstanding his high character, however, he was taken away in the condition mentioned and kept in confinement for several months in a government fort. This is one of many instances where private malice got in those unhappy times an opportunity for venting its spite under the cloak of patriotism. In a few days after this skirmish a party of confederate cavalry entered the town and burned Mr. Herr's extensive mill, thereby inflicting an irreparable loss on the people of the place. As before noted, Lieutenant Colonel Andrew had partially destroyed it—that is—he broke up a part of the machinery—just enough to render the mill incapable of being worked. This damage could have been easily repaired and, if no further harm had been done to it, the mill could have been put into working order in a few days. The confederates, however, destroyed it completely and the shattered and toppling walls are still to be seen,



a monument of vandalism and a reproach to civilized warriors.

From this time the town was visited nightly by scouts from both sides and the citizens were, as the Irishman says, "between the devil and the deep sea." As the nights grew longer and lights became necessary the people felt the inconveniences of their situation the more keenly. The sides of the houses fronting the Maryland Heights were, of necessity, kept in total darkness, else the fire of the unionists was sure to be attracted. The sides fronting the south stood in equal danger from the confederates and, families were obliged to manage so that no lights could be seen by either of the contending forces.

On the 11th of November a party of union men determined to cross the Potomac and throw themselves on the protection of the United States government, as they were threatened with conscription by the Virginians as well as exposed to insult for their opinions. They were, moreover, men in humble circumstances and they wanted employment somewhere. Their interest as well as their sympathies were with the north, or rather with the old government, and they resolved to make a break from the danger and humiliations of a residence in a debatable territory. Six of them, namely: Aelxander Kelly, the same who had so narrow an escape from Brown's men; John Kelly, J. Miller Brown, G. S. Collis, Lafayette Davis, and the author of these annals, therefore procured a leaky skiff from "Old Tom Hunter," the Charon of the Potomac and Shenandoah since the destruction of the bridges. Hunter's son ferried them across, just in time to escape a party of confederates then entering the town, to impress them into their service. Joyfully, the refugees approached the Maryland shore after the dangers of their stay at Harper's Ferry and the no small risk

they had run of being drowned, as the river was then very high and rapid and the skiff unsound and overburdened with passengers and baggage. Their disappointment and astonishment were great, therefore, on their being informed that they would not be allowed to land; that their crossing was a violation of the rules established by the officer in command at the post and that they must return to Virginia. This was not to be thought of and, after a long parley, they received an ungracious permission to disembark, when they were immediately made prisoners by order of Major Hector Tyndale, of the 28th Pennsylvania regiment, in command at the place. This potentate was not to be cajoled by their protestations of loyalty to the United States government. In every one of them he saw a rebel spy. He took them separately into a private room, examined their clothes and took possession of every paper found on them. Their baggage was searched thoroughly and several poetical effusions of the author of these pages, addressed to various Dulcineas of Virginia and Maryland on the day of "Good Saint Valentine" some years before—copies of which he had unfortunately retained—excited the wrath of the puritanical Tyndale to a high pitch and brought down on the hapless poet the heaviest denunciations. Mr. Collis, also, fell in for a share of the Major's displeasure. Being a member in good standing of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Mr. Collis had obtained a traveling card from Virginia Lodge, No. 1, of that society at Harper's Ferry, to which he belonged. This card he had, or thought he had, put away safely in his vest pocket which he had pinned securely for the safety of its contents. Major Tyndale felt the pocket and demanded to know what was in it. Mr. Collis replied that it was his "traveling card." The major insisted on seeing

it and, lo, when Mr. Collis showed the package and opened it, instead of an Odd Fellow's card, it turned out to be a daguerreotype likeness of one of that gentleman's lady friends which, through some inadvertence, Mr. Collis had substituted for what he had intended to guard with so much care. The major taking this mistake for a wilful personal insult, stormed wildly and remanded the six prisoners for further trial, when they were confined with other captives in Eader's hotel at Sandy Hook. It will be believed that, under the circumstances, they were a gloomy party and, in view of the probability that things would grow worse as the night advanced, the author uttered a pious ejaculation, expressing a wish that he had the freedom of Sandy Hook for half an hour to improve the commissariat of the prisoners, which was rather scant and entirely wanting in that article so indispensable to people in trouble and to many under any circumstances—whiskey. As luck would have it, the prayer reached the ear of the sentinel at the prison door, who was a six-foot representative of that beautiful island which is so touchingly described by one of its inspired sons as:

“Poor, dear, ould Ireland, that illigent place  
Where whiskey's for nothing and a beating for less.”

The word “whiskey” was the sesame to the sentinel's heart. He looked around cautiously to see if the officer of the guard was near and, the coast being clear, he opened the door and, in a confidential way, remarked that he supposed the speaker was a *dacent* boy who would do the *clane* thing and that he—the sentinel—would run the risk of letting him out *on* parole of honor for half an hour. The offer was accepted joyfully and, in an increditably short time, the author, who in those days, “knew all the ropes,”

returned with a load of crackers, cheese and sausages, pipes and tobacco, and the main desideratum, a very corpulent bottle of "tangle foot," a very appropriate name for the particular brand of Sandy Hook whiskey. With these refreshments and a greasy pack of cards, the night wore away pleasantly and, before morning, the Irish sentinel was the jolliest man of the party for, on every passage of the bottle, his services were gratefully remembered and rewarded with a jorum. When the time came for relieving the guard the sentinel was too drunk to stand upright and present arms and the sergeant who, too, was a good fellow or who was, perhaps, himself drunk, did not change the guard. Anyway, the jolly Irishman was left at the post 'till morning and he did not complain of the hardship of losing his sleep. The greater number of his prisoners were too top-heavy to make their escape, even if they were inclined to play false with their indulgent keeper. Next day they were examined again and subjected to various sentences according to their supposed delinquencies or their ability to do mischief. The hapless author was condemned to banishment to a distance of at least ten miles from the lines of the army for his unholy poetry and—as Major Tyndale actually expressed it—because the expression of his eye was unprepossessing. Mr. Collis was permitted to stay at Sandy Hook, but he was obliged to report every morning at 10 o'clock at the major's office. Many and various were the adventures of this as well as of other parties of Harper's Ferry people who were scattered about by the chances of the times. A narrative of them would fill a very large volume, if not a fair-sized library, and it may be that some of them will appear in future biographical sketches.

On the 7th of February, 1862, two parties of hostile scouts encountered each other at Harper's Ferry.

The federal spies had spent the most of the night of the 6th at the place and about dawn on the 7th had entered a skiff to return to Maryland, when they were fired on by some confederates who were watching for them, and one of them, named Rohr, was killed. Another, named Rice, threw himself into the river and, by his dexterity in swimming and by keeping under cover of the skiff, managed to save his life and escape to Maryland. The confederate scouts were of Captain Baylor's company, who kept Harper's Ferry in a state of terror all the winter, entering the town every few nights and doing many harsh things, without the orders or approval of their captain, who, however, was held responsible for their acts and was treated with a great deal of unjust severity when in the course of events he became a prisoner of war.

The killing of Rohr was the cause of another calamity to the hapless town. Colonel Geary, who was commanding the federal troops at the Point of Rocks, Sandy Hook, and the bank of the Potomac to Harper's Ferry and under whom Major Tyndale was acting at Sandy Hook, became highly incensed at the death of Rohr, who was a favorite scout, and he immediately sent a detachment to destroy the part of Harper's Ferry in which the confederates were accustomed to conceal themselves and watch and annoy the federal soldiers on the Maryland shore. This they accomplished, ruthlessly destroying with fire Fouke's hotel and all of the town between the armory and the railroad bridge. Certainly, this must be considered a wanton destruction of property as the trestle buttresses or even the ruins of the burnt buildings furnished enough of shelter for spies or sharpshooters. The demolition of this property was accomplished under the immediate supervision of Major Tyndale, and here occur some curious co-



incidences such as often appear in history and in ordinary life. It will be remembered that John Brown, on the day of his capture, prophesied the destruction of Harper's Ferry, to take place in a short time. It will be recollected, too, that his wife came to Virginia to get possession of his body after his execution. This same Hector Tyndale accompanied her from Philadelphia as a protector and conducted the transportation of the remains from Virginia to New York. In a little more than two years the town, to all intents and purposes, was destroyed and the finishing stroke was given to it by this very Tyndale. Who will say that these were merely coincidences and who will not rather suspect that there were in these affairs something like a true spirit of prophecy and a divine retribution. Major Tyndale is now dead and peace to his soul! At the battle of Antietam he was shot through the head, but he recovered, at least partially, from his wound and in some years after he served a term as mayor of Philadelphia. He was no friend to the author of these pages, but truth compels a rather favorable summing up of his character. Like his great namesake of Troy, he was a sincere patriot and, although he often descended to the consideration of mere trifles and harassed innocent people with groundless suspicions, it is believed that he was thoroughly honest and he certainly had courage enough to do no discredit to his Homeric name.

All that winter—'61-'62—Harper's Ferry presented a scene of the utmost desolation. All the inhabitants had fled, except a few old people, who ventured to remain and protect their homes, or who were unable or unwilling to leave the place and seek new associations. This ill-boding lull continued—excepting the occasional visits of the Confederates and the Rohr tragedy with its consequences—until

the night of the 22nd of February, 1862, when General Banks made a forward move in conjunction with General Shields, who proceeded up the valley from the neighborhood of Paw Paw, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, between Martinsburg and Cumberland. General Banks sent a detachment across the Potomac at Harper's Ferry in advance of the main body of his troops. They crossed in skiffs and their object was to lay a pontoon bridge. With them was a man named James Stedman, a native of the place, and another named James Rice, who acted as guides. The night was stormy, blowing a gale down the river through the gorges of the Blue Ridge. Stedman, Rice and five soldiers of the 28th Pennsylvania regiment were in one skiff, when, through the severity of the gale or mismanagement, the boat was upset and all were cast into the icy waters. Rice escaped by swimming to one of the buttresses of the bridge, but Stedman and the five soldiers were drowned and their bodies were never recovered. This man—Rice—was the same who had so narrow an escape a few nights before at the same place, when Rohr was killed. He lived many years after these two close calls and served as a railroad engineer. One day he fell from his engine and was cut to pieces by it. It is supposed that his fall was caused by an apoplectic fit and that he was dead when his body reached the ground. From the time of this crossing until the retreat of Banks from Winchester, May 25th, 1862, the town was held by federal troops. Immediately after the battle of Kernstown, March 23rd, of that year, the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company took possession of the Winchester and Potomac railroad and worked it for the government, thus relieving in some measure the strict blockade the place had endured all the winter. Perhaps, it would be more correct to say that the government seized the road

and employed the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company to run it for them. The place, of course, now became very important as a base of supplies for the union troops, and the great number of soldiers who were stationed there at this time and the many civilian strangers who daily arrived to visit friends in the army, threw a new life into the town. Besides, many of the old citizens returned to their homes, now comparatively safe, and accumulated snug little fortunes in providing small luxuries for the wearied soldiers and their friends. When General Banks was pursued to the Potomac at Williamsport a portion of the confederate forces marched towards Harper's Ferry and the union garrison there, with all the citizens who held to the old government, crossed over to Maryland. The rebels, however, approached no nearer to the place than Halldown, about four miles west, on the Charlestown road and, in a day or two, they returned up the valley. All through the spring and summer, except the few days noted, the town continued to be the base of supplies for the union forces in that region, and it was notably so while the armies of Shields, Banks and Freemont were operating against Jackson in the campaign of Cross-Keys and Port Republic. After the second battle of Manassas, General Lee decided to invade Maryland and, of course, the capture of Harper's Ferry became very desirable if not absolutely necessary to him. It was then under the command of General Miles, a veteran of the regular United States army. He had a force which, including a large number under Colonel Tom Ford, of Ohio, posted on the Maryland Heights, amounted to twelve thousand. While General Lee with the main body of the confederates crossed at the lower fords of the Potomac and marched on Frederick City, Generals Jackson and

A. P. Hill attacked Harper's Ferry with their commands. The siege commenced on Friday, September 12th, 1862, by the confederates opening fire from the Loudoun Heights with several batteries. The federal guns on the Maryland Heights replied, but the position of the latter was soon attacked in the rear by a portion of the rebel army that had got a footing in Maryland and, of course, the rebels on the Virginia shore profited by the diversion. The extreme right of the confederates in Maryland and the left of the federals who were following them up from Washington under McClellan, approached very near to the northeastern slope of these heights and Colonel Ford was attacked by a strong body of troops detached for that purpose. Lee had marched through Frederick City and, thence, westward towards Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, where he faced about and made a stand against his pursuers. This placed the confederate right close to the Maryland Heights as above stated. A desultory though destructive musketry fire was kept up all through Friday and Saturday, September 12th and 13th, and thus Colonel Ford was placed, as he thought, in a hopeless situation. The forces fighting him in the rear were probably of South Carolina, as many headboards long standing at graves on the ground they occupied bore the names of soldiers and regiments from that state. The bombardment from the Loudoun Heights continued in the meantime until Colonel Ford abandoned his position and shut himself up in Harper's Ferry. His conduct on this occasion has been severely criticised and, indeed, it is understood that he was cashiered for misconduct. His military judges, no doubt, knew more about the merits of the case than any civilian, but it is certain that many instances of what appeared to be greater mismanagement occurred during the war, when little

or nothing was said in condemnation of any one and nobody was punished. The loss of Harper's Ferry was a severe one, and the popular sentiment demanded a scapegoat. The condemnation of Colonel Ford was some balm and the unreasoning multitude were appeased. The abandonment of the Maryland Heights was, of course, a virtual surrender of Harper's Ferry. On Monday, September 15th, therefore, the national flag was lowered and the garrison laid down their arms. The confederates, besides capturing some twelve thousand men, got possession of a large amount of arms and valuable stores. General Miles was killed by a shell immediately after his giving the order to surrender and, in all probability, his death saved him from a fate still worse to a soldier. Great indignation was felt through the loyal states and in army circles at what was called his treason or cowardice, and, had he lived, his conduct, no doubt, would have been the subject of a strict investigation, as in the case of Colonel Ford, if, indeed, the supposed misconduct of the latter was not forgotten when the principal was under indictment. If poor Miles had lived to give *his* version of the matter the public verdict might have been different in the course of time. Anyway, he died for his country and let no one belittle his memory.

Before the surrender a small body of federal cavalry made a gallant charge and succeeded in making their escape, capturing and destroying an ammunition train belonging to Longstreet's corps of confederates, which they overtook near the Antietam and effecting a junction with McClellan's army, then posted on that river. Full justice has never been done in history to this gallant little body of men—the 8th New York Cavalry—or to its heroic leader, Colonel B. F. Davis.

After the surrender, General Jackson marched to-



wards Shepherdstown and arrived at General Lee's position in time to take a part in the great battle of the 17th of September. He left General A. P. Hill in command at Harper's Ferry, but he, too, departed next day and, like Jackson, effected a junction with Lee's main army in time to aid in the great conflict that was impending.

8 The direction in which Jackson marched from Harper's Ferry to Antietam—due north—disposes of a controversy that for years has exercised the pens of many people eminent in letters. The poet Whittier makes Jackson march through Frederick City on his way to join Lee, and the fame of Barbara Fritchie rests on her supposed defying of him and her shaking the national flag at him, as he passed her house at that place. Whittier's poem is certainly a spirited one and it is too good to be without foundation in fact, but it is to be feared that so it is. In all probability General Jackson never set foot in Frederick City. Certainly, he did not do so in the Antietam campaign, and the flag-shaking that has immortalized Barbara—was done by the small children of a Mrs. Quantril, who lived near the Fritchies, and the rebels paid no heed to what was done by the little tots. How many of the heroes and heroines of history or song are mythical and how many real deeds of gallantry have been consigned to oblivion can any one tell?

7 The siege and surrender of Harper's Ferry, though important events of the war were not as disastrous to its people as other occurrences of less national interest. There was no very hard fighting on the occasion, considering the numbers engaged and the magnitude of the stake and no loss of life or property to the citizens of the place. While the siege was in progress, the battle of South Mountain took place, September 14th, and on the 17th of the same

Barbara Fritchie

month was fought the murderous battle of Antietam. Both fields are near Harper's Ferry and the thunders of the artillery and the roll of the musketry could be heard distinctly at that place from those famous battle grounds. At the former engagement the lines were very long and the left wing of the Federals under General Franklin, and the right of the confederates under General Howell Cobb, of Georgia, extended to the very foot of the Maryland Heights. These wings met at "Crampton's Gap" about five miles from Harper's Ferry and a very fierce battle was the consequence. This engagement, though properly a part of that of South Mountain, has been considered a separate affair on account of the distance from the main armies at which it was fought, and its extreme severity and it is called the "battle of Crampton's Gap." The union troops were victorious and they drove the confederates through "the gap" and some other wild passes in the Blue Ridge near the place. The battle was fought almost entirely with musketry at close range which accounts for the great loss of life on both sides. Had General Miles held out a little longer, the advantage gained at Crampton's Gap would have enabled General Franklin to come to his relief, and the loss and disgrace of the surrender might have been prevented.

Both sides claimed a victory at Antietam, but Lee retreated and his garrison at Harper's Ferry abandoned that place. McClellan did not pursue, but he concentrated his whole army around Harper's Ferry, where he remained apparently inactive for nearly two months. The whole peninsula formed by the Potomac and the Shenandoah from Smallwood's Ridge to the junction of the rivers, as well as the surrounding heights, soon became dotted with tents, and at night the two villages and the neighboring hills were aglow with hundreds of watchfires. From

Camp Hill the ridge that separates the towns of Harper's Ferry and Bolivar the spectacle was magnificent, especially at night, and a spectator was forcibly reminded of a fine description of a similar scene in the eighth book of the Iliad. A hum of voices like that of an immense city or the hoarse murmur of the great deep arose from the valleys on either side and filled the air with a confusion of sounds, while to a person of sensibility it was sad to contemplate how many of this mighty host may have been fated never to leave the soil of Virginia, but sleep their long, last sleep far from home and kindred and in a hostile land. The bands of the various regiments frequently discoursed their martial strains, and nothing that sight or sound could do to stir the imagination was wanted. Of course, innumerable instances occurred of drunken rioting among the soldiers and of outrage on the citizens. A list of these would fill many volumes each much larger than this little book, and imagination can picture but faintly the sufferings of a people exposed helpless to the mercy of an undisciplined armed rabble, for candor obliges us to thus designate both the armies engaged in this war. Officers and men on both sides were brave as soldiers can be, but, except the West Pointers and the graduates of a few military academies, they knew nothing about the science of war, and it was impossible for an officer to check the excesses of his command, when many of the privates under him were, perhaps, his superiors socially in the civil life they had all left so lately and where all were volunteers fighting for a principle and not for a soldier's pay. General McClellan proceeded south in November, leaving a strong garrison at Harper's Ferry, and that place was occupied by the federals without interruption until the second invasion of the north by General Lee in June, 1863. All this time, as all through the war,

the roads leading to Leesburg, Winchester, Martinsburg and other places were infested by guerillas in the service of the confederates and sometimes by deserters from and camp followers of the federals, the latter frequently committing outrages that were charged to the southern men. The most noted of the guerillas was a youth named John Mobley. He was a son of a woman named Polly Mobley, who lived on the Loudoun side of the Shenandoah, near Harper's Ferry, and his reputed father was a man named Sam. Fine, who at one time lived in the neighborhood, but who moved west long before the war. The son took his mother's name and it is one that will ever be famous in that region on account of his exploits. He and his mother were poor and, when a mere boy, he used to drive a team for a free negro butcher named Joe Hagan, who lived in Loudoun and used to attend the Harper's Ferry market with his meat wagon. Mobley was at this time a lubberly, simple-looking lad, and the pert youths of the town used to tease him. He gave no indication then of the desperate spirit which he afterwards exhibited. On the contrary, he appeared to be rather cowardly. When the war broke out, however, he joined a company of confederate cavalry raised in Loudoun county, and, although not much above seventeen years of age, he was detailed by his captain as a scout to watch the federal army around his native place. Under the circumstances, this was an important and delicate duty. With this roving commission he, with a few others, ranged the neighborhood of Niersville and Hillsborough and sometimes he came to the bank of the Shenandoah at Harper's Ferry. He is said to have kept, like Dugald Dalgetty, a sharp eye on his private interests, while obeying to the letter the commands of his superiors. He was a great terror of suttlers and wagonmasters and he is sup-

posed to have captured many rich prizes, displaying the most reckless courage and committing some cold blooded murders. Like many other gentlemen of the road, however, he had his admirers, and many anecdotes are told of his forbearance and generosity. On the 5th of April, 1865—four days before Lee's surrender—his career ended by his being shot to death by a party of three soldiers of the union army, who had set a trap for him with the connivance, perhaps, of some neighbors and pretended friends. His body, with the head perforated in three places by bullets, was thrown, like a sack of grain, across a horse's back and conveyed in triumph to Harper's Ferry where it was exposed to public view in front of the headquarters. The body was almost denuded by relic hunters who, with their jack knives, cut pieces off his clothes as souvenirs of the war and of the most noted of the Virginia guerillas.

For some years before the war there resided in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry a schoolmaster named Law. He claimed to be a brother of the famous George Law, of New York. He was an eccentric man, but he appeared to have a good deal of strength of character, for he always denounced slavery and advocated its abolition. For the expression of his sentiments on this subject he was driven out of Harper's Ferry, shortly after the Brown raid, and narrowly escaped a coat of tar and feathers. On the breaking out of the war he attached himself to the union army as a spy, and he was murdered, as it is supposed, by some of Mobley's gang. One of them related to a friend of the author the manner of Law's death and it was as follows, according to the confession: Having made him a prisoner, they took him to a lonely part of the Loudoun Mountain, laid him flat on his back and fastened him to the ground with withes twisted 'round his limbs and driven into



the earth with mauls, and firmly secured. There he was left to perish of hunger, thirst, cold or any more speedy death from the fangs of wild animals that Heaven might mercifully vouchsafe to him. Whether all this be true or not, there is no doubt of his having been murdered, and considering all the circumstances, there is reason to believe that the poor fellow was treated as stated.

When General Lee a second time invaded the north on his disastrous Gettysburg campaign, again did Harper's Ferry change masters, and, when he again retreated, the re-occupation of the town by the union army was a matter of course, and the place then remained in the uninterrupted possession of the latter for a year.

On the 4th of July, 1864, the federal army was driven out again by a portion of General Early's forces, who penetrated into Maryland and were encountered on the 9th of the same month by General Lew Wallace at Monocacy Junction, about twenty-three miles east of Harper's Ferry. Here a very sharp engagement took place, when the unionists retreated towards Washington City and were followed cautiously by Early. On the 4th of July, while the federal troops were evacuating Harper's Ferry and some of them were yet at Sandy Hook preparing to retreat farther into Maryland, one of them, partially intoxicated, went into the store of Mr. Thomas Egan at that place and offered to buy some tobacco. The proprietor handed him a plug. The soldier took it but refused to pay for it and, on Mr. Egan's attempting to recover the tobacco, a scuffle ensued. Mr. Egan succeeded in ejecting the soldier and he shut the door to keep the intruder from re-entering. At this moment the proprietor's only child, a very interesting girl of about thirteen years, noticed that the soldier's cap was on the floor of the storeroom,

it having fallen off the owner's head in the struggle. She raised a window, held out the cap and called the soldier to take it, when the ruffian shot her dead with his carbine, the bullet entering her mouth and coming out at the back of her head. The lamented Colonel Mulligan of the 23rd Illinois regiment happened to be passing the scene of the murder at the time and he ordered the brute to be arrested and confined for trial, but, in the confusion of the following night, he escaped and was never seen afterwards in that region. It is said that he deserted his regiment and joined the United States navy. The mother of the child—a most estimable lady—soon succumbed to her great sorrow and died broken-hearted. The father became dissipated and a wanderer until he lost his mind, and it is supposed that he ended his days in some asylum for the insane. On the same day a lady from North Mountain was killed, while standing on High street, Harper's Ferry, at a point exposed to the fire which was kept up from the Maryland Heights by the federal troops. A colored woman, also, was killed on Shenandoah street, of the same place, and a child was mortally wounded in Bolivar, and a young lady—Miss Fitzsimmon's—seriously injured at the same time and place. The child was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Jenkins and Miss Fitzsimmons was his step-daughter. A shell struck Mr. Jenkins' house, shattering it badly and injuring his family as noted. The author of this little volume was seated at the time under the gun that discharged the shell. The cannon was on the fortifications of the Maryland Heights and the writer could see that Mr. Jenkins' house was struck. He remonstrated in strong language with the gunners for doing-wanton mischief to inoffensive citizens. They took good-naturedly his indignant protest and ceased firing, which, no doubt, prevented

much harm. The lady killed on High street and the colored woman received their death wounds from Minnie bullets. A shell from some other battery penetrated a government house on High street, Harper's Ferry, occupied by Mr. James McGraw, passed directly through it without injuring any one, and then penetrated the house of Mr. Alexander Kelly, where it fell on a bed without exploding. Miss Margaret Kelly, daughter of the proprietor of the house, was in the room when the unwelcome visitor intruded and settled down on the bed, but, fortunately, she received no injury beyond a bad fright.

While this skirmish was progressing, a confederate officer of high rank sauntered into the armory yard, either to watch the enemy on the opposite side of the river or to take shelter from the heat which was intense that day. He was alone and excited no particular attention. On the next day a young girl who was searching for a cow that had strayed, found his dead body and, as the rebels had retreated on the previous night, the task of burying him devolved on the citizens. The body was much swollen and decomposition had made great headway. So nobody knows how he came to his death and, indeed, no examination for wounds was made. He was interred somewhere under the railroad trestling and it would be worth something handsome to discover the exact spot. After the war his family offered a large reward for the discovery of his resting place, but, in the campaign of Sheridan which followed shortly after this fight cavalry horses were picketed under this trestling and they tramped the ground so hard and obliterated so completely all traces of the grave that the search for it, which continued some time, was finally abandoned. Poor fellow, his fate was a sad one. No doubt, he left a happy home and loving

friends and, now, he moulders in an unknown grave without even the companionship of the dead.

“His sword is rust;  
His bones are dust;  
His soul is with the saints, we trust.”

At no time during the war was there as deep a gloom on Harper's Ferry as on that anniversary of the birth of our nation. The people had entertained the fond hope that the war was nearly over, or, at least, that the theatre of it was to be moved farther south. Therefore, when, on the 2nd of July, the sound of cannon was heard in the direction of Martinsburg, utter despair appeared to take possession of all hearts at Harper's Ferry. The battle sounds were from a heavy skirmish between a part of Early's troops and Colonel Mulligan's Irish regiment—the 23rd Illinois—at Leetown, about midway between Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. It may interest the reader to know that Leetown took its name from the famous General Charles Lee of unenviable reputation in the war of our Revolution. Here it was he buried himself in a morose solitude after his quarrel with General Washington and the cabin which he inhabited, with only his dogs for company, is still standing and occupied by a family. The firing was the first intimation the people of Harper's Ferry had of approaching danger. Mulligan, although greatly outnumbered by the enemy, succeeded in checking their course for a while, and he gave the garrison and people of that place time to prepare for defense or retreat. However, as the darkest hour comes immediately before the dawn, so was this gloomy time the precursor of, at least, comparative tranquility. Although the people were obliged to fly on this occasion, as usual, they were not again driven from

their homes, and, although peace was not restored to the whole country for many months after this, Harper's Ferry was happily exempted from any more of its accustomed calamitous evacuations.

The writer has adverted to the want of discipline in both the armies that in this war exhibited so much gallantry and, as an evidence of this he will relate an incident that occurred on Maryland Heights while the federal army was yet defending Harper's Ferry on that memorable Fourth of July. It will be remembered that the State of Ohio a short time before had furnished to the government a force called "the Hundred-Day Men." A portion of these were doing duty on the Maryland Heights on this occasion. They were brave enough but, as the following will show, they had little or no conception of the military appliances which they were expected to use with some degree of intelligence. A company of them were preparing dinner and, not having anything else convenient on which to build their fire, they procured from an ammunition wagon several large shells on which they piled their wood which was soon ablaze. 'Round the fire they all squatted, each intent on watching his kettle or saucepan. Soon a terrific explosion shook the surrounding hills, sending all the culinary utensils flying over the tree tops and, unfortunately, killing or wounding nearly every man of the group. This is but one of many instances seen during the war of incredible carelessness produced by the excitement of the times and a lack of military training in the soldiers. While "the hundred-day men" were stationed near Harper's Ferry many yarns were spun at their expense, such as the following: One of them, it is said, presented himself on a certain occasion to the commander of the post, a grim old warrior, who had seen a hundred battles, and who had the reputation of being a martinet. On



being asked what he wanted, the soldier said that he had a complaint to make of the commissary who had not yet furnished butter or milk for the company mess. The wrath of the old campaigner is said to have been appalling when he heard this, and it is narrated that about this time a figure was seen to retreat with precipitation from the general's tent, with a boot in close proximity to its seat of honor.

Another party of the same corps was stationed at Kerneysville, ten miles west of Harper's Ferry, for the protection of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at that point. These hearing of a much superior force of the enemy approaching to destroy the road and kill or capture them, wisely resolved to retreat to Harper's Ferry without awaiting orders from their superiors. A freight car happened to be at the time on the sidetrack near, and the thought struck them that they could load all their "traps" into this and push it to their destination. Kerneysville is situated on the very top of a ridge, halfway between Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, and there is a very steep grade of ten miles in length either way from these points—the summit being, as noted, at Kerneysville. This the Ohio men did not know and it is possible that they had never heard of the existence of grades on surfaces apparently so level as railroads. Having procured a switch key, they transferred the car to the main track, and having loaded on it all their paraphernalia, they proceeded to push the car towards Harper's Ferry. At first it was moved with some difficulty, but soon they discovered that it gradually attained speed and that, after a little time, it rolled along without the necessity for any exertion in pushing. Supposing, perhaps, that some kind fairy had greased the track for them, they felt overjoyed and, giving the car a few

vigorous pushes, they all jumped aboard and "let her slide." Soon, however, the rate of travel increased, so as to give them some uneasiness and, after their having accomplished a mile or two, the speed was terrific, and increasing every moment. Knowing little about railroading they did not understand the use of the car-brake, which would have done something towards reducing their dangerous rate of locomotion. On the car shot like a meteor, and the long hair of the western men streamed behind like the tail of a comet, as would also their coat tails, if their uniforms had any such appendages. The astonished track hands along the road fled in dismay from the apparition and well might the knowing ones among them feel alarm as the westward bound mail train was then due on the same track on which the car was rushing in an opposite direction at far more than legitimate railroad speed. Onward and faster the Ohio men flew 'round the innumerable curves of the road in that neighborhood until to the amazement of Mr. Donohoo, the railroad agent at Harper's Ferry, the car came in sight of his station. Fortunately, the mail train had been detained for some reason by order of Mr. Donohoo, and thus the Ohio men and the passengers on board the train were saved from the consequences of a collision which, under the circumstances, would have been of the most disastrous kind. When the car came to the level a short distance above Harper's Ferry, its rate of travel gradually declined and it stopped of itself before reaching the passenger train, the engineer of which had presence of mind to back his train far enough to the east to keep out of the way until the momentum of the engineless car had expended itself beyond the incline. The soldiers half dead with fright, jumped off the car with all possible speed, but they were put in irons immediately by order of the

commander at Harper's Ferry for disobedience of orders with the aggravation of the danger to which they had exposed the passenger train. The Ohio men were very gallant soldiers, however, and that more than compensated for their inexperience.

After the failure of the confederates in their attempt on Washington City, and their retreat into Virginia again and for the last time did the federal troops get possession of Harper's Ferry. After the battle of Monocacy General Sheridan was appointed to command in the Valley of Virginia, and his brilliant and successive victories over Early around Winchester saved the whole of the lower valley, henceforth, from its accustomed alternation of masters.

There was then residing near Harper's Ferry a German known as "Dutch George," his real name being George Hartman. He was a bachelor and he worked among the farmers of the neighborhood with whom he was deservedly popular for his harmless simplicity of character and his efficiency as a farm-help. During the severe conscription George entered the confederate army as a substitute for one of his employers and his achievements in the war are thus summed up. After the last retreat of Early, George and many of the young men of the neighborhood who were serving in the confederate army, and who had taken advantage of the forward movement of their troops to visit their homes, remained on furlough, trusting for concealment to their knowledge of the locality and the sympathy of all their neighbors with their cause. One day they got information that a force of their enemies was approaching and, fearing that their houses would be searched for them, they all assembled in a deserted blacksmith's shop where the enemy would not suspect their being concealed. As an additional precaution, they threw out pickets to watch the motions of the enemy, and

George was detailed for this duty. He took post in a fence corner, but he kept a poor lookout and was surprised and taken prisoner by a squad of the enemy that had stolen a march on him. "By damn," said George to his captors, "you did dat wery vel, but you ain't schmart enough to find de boys in de blackschmidt shop." Of course, "a nod was as good as a wink" to the shrewd "Yankees," and they surrounded the shop and made prisoners of the whole party, greatly to the astonishment of George, who never could be made to understand by what intuition the "Yankees" discovered "de boys in de blackschmidt's shop." Poor George is now dead, and it is only fair to his memory to say that he was not suspected of cowardice or treachery. He stood well with his comrades in regard to courage and loyalty, and it is possible that the tale was invented or greatly exaggerated by the mischievous youngsters of the neighborhood to tease the poor fellow.

During the winter of 1864-65 several military executions took place at Harper's Ferry and, indeed, there is no phase of war that was not experienced at some time by its people. A man known as "Billy, the Frenchman" was executed by hanging on the 2nd day of December, the fifth anniversary of John Brown's death. His proper name was William Loge. He was a native of France and was but a short time in this country. He enlisted in a New York regiment and, while he was stationed at Berlin—now Brunswick—on the Maryland side of the Potomac, he deserted and, crossing over to Virginia, he attached himself to Mobley's gang and became a terror to the people of Loudoun—rebel as well as loyal. He was a young man of an attractive appearance and great physical strength, as well as of iron nerve. After marauding successfully for many months he was made prisoner by federal scouts, near

Johnson's stillhouse—the scene of the pugilistic encounter between Yankee Sullivan and Ben Caunt—and taken to Harper's Ferry, where he was executed as soon as the formalities of a court martial could be complied with. He displayed the utmost courage on the scaffold and many pitied him on this account, as well as for the great brutality with which the execution was conducted. The provost was Major Pratt of the gallant 34th Massachusetts regiment, a very kindhearted man, but others who acted under him displayed the greatest cruelty and barbarity. On the whole it was the most sickening affair witnessed at the place during the war.

On another occasion two deserters were taken out for execution by shooting. The Reverend Father Fitzgibbon, a Catholic priest, chaplain to one of the regiments then at the place, took an interest in them and, although they did not belong to his communion, he volunteered his spiritual aid for the occasion. Father Fitz Gibbon had officiated in the ministry years before at Springfield, Illinois, and had become well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, then a practising lawyer at that place. It occurred to the good priest, therefore, to use his influence with the President for the pardon of the condemned men, or a commutation of their sentence. He telegraphed his request to Mr. Lincoln. No reply came until the hour appointed for the execution had actually passed. Major Pratt, with his usual kindheartedness, delayed the catastrophe as long as he could do so consistently in view of his duty. At length the condemned men were placed on their knees and a file of soldiers held their guns ready to fire at the command of the provost, when a horseman was seen riding furiously from the direction of the telegraph office and it was hoped that he might be the bearer of some message of mercy. True enough, the benevolent Lincoln had



pardoned them, and there was not one in the crowd of spectators who did not feel relieved on hearing the good news, and many a rough cheek was wet with tears. It will be readily believed that the prisoners participated largely in the joy of the occasion. There is an old fatalistic saying that "every wight has got his weird," or that every man's career on earth and the manner of his death are predestined. This may or may not be true, but many things occur to give at least plausibility to the belief. One of these men thus rescued from the very jaws of death, lost his life some twenty years afterwards by being shot by a woman whom he had grossly insulted with improper proposals, and to whom he was about to offer personal violence. The "weird," if there is such a thing, missed him at Harper's Ferry, but overtook him some thirty miles farther up the Potomac. The author will give another instance of apparent fatality. Like the sentimental Sterne, he loves philosophical digressions which, perhaps, the reader may pardon. Besides, the occurrence took place near enough to Harper's Ferry to give it some little claim on the chronicles of that neighborhood. In the confederate army during the civil war was the scion of a very respectable house in the lower valley of Virginia. Like other young men, no doubt, he felt that in him was the making of a hero but, in his first battle, he discovered that he had missed his vocation. In his second and third battles his fears were confirmed and, still worse, his comrades suspected the truth. He held on to the colors, however, but, after a few more experiences, he ever sought some excuse for absence from his post in time of battle, until his example was considered detrimental to the service, and by a tacit connivance he was allowed to quit the army and return home. It often happened that scouting parties of the opposite sides would en-

counter one another near his home and so great was his fear of death that on these occasions he would hide himself in some bullet-proof retreat. Once, a skirmish took place nearly a mile from his home and he thought he could view it safely at that distance. He, however, took the precaution of hiding in some high grass while looking at the encounter. All in vain was his care, for a stray bullet found him and he received a mortal wound.

An understanding may be got of the war experiences of Harper's Ferry from the fact that the railroad bridge at the place was destroyed and rebuilt nine times from June, 1861, to the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox in April, 1865. Mr. Thomas N. Heskett, now dead, assistant master of road for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, every time superintended its reconstruction, assisted by Milton and Oliver Kemp, his foremen, and it is very creditable to these gentlemen that, notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which they labored, and the hurry with which they were obliged to perform the work of reconstruction, no accident occurred to any of the thousands of railroad and wagon trains that passed over it during these years, which could be traced to any defect in the bridge itself, or the track laid on it.

At every evacuation of the place the wildest excitement pervaded the town, and scenes of terror were frequently presented, mingled with ludicrous occurrences. Few, however, could at the time command equanimity enough to appreciate the laughter-moving side of those pictures and see where the joke came in. A few days prior to a retreat a vague rumor of approaching danger could be heard and immediate preparations would be put on foot for a "skedaddle." There were in the town many sympathizers with the rebellion, especially among the

fair sex. These were in constant communication with the insurgents, who kept them informed of what was going on within the confederate lines, in return for the news with which they were supplied of the doings of the union troops. While, at heart, thoroughly loyal to the rebel cause, the women of southern proclivities could never keep their information concerning the movements of the confederates entirely secret. The love of talk and the pride in knowing more than their neighbors always betrayed them into giving some hints of what was impending and, in consequence, the townspeople were but seldom taken by surprise. As the enemy approached, the excitement would increase and, finally, a motly crowd of fugitives of every shade of color could be seen tramping along the turnpike road to Frederick City, ankle deep in mud or enveloped in a cloud of dust and stewing with heat, according to the season. Ideal socialism existed among them for the time being and a practical illustration of the equality of mankind was frequently exhibited when a darkey of the blackest shade of color, with a wallet well supplied with hard tack and bologna sausages, or a bottle of whiskey, commanded more consideration than the purest Caucasian, though he could trace his lineage to the Crusades or the Norman conquest, if deficient in his commissariat. Uncle Jake Leilic's hotel in Frederick City was the headquarters of the fugitive Harper's Ferry people on these occasions, and assembled there, they contrived to receive intelligence about the movements of the rebels, until the danger had passed away, and the confederates had retreated up the valley. Mr. Leilic deserved well of many refugees whose pecuniary resources became exhausted while they were away from home, and he is remembered by many with gratitude. He was a good, honest, kindhearted, though blunt Ger-

man—a native of Hesse Darmstادت. He has been dead many years and few there are to fill his place in the estimation of his surviving friends. The retreats were called “skedaddles,” a term invented at the time by some wag. The originator in all probability was not aware that a similar word is used by Homer to express the same idea and, if at any time, the inventor should chance to read these pages, or should learn by any other means of the coincidence, the information, no doubt, will afford him the liveliest satisfaction. It must be confessed, however, that the termination “daddle” is not homeric, as it is lacking in dignity and such as would not be tolerated for a moment in the grand old language in which the great bard wrote his sonorous hexameters. A correction in the next edition is, therefore, respectfully suggested.

After the surrender of General Lee a garrison was left at Harper’s Ferry, and for more than a year after the restoration of peace were the ear-piercing notes of the fife and the boom of the drum heard on the streets of that place. It may be said with truth that no spot in the United States experienced more of the horrors of the war than that village. The first act of the great tragedy—the Brown raid—was enacted there and, at no time until the curtain fell, was Harper’s Ferry entirely unconnected with the performance. Even the cessation of military operations was far from restoring the tranquillity that used to reign in this once prosperous and happy little community. In the spring and summer of 1865 many families that had cast their lots with the confederacy returned to the place to find their homes occupied by tenants to whom the national government had rented them as being in a condition of semi-confiscation. Some found their houses occupied by mere squatters who had seized them as

so much Treasure Trove, and who impudently asserted their superior right to the property on the score of loyalty, although the government had given no sanction to their occupancy, and was simply passive with regard to the ownership. General Egan, a gallant soldier of the State of New York, was for a short time, in the summer of that year, in command of the post and, filled with pity for the forlorn condition of the hapless owners and indignation at the effrontery of the intruders, he, regardless of technicalities, cleared many of the houses of the riff-raff that had unjustly settled in them and restored them to the former and real proprietors. Unfortunately, this generous, brave and impulsive soldier was moved to some other command, before his noble work of restoration was completed. We have never been able to fully ascertain the identity of this gallant soldier with the General Egan so prominent in the late war with Spain, but assuredly our people at Harper's Ferry owe him a heavy debt of gratitude.

The new State of West Virginia had been created during the war, and Harper's Ferry is the eastern extremity of that state. The then dominant political faction, as usual, persecuted those, who in their day, were so intolerant, and harsh election and school laws were enacted for the purpose of rendering the defeated party incapable of ever again asserting itself. During this state of affairs the writer was elected superintendent of free schools, and never will he forget the perplexities imposed on him by the office. It was his bounden duty to establish schools all over the county, but it was equally incumbent on him by law to see that no teacher was employed for any of the public schools who refused to take an iron-clad oath setting forth his or her unfaltering love for the union and hatred for its enemies, and



also, that the applicant for the place of teacher had never given aid in any way to the late rebels. When it is considered that ninety-nine in every hundred of the inhabitants of the county had been in active sympathy with the rebellion, it will be evident that the school superintendent's only way to escape a dilemma was to send to the loyal states for teachers. Again, the salaries paid were too small to tempt people from the north to reside in a hostile land to train pupils rendered refractory by the bad examples of the war and imbued by their parents with a hatred for "Yankees" as all northern people were styled. Finally, the writer, finding it impossible to comply with the letter of an absurd and contradictory law, resolved on following the spirit and underlying principle of all public school legislation, and he took on himself to dispense with all test oaths and employ teachers without reference to their politics. His action in the matter brought him very near to impeachment, but he brazened it out until the expiration of his term. Again, a registration law then enacted, depriving sympathizers with the south of the right to vote at elections, put into the power of county boards to allow or refuse this right at their own sweet wills. Of course, the boards were composed of "loyal men" and it is easy to imagine how petty spite or interest in the election of some candidate for office too often swayed the judges. Those whose property had been injured by the rebels sought recompense by suing before the courts the officers whose men had inflicted the damage, and all these causes, with many others, combined to keep the town and neighborhood in a ferment for several years, so that many thought that they had gained but little by the cessation of actual warfare. Time, however, has happily cured the wounds, though the scars will ever remain, and it is confidently hoped

that the historic village—the theme of this little book will flourish again some day—the better, perhaps, for the fiery ordeal through which it has passed—so mote it be!

This concludes an imperfect account of Harper's Ferry in the war, and the writer is impelled to comment on a fact which, although it may have been accidental, appears to have a strange significance for a reflecting mind. Of all the government buildings in the armory inclosures before the war, the only one that escaped destruction in that fearful struggle was John Brown's famous engine-house or fort. Of the occurrence that gave fame to that little building there can be but one opinion from a legal standpoint—that it was a violation of law for which the aggressors paid a just penalty, if we consider obedience to human enactments without reference to the moral code as obligatory on man. On the other hand, it must be admitted that slavery was not only an evil that affected perniciously every member of any community in which it existed, but an anomaly in the model republic of modern times and this civilized century. Who knows then by what providential interference an enthusiastic fanatic may have been selected as an instrument in removing that anomalous stain of slavery from the state that boasts of having given birth to Washington and of containing his ashes, and from this whole nation that now, at least, can truly call itself the Land of the Free! The preservation of this little building was certainly remarkable and, although the present owners of the old armory property have sold—unfortunately, it is thought by many—this interesting little relic of stirring times, and every brick of it has been conveyed away by Chicago speculators, the actions of man do not lessen the significance of the protection accorded to it by Providence from the day when the

first active protest against the great wrong of slavery was uttered in fire from its door, until that sin was finally banished from the land. The writer has no intention to dictate to property owners what they ought to do with what belongs to them justly, but he cannot help heaving a sigh for this great sacrifice of sentiment, as well as for the material loss of a great attraction that brought hundreds of people every year to the place to see a curiosity, and incidentally and necessarily, to leave some money behind when they departed. But the site is there yet and it takes but a slight stretch of imagination to prophesy that it will be the Mecca to which many a pilgrim of this and of other lands will journey in future times as to a shrine consecrated to liberty. Some seventy-five miles farther down the Potomac is another shrine—the grave of Washington—and it is not his countrymen alone who bare their heads in honor of the great man who rests in the consecrated ground. From all civilized lands they come to venerate, and even his ancient foes have been known to lower the haughty flag of their country in his honor. They who come to Mount Vernon do not ask how much right the British or the Americans had on their respective sides in the war of the Revolution. They come to honor the heroic man who did so much for humanity in obedience to his conscience and the same motive will bring many to the site of the famous engine house—people who will not take the trouble to examine the fine-spun sophistries and subtleties we used to hear from politicians before the war, but will honor and revere bona-fide honesty and the heroism that upholds the right and combats wrong, even to the death, despite of legal quibbles. Many will consider it sacrilege to compare George Washington with John Brown, but all must admit that what the former began the latter completed or,

at least, put in the way of completion by Abram Lincoln. All three deserve imperishable monuments for all of them did the best according to their light for the cause of humanity, and "Angels could no more." In 1859 it was a high crime against the laws of Virginia and, we believe, of other states, to teach a man of color the alphabet. In 1866, within a quarter of a mile of John Brown's, fort was established "Storer College" for the education of the ex-slaves and their descendants. Mistaken, fanatical, or criminal as John Brown may have been, if we judge him by the results of his action at Harper's Ferry, we will not be considered unreasonable, we hope, when we point to this flourishing seat of learning to justify a great deal of favorable consideration for him by posterity. He is getting it already, even in the life-time of many who clamored for his blood, and the heroic old confederate soldiers are not behind in doing honor to his undoubted courage and honesty. Brave men will ever honor the brave.

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius" may well be inscribed on the graves or monuments of those three extraordinary men. No one now grudges it to Washington or Lincoln, and the day will be when all will concede the right to John Brown as well.

"Tempora mutantur, nos et, mutamur in illis."

## CHAPTER VI.

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### AFTER THE WAR.

In 1862 Mr. Daniel J. Young, formerly master machinist at the rifle factory, was sent from Washington City to take charge of the ordnance at Harper's Ferry, as also, of all the government property at that place. He was the same who, on the morning of the Brown Raid, ventured to remonstrate with and warn the invaders. We have already given an account of his services to the government and his promotion to the rank of captain in the regular army, and how he was retained at Harper's Ferry from the time of his appointment in 1862 until the end of the war, and still farther, until 1869, when the government interests at the place were disposed of at public sale. In the meantime,, he was made defendant in a suit against the government for possession of the most important part of the armory grounds—the plaintiff being Mr. Jacob Brown, of Charlestown, West Virginia, who had a long-standing claim for said property, arising from alleged irregularities in the original purchase. The case was decided in Parkersburg West Virginia, in August, 1869, Chief Justice Chase presiding at the trial. The verdict was in favor of Captain Young and the government. Some years before Mr. Brown had another suit with the government for another piece of property. This first trial took place in the United States Courts, at Staunton,



Virginia, and the result was adverse to Mr. Brown's claim.

During the winter of 1868-69 a bill was introduced into Congress and passed, providing for the sale of the government property at Harper's Ferry. On the 30th of November and the 1st of December, 1869, therefore, it was put up at public auction, and the armory grounds and the site of the rifle factory were purchased by Captain F. C. Adams, of Washington, D. C., for the sum of two hundred and six thousand dollars, with one and two years time for the payment. Most of the houses and lots belonging to the government in other parts of the town were disposed of to citizens on terms similar as to time, and very high prices were offered. Captain Adams represented, as he said, some northern capitalists, and great hopes were entertained for the revival of manufactures at the place and the renewal of the old-time prosperity.

Notwithstanding the great depression of the times—since the war—as far, at least, as Harper's Ferry is concerned—a good deal of enterprise has been exhibited by many of the old citizens of the place. In July, 1867, Mr. A. H. Herr, an extensive manufacturer and the owner of the Island of Virginius; of whom mention has been made in this book several times heretofore, sold his interest at Harper's Ferry to the firm of Child & McCreight, of Springfield, Ohio,—both now deceased. This property is romantically situated on the Shenandoah which bounds it on the south. On the north and east it is bounded by the canal, constructed to facilitate the navigation of the Shenandoah, and on the west by a waste way of the canal communicating with the river. The island contains thirteen acres on which were, before the war, twenty-eight neat dwellings, one flour mill, one cotton factory, one carriage factory, one saw

mill, a machine shop and a foundry. It will be remembered that in 1861, shortly after the skirmish at Bolivar, a party of confederates visited the town and destroyed the flour mill. From that time there was no business conducted on the island until the sale of that property to the above mentioned firm. These gentlemen, having availed themselves of the talents of Mr. William F. Cochran, then so well known for his thorough knowledge—theoretical and practical—of machinery, immediately commenced fitting up the cotton factory for a flour mill. A large force of men was kept in employment for fifteen months, preparing the building and putting up the machinery, under the direction of Mr. Cochran. The works were of the most approved description, set in motion by four turbine wheels, the power being that of three hundred horses. There were ten run of buhrs, which turned out five hundred barrels of flour daily and, on the whole, it was said by adepts in that business, to be a marvel of ingenuity, which greatly added to the previous and well-established fame of Mr. Cochran. That gentleman, after varied fortunes and many vicissitudes, lost his life in a railroad accident in Michigan, in January, 1889. He was a native of Scotland and he served some years in the British navy. Messrs. Child & McCreight, the new proprietors of this desirable property, soon won for themselves golden opinions among the people of the place for their courteous demeanor, and the success which at first attended them, gave unalloyed pleasure to all with whom they came in contact. They associated with them as a partner, Mr. Solomon V. Yantis, an old resident and long a merchant of Harper's Ferry, where his character was of the very best as a business man and a good citizen generally. Of the twenty-eight dwellings on the island nearly all were put in repair and the work

performed on them, as well as on the new flour mill, gave employment to many who otherwise must have suffered from extreme destitution. Many other improvements have been made in the town since the close of the war and the traces of that fearful struggle were gradually disappearing when the calamity of the great flood of 1870 befell the place and, not only retarded its recovery, but left a part of it in far worse condition than it was at any time in its history. The Presbyterian church had been put, during the rebellion, to the most ignoble uses, the upper part being used for a guard house and the basement for a horse stable. The venerable Dr. Dutton, a gentleman of great piety and deserved popularity, took charge of the congregation soon after the war, and by great exertions succeeded in restoring the building to its pristine, neat appearance. Dr. Dutton died some years ago and his death was a severe loss, not only to his own flock, but to the general society of the town and neighborhood.

The Catholic church, also, was repaired through the energy of the Reverend J. J. Kain, a young priest of great promise, who has since risen to the dignity of Archbishop. He established a school, or rather revived one organized in 1854, but, of course, broken up by the war. This school, under several teachers, was singularly successful, and many men now eminent in various professions confess their great obligations to this remote and humble seat of learning. Through the exertions of Father Kain, a fine bell was purchased and suspended in the church steeple and at morning, noon and vesper hour, its musical notes sound with a sweet solemnity through the romantic glens of the Blue Ridge, admonishing all who hear them to pause and worship the great architect of the stupendous scenery around them. It may

be remarked that, of all the churches in Harper's Ferry proper, this one alone escaped destruction or desecration during the war—an exemption due to the courage of the late Reverend Dr. Costello, who was at the time pastor and who, alone, of all the ministers at the place, remained to defend church property. It was said that on one occasion it was proposed by some union soldiers of intolerant opinions to burn down this building, but that the project was abandoned on account of the proximity of some regiments with views friendly to that church who, it was believed, would resent any injury or indignity done to it. It may be that there never was any intention of attacking it, and that the rumor originated from the unmeaning threats of some drunken brawler. Anyway, there never was the least injury done to it by either party, except that its roof and walls were indented in many places by stray bullets. As before stated, this church has been torn down and a new one erected on its site. The Methodist Episcopal denomination at the place lost their church in Harper's Ferry proper, and there is not a single trace of it remaining, but as there was another church belonging to the same denomination in Bolivar which had escaped destruction in the war, they did not deem it necessary to rebuild at Harper's Ferry. The two congregations have united to worship at the Bolivar church.

The Lutheran church at the place was used for hospital purposes in the war. At the restoration of peace the building was renovated and it now presents a very neat appearance.

About the time of the termination of the civil war, a gentleman named Storer, residing in some part of New England, made a bequest of a large sum of money for the endowment of a college for the education of the freedmen. Harper's Ferry was chosen

as the site and a charter was obtained from the legislature of the new state of West Virginia for it, under the title of "Storer College." The board of trustees appointed by the testator were all of the Free-will Baptist persuasion in compliment to the marked dislike manifested to slavery by that communion before and in the course of the war. The Reverend N. C. Brackett, a minister of that denomination was sent to take charge of the institution, and the success which he has met in conducting the difficult duties of his office, fully justifies the choice. The farm of Mr. William Smallwood in Bolivar was purchased by the board for the location of the college, but, the government having donated to the institution four large houses on Camp Hill with lots attached, one of those buildings—the superintendent's house—with a large frame structure erected soon after, is used for college exercises. The principal, Mr. Brackett, is an accomplished scholar, a gentleman in every sense and a practical Christian. He is, moreover, a man of great firmness and this, coupled with his suavity and well known integrity, insured a triumph over the prejudice against the school, which it cannot be denied, existed and still exists through the neighborhood.

Messrs. Matthew Quinn and J. M. Decaulne—both now long deceased—Daniel Ames, who died recently, and James Conway erected four fine houses after the war—the last named after the government sale. The lower floors of these buildings are occupied as store rooms and the upper as dwellings. Mr. Murtha Walsh, who, too, is now dead, erected a similar house on the site of the old and well known Doran store and, later, a fine dwelling and store adjoining Mr. Conway's house. A frame building put up about the close of the war, adjoining the old Doran property, supplied for many years the place of



Fouke's hotel, destroyed by federal troops in 1862. The building last mentioned was pulled down a few years ago to make way for a railroad depot not, however, before the erection of a new hotel near the opposite corner by Mr. George W. Greene, who soon after sold out to the Conner Brothers, from whom it now takes its name of "Hotel Conner." Mr. Theodore Conner now conducts it. Messrs. Thomas N. Beale, James McGraw, John Fitzpatrick, George Breedy, Edward Colgate, William Luke and many others have built new houses or renovated old ones. The author of these pages, too, has contrived to scrape together enough to invest in a new cottage, and he will say for his house that, if it has no other merit, it commands a view unsurpassed anywhere for beauty or sublimity. Tourists who admire its situation have christened it "Sunset Cottage" on account of the magnificent spectacle to be seen from it, when the Day God descends to rest, but the owner, while fully appreciating the poetic name which enthusiastic travelers have given to his modest home, prefers in the interest of truth, as well as of poetry, to name it "Moonshine Cottage," and the reasons are as follows: Heretofore, he has recommended to his readers who may be desirous to get the best view of Harper's Ferry, to choose a moonlight night and the old cemetery, for the time and place to enjoy the sight. Like Melrose Abbey, it does better in "the pale moonbeams" than in the garish light of day, and, next to the cemetery, the author's new cottage is the best standpoint from which to survey the moonlit scenery of the place. Again, the house itself, though substantial enough, may be said, in one sense at least, to be composed of moonshine, when the methods whereby the owner acquired the means to erect it are considered. His youth and early manhood were spent in hard toil,

much to the benefit of his fellow men, but not a bit to his own. At the age of nearly half a century he found himself as poor as when he began life, although, as before said, his labors had helped materially to enrich others. At length he made the discovery, which he ought to have made thirty years before, that mankind love nothing so well as being humbugged, and the happy thought struck him that a history of Harper's Ferry would tickle the fancy of the traveling public and, sure enough, the idea proved to be an inspiration. This is the third edition of a nonsenical rigmarole that has no merit in the world, except absolute truth, which is something in its favor, and the happy result that its author, from the proceeds of the sale, was enabled to build "Sunset" or "Moonshine Cottage"—call it as you will—for either name is logical and appropriate enough.

From the foregoing pages it will be seen that Nature has done much for Harper's Ferry and that industry and art improved its natural advantages, until the frenzy of war was permitted to mar the beneficent designs of Providence, and the labors of three quarters of a century. It will soon appear as if Heaven, in its anger at the folly and ingratitude of man, had marked the place for total destruction when, in addition to the ravages of war, the power of the elements was invoked to overwhelm the town, as will be seen in the following account of the great flood of 1870:

In closing the eventful history of Harper's Ferry we must not omit the greatest, perhaps, of the series of calamities which, commencing on the day of John Brown's raid, culminated in the destruction of the most flourishing part of the town by a great flood in the Shenandoah on Friday, September 30th, and Saturday, October 1st, 1870. On the Tuesday be-

fore the inundation it rained heavily at intervals, as also, on Wednesday, Thursday and the morning of Friday. No extraordinary rise of either river was anticipated, however, as from the long drought of the previous months, the streams were greatly reduced and the most that was anticipated was a moderate increase in the volume of water, such as is usual in equinoctial storms. On Friday morning, however, many persons noticed the rapidity with which the Shenandoah rose, and something in the fierce dash of its tawny waves against the rocks near its mouth attracted unusual attention. All that day this river rose very fast, and about 4 o'clock, p. m., its banks were crowded with people watching the furious rush of the water and the drift which, in great quantities and of a miscellaneous character, was tossed on its angry waves. About this time a vague rumor was circulated that a telegraphic dispatch had arrived from Front Royal, about fifty miles farther up the Shenandoah—on the south fork—stating that a water spout had burst on the Blue Ridge at a point still farther up the valley, that a deluge was pouring down and that the people of Harper's Ferry, especially, were in imminent peril. While people were yet speculating on the probability of the truth of this report and, before the lapse of half an hour from the time of the arrival of the dispatch, several citizens came rushing from the Island of Virginius, who stated that they had had just time enough to escape to the main land before the bridges connecting it with the island were swept away, and that many people were left behind whose houses were already partially submerged. Even then, few people in the lower part of the town could realize this state of affairs, but before many minutes a column of water rushed along the streets and around the houses, which immediately convinced

everyone that saw it of the dreadful truth. Of this body of water marvelous accounts are given. It is said that it rose at the rate of six feet in four minutes and, although it is probable that the terrors of the people exaggerated the swell of the waters, the fact that this extraordinary tale was readily believed will give an idea of the reality. Up to 8 o'clock, p. m., however, it was hoped that all who had not escaped from their houses on Virginus and Overton's islands and on Shenandoah street would be safe, and that the inconvenience of being separated from their friends for a few hours and that of cleaning up for some days after, would be the extent of the damage. Between 8 and 9 o'clock, however, the water had risen to such a height as to cause serious apprehension for the safety of the families so cut off, and the extraordinary rapidity and fury of the river made it impossible for their more fortunate friends to render them the smallest assistance. About this time an excited crowd had gathered at the foot of Union street, watching with intense anxiety for the fate of some families on Overton's island, directly opposite, and about sixty yards distant. Between them and the island rushed an impetuous torrent to attempt to cross which, in a boat, would be madness and the distance was too great to allow a rope of sufficient strength to be thrown to the assistance of the helpless people. The scene was truly terrible. The screams of men, women and children in imminent peril of drowning or being crushed by falling houses, and the sympathetic cries and sobs of the pitying spectators were partially lost in the thunders of the furious tide and the spectral light of a young moon wading through heavy masses of cloud gave a weird coloring to the fearful picture, which added greatly to its horrors. Five families resided on this island. One house, a large brick building, was

rented and occupied by Mr. Sidney Murphy. A small frame tenement was occupied by the widow Overton, her daughter, the widow Mills—and a young child of the latter. Samuel Hoff and his wife lived in a third house, James Shipe and his wife in a fourth and Jerry Harris, a very worthy old colored man, with his wife, daughter and two grandchildren, in a fifth. Mr. Murphy and his family, as well as Mrs. Hoff, had fortunately taken alarm at an early hour in the evening and escaped a few minutes before the destruction of the foot bridge on which they had passed over. This being light and not firmly secured to the bank on either side, was soon swept away by the rising waters. The other residents, thinking, no doubt, that, as their houses had stood many assaults from the river in former floods, they might venture to remain, unhappily concluded to take chances. About 9 o'clock a crash from a falling house was heard and piteous appeals from a drowning man for aid rose above the noise of the waters and were conveyed to the ears of the spectators on the main land. It appeared as if he had been washed from the falling house and had drifted to a tree some yards below, to which he was clinging with the proverbial tenacity of a drowning man's grip. This was supposed to be Samuel Hoff. James Shipe, who escaped almost miraculously, afterwards explained the situation, and the surmises of the people proved to be correct, as it was Hoff who, carried from his own door by the current, grasped a small tree and appealed for assistance. Of course, no aid could be given to him, and the poor fellow's voice was soon hushed in death. Shipe said that his own house was the first to give way and that before its collapse he stripped and prepared for swimming. He then put an arm 'round his wife and as the house fell in he jumped with her into the river. Opposite to his



house was a water station of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, and as this was the most substantial building near him, he swam towards it and endeavored to clutch the wall with one hand while the other was supporting his wife. Several times he caught some projection of the building, but as often was beaten off by the powerful waves that surged around it. At length, his wife requested of him to let her go and to save himself, saying that she was prepared to die, but that he was not. He would not consent, but a large and furious wave soon decided the loving controversy by lifting them up and dashing them against something, thereby loosening his hold on her, when she immediately sank and disappeared forever from his view. A covered bridge of the railroad which had been washed away a few minutes before and had lodged on some obstruction, now presented itself to him and held out some hope of safety. He was drifting rapidly and, although the water was cold, he had not much difficulty in reaching the bridge. When he gained it, however, he found the water so rapid that it was impossible for him to retain any hold on the sides. He tried to get on top of the roof, but he was caught in the current which rushed through the bridge and which he was unable to resist. Onward, he was hurried and in his passage he was dreadfully lacerated by nails and salient angles of the timbers, besides being stunned and confused to such a degree that he could not get a hold on the wreck, but drifted below it. Of course, there was no hope of returning against the tide, and he swam for the lower island. Here he succeeded in clutching a tree that grew near the house of a man named Hood. He succeeded in climbing into the forks of the tree and, for the first time since his immersion, a strong ray of hope was presented to him. The house was not many feet

from the tree and he succeeded in jumping to a window. He found no one in the house, the family having abandoned it early in the evening. The water had reached the second story and the house was tottering. Fearing that he would be crushed by the falling building he returned to the tree just as the house gave way and fell into the seething flood. He then swam to another house in which he found a pair of pantaloons—the only article of clothing he had to protect him from the cold, which he now felt to be benumbing. He was rescued late on Saturday evening, when the water had partially subsided, and it will be readily believed that by this time his condition was pitiable. This is his account and, certainly, at least, a *part* of it is true, as his story is corroborated in many particulars by the testimony of others who saw him at various stages of his strange adventure. After the disappearance of Hoff great excitement was noticed in the houses of Mrs. Overton and Mr. Murphy, into the latter of which it appears that Jerry Harris and his family had rushed from their own as to a place of greater safety. Lights were seen carried rapidly from place to place at Mrs. Overton's, and, from Mr. Murphy's the sound of Harris' voice was heard apparently in earnest appeal to Heaven for assistance. A light was seen for an instant on Mrs. Overton's porch, and, but for an instant, when it disappeared and the porch was seen to drift with the current. It is supposed that either Mrs. Overton or Mrs. Mills had taken the light to see how the water stood around the house, and that just as she stepped on the porch it was torn loose and she was overturned into the water. Thus was the sudden disappearance of the light accounted for by the spectators. In a minute—or two the building was heard to fall with a crash and none of the occupants was seen again or, if the

bodies were found, it was by strangers on the lower Potomac, who knew not whose remains they were. In a short time Murphy's house also disappeared and with it Harris and his family, making a total of ten deaths in this one group of buildings.

In the meantime, the greatest consternation prevailed in the lower part of the town. Many families that had remained in their houses on Shenandoah street, expecting every moment the flood to attain its greatest height and then subside as suddenly as it had risen, finding that it increased with great rapidity and persistency, made efforts to escape about 7 o'clock, p. m. A family named Kane living between the Winchester and Potomac railroad and the Shenandoah river were rescued with great difficulty by passing a basket to them on a rope thrown across the abyss and transporting them, one by one, to dry land in this novel aerial carriage. Charles King, at one time proprietor of the Shenandoah House, a man of great physical strength and activity as well as courage, directed the operations of the rescuing party and, in several other instances, rendered valuable assistance in saving life and property. The Widow Furtney and family, living at the upper end of Shenandoah street, were rescued in the same manner as were the Kanes, and, in the latter case, the Reverend Daniel Ames, another citizen, exhibited a great deal of courage and tact.

Mr. William B. Fitzpatrick, supervisor of track on the Winchester and Potomac railroad, while attending to his duties some hours before, near Strasburg, Virginia, learned that the river was swelling to an unusual height and, fearing for the safety of his family at Harper's Ferry, he hastened home on his engine and had just crossed the bridges on the islands when they were swept away. As the engine proceeded along the trestling through Harper's

Ferry, the track swayed in such a manner that it was with the utmost difficulty the engineer could direct his course and, just as they left the trestling and landed on terra firma at the market house, the up-rights that supported the track above the solid ground gave way before the force of the waters, and at the same time, the houses from which the Kane and Furtney families had been saved, as well as others from which the inmates had fled or had been rescued, fell with a horrible crash, and so completely were they demolished that in some cases there was a doubt afterwards as to their exact site, the very foundations having disappeared. Mr. Fitzpatrick found it impossible to reach his family, but having climbed the hill on which the Catholic church is built and descend it on the other side to the water's edge, he stood opposite his house and called to his wife inquiring how it fared with her and their children. She replied that the house was giving way—that the walls were cracking and that she expected to be swept away at any moment, but at the same time she appeared to be more concerned for the safety of her aged and feeble mother, who was at the time lying sick in bed in the house, than for her own. Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a man of the most acute sensibility, and who was thoroughly devoted to his family, became completely frantic, offering all that he possessed to any one who would venture to help him across the raging torrent to their aid. The utmost sympathy was felt for him, but nothing could be done to assist him in a rescue. The poor fellow sat all night on a rock opposite his house and, between the paroxysms of his grief, sent words of encouragement across to his dear ones. The behavior of Mrs. Fitzpatrick under the circumstances was very remarkable. She evinced the most extraordinary coolness and cour-

age and was heard to express her willingness to abide by the decrees of Providence, manifesting a composure in the face of death, which could arise only from a consciousness of her having lived a good life and from a well founded hope of happiness hereafter.

Interminable appeared that autumn night to the anxious watchers in the town and few, even of those who had nothing at stake, thought of sleep. At length the dawn appeared and, from marks left by the water it was seen that the river had fallen a few inches. Joyful news this was to all, but people of experience in such matters were far from being relieved from all anxiety, as it is well known that the turn of a flood is the most critical time for a building that has been exposed to the action of the current. As soon as it was clear daylight the attention of many people was directed to the house of Mr. Samuel Williams—the same gentleman that was taken prisoner by John Brown's men at the rifle factory—situated on the very bank of the river, near the ferry crossing to Loudoun, in which it was known that not only the Williams family but those of Messrs. John Greaves and James Anderson were imprisoned. The last two resided in small buildings near the house of Mr. Williams and they and their families had had barely time to escape to his more substantial residence, when their own houses were swept away. As soon as there was light enough the endangered people were seen crowding to the windows and gesticulating wildly, but their voices were lost in the roar of the rushing waters and the reason for their great excitement at this particular time was not fully understood until they were rescued in the afternoon, as will be narrated hereafter. At that moment nearly the whole side of the house fronting the river fell in, and very naturally caused the hap-



less prisoners to give up all hope. Of course, nothing could be done for them then, as the water had fallen but a few inches, and, as the other people in the town were not aware of the catastrophe to the river side of the house, there was not as much anxiety felt for them as their situation really demanded. Besides, two trees that grew near the end of the house, looking up stream, had gathered a vast pile of drift, and the sleepers and other timbers of the railroad that had been wrecked on the previous evening, still connected by the rails, had swung about and surrounded the house, collecting a great deal of miscellaneous rubbish which broke the force of the current and materially protected the building. Still great uneasiness was felt and hundreds of eyes eagerly watched the watermark, but for many hours there was but little fall and, indeed, it was 4 o'clock, p. m., on Saturday before there was any marked diminution in the volume of water.

About 10 o'clock, a. m., on Saturday, the crowd of spectators that covered the hill near Jefferson's Rock, heard a crash on Virginus Island and soon it was known that the noise was caused by the falling in of a portion of the building occupied by Mr. John Wernwag as a dwelling and a machine shop. Mr. Wernwag was the same that has been noticed in this book as a man of great mechanical genius, but very retiring habits. He resided alone in this house and, surrounded by strange tools and devices of his own planning and construction, and entirely devoted to those creatures of his brain and hand, he lived in a world of his own, voluntarily cut off from association with his kind. In a few minutes the sound was repeated, when the remainder of the building crumbled and fell into the tide. The roof floated down the stream, but at first nothing was seen of Mr. Wernwag himself. Many a loud and earnest prayer

was sent to Heaven from the throng of spectators for the soul of the poor recluse and the hoarse murmur of many voices in supplication, mingled with hysterical screams from women and the more sensitive of the other sex, the wild rush of the river and all the awful surroundings presented a combination of horrors happily of rare occurrence. Two large trees grew on the river bank about a hundred yards below the island, and, as the roof floated down the stream, it fortunately dashed against one of them and was broken in two. Through the space made between the portions of the roof Wernwag's head was seen to emerge from the water and soon the brave old man had succeeded in climbing nimbly to one of the pieces. He had sunk under the roof and would have been suffocated in a few minutes had not the tree broken the incubus that was preventing him from making any exertion to save himself by swimming. As he secured his seat on the fragment he was seen to motion with his hand as if bidding adieu to his life-long friends. It is probable that he merely wiped his brow and put back his dripping hair, but the belief got abroad that he had motioned a farewell and the excitement of the people was greatly intensified. Past the town he was hurried by the remorseless flood, until he was lost to sight amid the waves of "the Bull Ring," a rocky ledge that runs across the Potomac a little below the mouth of the Shenandoah. Over this barrier in time of high water, the waves of the united rivers plunge with a fury equalled only by the ocean tides bursting on an iron-bound coast, and the most sanguine of those who took heart on seeing Mr. Wernwag emerge from under the incubus and climb to the fragment of roof, now gave up all hope of him, but in an hour or two a report reached Harper's Ferry that he had been rescued at Berlin—now Brunswick

—about six miles below. After a little more time the news was confirmed, qualified, however, by the intelligence that he was likely to die from the effects of the exposure. Shortly after, another rumor was spread that he had died, but, about 8 o'clock, p. m., the old hero made his appearance in the flesh, having been rescued, sure enough, and having revived from a fainting fit into which he had dropped on being landed from his perilous voyage. He had waited at Berlin for the passenger train due at Harper's Ferry at the above hour, and having taken passage on it he was restored to his anxious friends. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm and conveyed by an exultant crowd to the residence of his niece, Mrs. Julia Johnson. It was the seventy-sixth anniversary of Mr. Wernwag's birthday and, taking into account his age, as well as the circumstances of the adventure itself, it is one of the most extraordinary instances on record of providential preservation from what appeared to be inevitable destruction.

Soon after Mr. Wernwag's hasty passage down the river, a ludicrous mistake was near causing trouble between some of his friends. At that time there lived at Harper's Ferry two men of hasty tempers, but of generous impulses—one an Englishman and the other an Irishman. They were inseparable companions and proverbial for their attachment to one another. Both were great admirers of Mr. Wernwag and with moist eyes they both stood close together on the river bank, when their old friend was swept off to his death, as all supposed. Mr. Wernwag had an only son who was named Edward. The young man happened to be away from the place at the time, which was a great aggravation of the calamity supposed to have been consummated. The boy's acquaintances used to call him "Wernwag's Ed" and

this familiar appellation was the cause of a misunderstanding, which was near ending in a fist-fight, between the friends referred to. About the time when the old man reached the "Bull Ring" the Englishman turned to his Irish friend and asked him where he thought Wernwag's Hed could be found—of course meaning the boy. As usual with his countrymen, he used the aspirate "H" before the vowel. The Irishman understanding the inquiry to refer to the poor old gentleman's cranium, and thinking that the question savored of untimely levity, replied that he supposed it would be found with the rest of the body, and he added some comments to show his opinion of his friend's heartlessness. The Briton feeling innocent of any wrong, and being a man of pluck, put in a sharp rejoinder which was met by another from the peppery Irishman. The quarrel was intensified by the laughter of the bystanders who took in the situation accurately. The interference of friends alone prevented a set-to and the belligerents were alienated from one another for many weeks after. The matter dropped when the mistake was explained and they became fully reconciled.

About 4 o'clock, p. m., on Saturday, Mr. Williams and his fellow prisoners were rescued by the same process that was used in saving the Kane and Furtney families. Great difficulty was experienced in passing to them a rope, as the distance was very great from the house of Mr. Matthew Quinn, the nearest available point from which to operate, but through the ingenuity of a Mr. Crosby, of Ashtabula county, Ohio, who was temporarily residing at the place, constructing agricultural machines, a rope was cast after many trials to Williams' house and the inmates were taken out, one by one, in a basket. Charles King, before mentioned, was very active on this occasion, as was also the Reverend Daniel Ames,

who on the previous evening had distinguished himself in rescuing the Fürtney family. Mr. Ames ventured across in the basket on its first trip to Williams' house, remained there encouraging the women and children and securing the passengers with ropes in their frail and unsteady carriage, and was the last to leave the tottering building. When he arrived back he was received with rounds of applause from the spectators, and the surrounding hills echoed with the cheers sent up for this brave and self-sacrificing man. Mr. Ames was a man of very mild and unassuming manners and the great courage manifested by him on this terrible occasion was a matter of surprise to many who regarded bluster as the only indication of bravery. Too much credit cannot be given to him or Mr. King for their conduct at this time. They were both New Englanders who came to reside at Harper's Ferry during the war, where their upright and courteous behavior had gained for them many friends long before this trying period, and where their heroic courage on this occasion covered them with glory. Mr. Ames, as before stated, is now dead, but Mr. King moved to New Haven, Connecticut, many years ago and his subsequent career is unknown to us.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick and family were rescued on Saturday about 9 o'clock, a. m., by some young men who floated to their house on pieces of drift and succeeded in bridging the gulf between the Fitzpatrick house and that of Mr. Matthew Quinn. They did so by stopping and securing in some way floating fragments of timber—enough to allow of walking from the one house to the other.

Early on Saturday morning a colored woman was found clinging to a tree near the site of her house on Shenandoah street. She hung by the hands to the tree, the water being too deep to allow her to touch



bottom. Back and forward she swayed with the current that eddied round the ruins of her house, but she held on with a death grip. A youth named William Gallaher went in a skiff to her rescue and, with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in saving her life. At that time there was no injunction on the name of Gallaher to "let her go," and, if there had been ten thousand orders to that effect, Will was not the boy to obey any command that militated against humanity. He was one of the author's pupils in school, when the writer wielded the birch and this notice of the gallant boy is given with a great deal of pleasure by his old taskmaster. Mr. Gallaher died lately in Cumberland, Maryland. The woman told an almost incredible tale; that she had thus hung on all night; that her cabin had been washed away about 8 o'clock, p. m., and that her daughter had been drowned, but that she had caught the tree and had retained her hold till morning. It is probable that at first she got into the forks of the tree and there remained 'till within a short time of her discovery, when she fell into the water from exhaustion but, yet, retaining the instinct of self-preservation, had clutched the tree and held on with the grip of a drowning person until she was rescued.

Messrs. Child, McCreight and Hathaway, of the mill firm, as well as many others living on the island of Virginus, had not yet been heard from, when Mr. Williams and his companions were saved. These gentlemen and the Reverend Dr. Dutton of the Presbyterian congregation who, also, resided on that island, were among the very best and most respected citizens of the place. Their houses could be seen yet standing, but, as the island was entirely submerged, it was plain that each family was isolated and that no communication could easily be held from one to another in case of special emergency, and it

was feared that some casualties might have occurred which, as in the case of the river front of Mr. Williams' house, could not be perceived from the shore. Each family had its own adventures and experiences to relate afterwards. All the houses on the island, except that occupied by Mr. Child, were badly injured and the lives of the inmates hung by a hair. The Reverend Dr. Dutton was severely wounded by a brick that fell on his head from a partition in his house which tumbled down suddenly while he was standing near it. He was stunned and for a while rendered entirely helpless and unconscious. He and his wife lived alone and, as there was no one to render her assistance, Mrs. Dutton, as soon as her husband had partially recovered, contrived to communicate with a neighbor who threw her a rope by means of which, strongly bound by her delicate hands around her husband, he was dragged through the water across to the neighbor's house, where his wound was dressed and his wants supplied. The venerable sufferer lay for a long time sick from the effects of his injuries and the excitement and exposure of the occasion. He recovered, however, and for some years after continued to serve his divine Master with his accustomed zeal and devotion. He with Messrs. Child, McCreight and Williams is now dead, and the survivors of their families are scattered far and wide. Soon after the flood Mr. Hathaway, connected with the firm of Child and McCreight and also a resident of the island, returned to his old home in Ohio.

About 7 o'clock on Saturday evening the water had subsided enough to allow communication by boat with the Island of Virginus, and Harper's Ferry was left to present an indescribable appearance of ruin, desolation and filth. The very streets were in many places ploughed up, as it were, and chasms

many feet in depth were made in the road bed. Every house on the south side of the street, from the market house to the Island of Virginius was either entirely destroyed or badly injured, except that of Mr. Matthew Quinn, which was saved by the accident of the falling of some heavily laden house-cars with the railroad trestling, into the street near it and their lodging against it, which broke and diverted the force of the current. Some seventy houses in all were either entirely demolished or rendered uninhabitable and, as before stated, in many instances, the very foundations were obliterated. All imaginable floating things were represented in the huge piles of debris heaped up at corners or wherever the torrent met a check. Trees nearly two feet in diameter were to be encountered frequently, lodged in the streets and the vast amount of rails, plank and various kinds of timber gathered up for use, formed a very important item of fuel for the citizens during the severe winter that followed. Sadder than all, some forty-two lives were lost. Three families named Bateman, numbering over twenty souls, disappeared, with a large brick building at Shenandoah City—a suburb—into which they had fled from their own houses for greater protection. Of these families only one body was recovered for interment. The Batemans were humble, hard-working people, supposed to have in their veins the blood of the Indians that in former times possessed the land, tintured with that of the African, but they were a good deal respected for their industry and unobtrusive manners. It has been related before that ten were lost on Overton's island. Mrs. Margaret Carrol, widow of Eli Carroll, formerly proprietor of the Wager house—afterwards called Fouke's hotel—and, at one time owner of "Hannah" who saved the author's life at the Brown raid, was drowned at the boarding

house of Mrs. Nancy Evans on Virginius island. She was very old and feeble and, when the family were retreating from the house on Friday evening, they tried to induce her to accompany them, but in vain. Either not considering the flood dangerous or being from age and infirmities, apathetic about the result, she refused to leave the house and there was no time to be lost in arguing the case with her, as the other inmates had barely a few minutes in which to make their own escape. Soon after the house was swept away and with it, of course, the hapless old lady. Strangely enough, her body was found some weeks afterwards about thirty miles down the Potomac, near the mouth of the Seneca creek, and within a few paces of the residence of one of her relations. The corpse was recognized by means of a ring with Mrs. Carrols' name engraved on it which was on one of the fingers, and the remains were forwarded to Harper's Ferry for interment. Several persons were drowned whose names cannot be gathered now, and, indeed, it is probable that the loss of life was much more extensive than is generally supposed, as it is known that the upper islands are always occupied by stragglers and obscure people, of whom little note is taken in the neighborhood, and the chances are that many of such temporary residents were lost of whom no account was given and about whom no questions were asked.

A remarkable occurrence took place in connection with this flood which, though, of course, accidental, was a very strange coincidence. The Reverend N. C. Brackett, county superintendent of free schools, had convened the teachers' association and had secured the services of Professor Kidd, a well known itinerant lecturer on elocution, to give instruction to them on this important branch of education. On Friday evening, before any apprehension was felt

from the river, he was holding forth in the public school house, on Shenandoah street. He remarked on the faulty construction of school houses in general through that region as being a serious drawback on the comfort and advancement of pupils, and he turned the attention of his audience to the building in which they were, as being about the worst-planned of any he had seen. Warming with his subject, he expressed a wish that some convulsion of the elements would take place for the special purpose of destroying this house, so that another might be erected on a better plan. This wish, thoughtlessly or playfully uttered, was, strangely enough, gratified that very night. The river rose beyond all usual bounds and, before 9 o'clock, not a vestige of the obnoxious school house remained. Professor Kidd, with his own eyes, witnessed the consummation of his desires, but whether Heaven was moved by the Professor's eloquence or the thing would have happened anyway, is a question which the writer will not undertake to decide.

Another strange occurrence used to be related by the late Mr. Edmond H. Chambers, one of the oldest and most respectable citizens of the place. Mr. Chambers was a class leader in the Methodist Episcopal church, and Mrs. Overton, whose tragic death in the flood has been narrated, was a member of his class. On the Sunday before the awful visitation, she attended the class meeting and seemed to be excited to a high degree during the exercises. Her unusual demeanor was noticed by all present, and it could not be accounted for, as she was not generally very demonstrative in her devotions. She went 'round among the members of the class and shook hands with them all, bidding them farewell and saying that, in all probability, she would never again meet them on this side of the grave. Her words



were prophetic for, sure enough, on Friday night of the same week, she passed "the bourne from which no traveler returns." Who can tell what message she may have received from that mysterious world towards which we are all traveling—that her weary pilgrimage on earth was nearing its end and that in a few days she would rejoin the loved ones who had gone before her. It is useless for the most practical and so called hard-headed of the world to deny that many such presentiments are felt, and that events often prove their correctness. When people of nervous and susceptible natures take up the belief that they are doomed to a speedy demise, it may be said with plausibility, that their imaginations contribute to bring on some disease to fulfill the prophecy, but when the catastrophe occurs through accident or any means that did not or could not before affect the mental or bodily health of the subject, we are bound to confess the probability of some communication between the incarnate spirit and one of clearer vision and superior knowledge. But, patience! We will know more about it some day, perhaps.

On Sunday, October 2nd, a meeting of the citizens was convened to adopt measures for the relief of the sufferers and a subscription list was immediately opened. All the people of the place who could afford to do so, subscribed to the fund and, soon, meetings were held at Charlestown and other places and large contributions of money, food, raiment and fuel poured in from the neighboring country and many cities of other states, so that in a few days provision was made for the support of the destitute sufferers during the coming winter, and a committee composed of the most prominent of the citizens regulated the distribution of the funds, &c., subscribed by the charitable all over the country. Those whose houses were

destroyed or badly injured were kindly entertained by their more fortunate neighbors until arrangements could be made for rebuilding or repairing their own homes, and the sympathy evinced toward those luckless people by their fellow citizens and kind hearted people in other places was creditable to our common humanity. Had not the flood been confined to the Shenandoah and, had the Potomac risen like its tributary, it is impossible to imagine the amount of damage that would have been done. The rivers, it is true, would have checked one another and lessened each other's current, but the water would have covered the whole peninsula and that part at least of the beautiful Shenandoah Valley would have been for a time what antiquarians and geologists assert it formerly was—the bed of a considerable sea.

It may be well to dissipate the gloom which it is probable the reader feels after perusing this chapter of human suffering, and to give a cheerful finale to a history more than sufficiently melancholy. It is, therefore, proposed that the author relate a joke on himself in connection with the great flood and tell

“How he was ‘sold.’ ”

If his book will meet with half as successful a “sell” as he met with the writer will be perfectly satisfied. Immediately after the flood there was a great demand among newspaper men for accounts of it from eye witnesses, and the author “spread himself” as the saying is, in the columns of a “daily” in a neighboring city. The main facts given in these pages were narrated and some which the writer afterwards had good reason to believe were apocryphal. There resides in Pleasant Valley, Maryland, a jolly farmer and shrewd business man, whose name it is not necessary to mention. He is much respected for many

good qualities of head and heart, and his company is much sought and enjoyed by lovers of fun, for he is always ready to give and take a good joke. Hearing that the author was collecting items for an extensive account of the inundation, our wag determined to contribute his share of experiences, and he related to the writer how, on the Saturday of the flood, he had rescued, near his place, from the river, a colored woman who had floated down stream, on the roof of a house, from Page county, Virginia, fully seventy miles. He represented her as being a very large woman, so big, indeed, that it was wonderful that the roof could float and carry her weight. He also mentioned that when rescued she was composedly smoking a short pipe. The historian who, like all men of great genius, is remarkable for a child-like simplicity and an unsuspecting nature, eagerly noted the remarkable voyage and the singular incident of the pipe smoking, and next day the newspaper above referred to whose editor, too, must have been a man of genius, came out with the report—pipe story and all—and not until a skeptical friend of the correspondent, and one who is of an investigating turn of mind, ventured to ask how the woman got fire to light her pipe, did the possibility of his being deceived occur to the writer. In defense of his narrative and of his feelings, the author suggested that she might have had matches on her person, but as the chances were overwhelmingly against the probability of there being any thing dry about her, he was obliged to "confess the corn," as the phrase goes, and admit that he had been duped. It was some consolation, however, to reflect that the shrewd newspaper man had shared the same fate at the hands of the Pleasant Valley Munchausen. The latter further related that the woman was staying at his house, recruiting after her voyage and, this getting abroad, many contributions

of money and creature comforts came pouring into his care, for the relief of his protege. There is a town not far from his house, the inhabitants of which were Abolitionists before the war, and are Republicans now. On hearing of the sad condition of the mythical black woman and her miraculous escape, the citizens of that place assembled in town meeting and subscribed liberally for her benefit. They were, however, and are very cautious, prudent people and they determined to send a committee to inquire into the matter before remitting. Our friend was equal to the occasion and, when the committee arrived at his house, he showed them a strapping black woman who had been for many years in his family, and pointed to her as a living witness to the truth of his story. As the committee were not acquainted with his domestics, they felt perfectly satisfied and, on their return home, they reported favorably of the affair, and the funds were sent. All he received for the use of the black myth, Munchausen immediately transferred to the Harper's Ferry relief association and the money and the joke contributed to the comfort and merriment of the real sufferers.

On the 25th of November, 1877, there was a big and disastrous flood in the Potomac, caused by heavy rains in the valleys of both branches of that river. There was no corresponding rise in the Shenandoah, however, as the rains did not extend to any great degree to the regions drained by the latter. Harper's Ferry did not suffer much from this flood, except that the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, with which its interests are to some degree identified, was almost entirely demolished. That important channel of business has never fully recovered from the loss it sustained on that occasion, and, of course, the whole country bordering on it has been more or less af-

fectured by the depressed condition of that useful thoroughfare.

On the last day of May, 1889, both rivers rose to an unprecedented height, but as the currents acted as mutual checks on one another, there was comparatively little damage done to property at the place, except from the filthy deposits left by the waters. This was the day of the famous Johnstown disaster and, while the people of that place were being hurried to destruction, the author of these pages was enjoying a swim in the basement of his own house at Harper's Ferry—not "Moonshine Cottage," however—the site of which will never be inundated until the gap in the Blue Ridge is stopped up in some convulsion of Nature that will topple over the Maryland and Loudoun Heights. He and his had retreated to the upper part of the house, as soon as the lower floor was flooded, but having forgotten to secure some important papers which he usually kept in the apartment now under water, he was obliged to strip and strike out to their rescue.

Great as were the hopes excited by the sale of the government property in November, 1869, and the promise of a renewal of business activity, it soon appeared that those expectations were illusory. Captain Adams and others interested in the purchase became incorporated under the title of "The Harper's Ferry Manufacturing and Water Power Company" and the captain more than hinted that Senator Sprague and other wealthy manufacturers of the north were concerned as partners in the new firm. On one occasion, soon after the purchase, a telegraphic dispatch from Captain Adams reached the place stating that Senator Sprague would visit the town on a particular day and address the people on "The Future of Harper's Ferry." This looked like business and hand-bills were immediately struck off



and circulated through the surrounding country, inviting all to assist the citizens of the place in showing honor to the great man. A committee was appointed to present him with an elaborate address, and preparations were made to receive him in a manner suitable to the occasion. On the appointed day, however, the senator was "non est" and it is said that he afterwards expressed great astonishment and indignation at the unauthorized use of his name in the business. Then, indeed, for the first time, did the people of Harper's Ferry begin to suspect a fraud of some kind and future developments went to confirm their unpleasant surmises. Though Captain Adams hired a watchman to take care of the property, and he himself continued to visit the place at intervals, it soon became apparent that his company were in no hurry to begin manufactures or the preparations for them. After the flood of 1870 some influence was brought to bear on the government to delay the collection of the first installment of the purchase money, and a bill was introduced into Congress to extend the time for payment to five years. The grounds for this stay of collection and the bill were the damage done by the high water to a considerable part of the property purchased, and the great distress caused to the whole place by that calamity. About the same time it became known that a claim was set up by Captain Adams and his firm against the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company for possession of the ground over which the road passes between Harper's Ferry and Peacher's Mill. The railroad company had, many years before, got the right of way through the armory grounds from the government on certain conditions, and no one dreamed of their being disturbed about it until the thought struck some Washington City speculators that there was something to be made off the road by the purchase of the armory

property and the institution of a suit of ejectment. In this way the people of Harper's Ferry were sacrificed to the greed of a set of heartless speculators, and the injury was aggravated by the absolute certainty that if Captain Adams had not made his ill-omened appearance on the day of the sale the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company would have purchased the property and erected on it a rolling mill.

The courts were now appealed to, but a recital of the many suits and counter-suits between the government, the railroad company and the Adams company would be uninteresting and tiresome. The latter first tried to eject the railroad company and, failing in this, and finding that, as they never intended to establish manufacturing at the place, their enterprise was futile, they tried to return the property into the hands of the government on the pretense that they could not get possession of all they had bargained for. After a great deal of litigation the government, no doubt, thinking that the game was not worth the candle, as the saying is, finally cried "quits" and received back the property, without enforcing any pecuniary claim arising from the sale. All this time the people of Harper's Ferry were suffering from hope deferred and truly sick were their hearts. The magnificent water power was lying idle, as far as any general utilization of it was concerned, and so matters rested until the year 1886, when the property was purchased by Savery and Company, of Wilmington, Delaware, who, in the spring of 1887, proceeded to render the water power available for the purposes of pulp mills. These gentlemen encountered many difficulties arising from the indefinite wording of old deeds made to the government at various times and the conflicting claims of various property holders at the place. Their most serious difficulty was with the firm of Child, McCreight and

Company, or rather with a new firm composed of some members of the original one and others taken from time to time into the company. In the summer of 1887 the United States Court at Parkersburg, West Virginia, decided in favor of Savery and Company, standing on the rights supposed to have been enjoyed by the government when the sale was made to these gentlemen. In the meantime, a pulp mill was erected on the Shenandoah, and, in some time after another on the Potomac. Savery and Company experienced difficulties with the Chesapeake and Ohio canal company also. The State of Maryland has always laid claim to jurisdiction over the Potomac, as far as the ordinary water mark on the Virginia shore and, as in times of drought, the volume of water in that river is but little more than is required for the supply of the canal, the State of Maryland, which owns a large interest in that work, when appealed to by the canal company, used all its power to hinder the water from being diverted to other industries than that of the canal which is under their direct patronage and protection. The author is not advised as to the result of this controversy, but both the pulp mills are in operation and that on the Potomac—the one to be affected by any victory for the canal company—is worked at present without any apparent interruption. The new firm—Savery and Company—are evidently good business men, and it would appear as if they had come to stay, and give a start to a new Harper's Ferry. It is, perhaps, a good sign of their business qualifications that they are not bothered with sentiment as is shown in their sale of John Brown's fort. Everybody at the place wishes them well and hopes that they realized a good price for this interesting relic, but many regret that they did not retain it, as age but added to its value to the owners and, indeed, to the whole town, for many a tourist

has tarried a day at the place expressly to get a good sight of it, and the older it grew, the more interest was attached to it.

When the author of this book had about finished his labors, he became aware of something very interesting in connection with the site of Harper's Ferry. Had he known it when he began, he certainly would have given his readers the benefit of it at the very start, for there it belongs as, if it happened at all, it occurred away back in the misty ages of history or, at least, of Christianity. It is true that he could have remodeled his manuscript and penned it over again, but, as the Fatalists say, "what is written is written" and the undoing of what has been done might bring bad luck to him by putting him in conflict with Fate, besides imposing much labor on him for nothing, perhaps. From his earliest years the writer has been familiar with the legend of Saint Brandan or Borandan, a pious though enterprising Irish monk of the 6th century, who embarked, it is said, on the Atlantic in quest of the "Isles of Paradise," as they were called. At that time and, indeed, at a much later period, there was a firm belief that there was, at least, one island of exquisite beauty in the western Ocean, which appeared at intervals, but always eluded those who tried to take possession of it. There is reason to believe that some vision of the kind, the effect of mirage was sometimes presented to the unsophisticated sailors and fishermen of the olden time and as in those days science had scarcely been born, it is no wonder that a belief in the actual existence of this land was firmly fixed in the minds of a people imaginative and poetic as the Irish, ancient or modern. Be this as it may, there is a well authenticated tradition of the voyage of Saint Brandan in quest of this evanescent land, and manuscripts of hoary antiquity preserved in monasteries until the Reformation, and,

since, in old families that trace their lineage even to the times of the Druids, corroborate the oral tradition. Grave historians of late times give respectful mention to the voyage of Saint Brandan and many prefer a claim to his having been the first European discoverer of America. Some time this winter—1901-1902—the author saw in some newspaper a statement purporting to be from some correspondent in Great Britain or Ireland, that a manuscript had been discovered a little before, giving a circumstantial account of this voyage—of the discovery by Brandan of a land of apparently great extent and surpassing beauty—of the entrance by the voyagers into a large bay, their ascent of a wide river that emptied into it, and their final resting at the mouth of another river in a chasm of awful sublimity. The correspondent concludes that Saint Brandan had discovered America—that the bay was the Cheasapeake and that the river ascended was the Potomac. If we grant all this, we may conclude, as the correspondent does, that the Saint rested at the mouth of the Shenandoah, on the site of Harper's Ferry. As before noted, there appears to be little doubt of the voyage or of the discovery of *some* land by Brandan, for the most cautious writers of even the present day refuse to treat the story with contempt, but whether we can confidently follow him all the way from Ireland to our very door at Harper's Ferry or not, is a matter for some consideration and future developments. There is not a man in that town who does not wish the tale to be true, for, besides the poetry of the matter, it would be a feather in the cap of Harper's Ferry that it was presumably under the protection of a saint and an Irish one at that. An Irishman, in the flesh, does not stand on trifles when the interests of his friends are at stake and, when he is translated to Heaven and invested with the dignity of a saint.



he may be relied on to put in some heavy licks for any cause or person he loved while on earth. If the tale of the correspondent is true in every respect, Harper's Ferry may be regarded as Saint Brandan's own child—the heir to his fame on earth and the best entitled to all the influence which he may command in Heaven. We must not inquire too closely as to how he got past "The Great Falls" or what induced him to undertake the great labor of the portage.

Within a few years the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company have made great changes at Harper's Ferry, enough to alter its appearance very materially. In the summer of 1892 they commenced the cutting of a tunnel of over eight hundred feet in length through the spur of the Maryland Heights that projects over the old track near the railroad bridge. They also commenced at the same time the erection of stone piers to support a new bridge a little northwest of the old one. The course of the road bed in the town has also been changed, for the old trestling has been abandoned and the track has been laid across the eastern end of the old armory grounds and over a part of the site of John Brown's fort. The principal object of this change was to straighten the road and avoid the dangerous curves at the old bridge and also to do away with the perpetual expense of keeping the trestle work in repair. In consequence, the appearance of the place is greatly changed and not for the better, but, happen what may, the eternal mountains will remain, clothed with the verdure of spring and summer, the purple and gold of autumn, or the snowy mantle of winter, according to the season. The noble and historic rivers, too, will pour their allied waters through the awe inspiring chasm which, in the course of bygone ages, their united strength has cut through the gigantic

barrier of the Blue Ridge. The Bald Eagle—king of birds—will still sweep in majestic curves around the turreted pinnacles of the Alpine Heights or, poised on outspread wings, will survey his unassailable ancestral domain and, if in the garish light of day, the utter loneliness and wildness of the mountains oppress the imagination, the gloaming and the tender moonbeams will mellow the savage grandeur of the scene and invest it with a dreamy and mystic beauty to soften and enhance its sublimity. Besides, whatever may occur in the future, Harper's Ferry has in the past attained a fame of which even Fate itself cannot deprive it and, as long as poetry, romance and a love of the sublime and beautiful in Nature find a home in the human heart, tourists from all the continents and the isles of the sea will visit it, and the day will never come when there will be no enthusiastic lover of freedom to doff his hat at the shrine of John Brown. He was, anyway, a man of honest convictions who fought desperately and died fearlessly for the faith that was in him, and what hero has done more?

Having spent a long and a very long winter's night in a haunted house with a corpse for his only companion, and having been treated with marked consideration by their ghostships in their not bothering him in any way, the writer feels under obligations to give the spirits a puff and keep alive their memory in an age of skepticism. He, therefore, craves the reader's patience while he relates the history of an invisible but exceedingly potent sprite that kept the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry in a terrible ferment for a long time and that to this day gives a name to a thriving village within a short distance of that town. Tourists who come to historic Harper's Ferry never fail to gather all the stories they can, not only of the town itself, but of the surrounding coun-

try, and it is partly for their benefit and partly to honor the spirits that treated him so cleverly, that the author gives the following legend. There are but few, indeed, in northern Virginia, who have not heard the tale a thousand times, with endless variations, all accounts, however, agreeing as to the main facts. The author has heard many versions of it, but he will give it as he got it from a gentleman now deceased—an ex-member of Congress and an ex-minister to one of the most important nations of Europe. This gentleman spent much of his youth in the immediate neighborhood of the village where the great mystery occurred and he was on the most intimate terms with one of the families that were conspicuous in the occurrence. Of course, he gave it as he received it himself. He was not born when the spirit was rampant, but he got the story fresh from those who were witnesses to the mystery. He was an eminent man and deeply learned—a graduate of Georgetown College—and the writer would give a great deal to be able to relate the story with the inimitable grace of his informant. Of course, he did not believe the legend himself, but he cherished it as a memory of his childhood and as a choice morsel of folklore.

## THE LEGEND OF WIZARD CLIP.

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In the southwest part of Jefferson county, West Virginia, within less than a mile of the Opequon river so famous in the late war, is a drowsy though well-to-do village that rejoices in three names—Middleway, Smithfield and Wizard Clip. The first of these names it got from its being at exactly the same distance from Winchester, Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, and this is the name acknowledged in the postal service. The second name—Smithfield—is derived from a very respectable family of the far extended Smith clan that has resided there a great many years. The last—Wizard Clip—it got from a singular legend, connected with a house that once stood in the outskirts of the village. This building, except a part of the foundation, has long since succumbed to time. Not far from the site of the house is a tract of land known as "The Priest's Field" which at one time belonged to a resident of the aforesaid mansion—a man named Livingstone—but now forms a part of the lands of Mr. Joseph Minghini. In the old burying ground of the village is, or at least was shown a few years ago, a mound known as "The Stranger's Grave" and these singular names will be explained by the story.

Some time about the commencement of the 19th century a Pennsylvanian, named Livingstone, moved from his native state and purchased

the farm on which was the residence above referred to. He and his family took possession of the house, and for several years they prospered. Livingstone used to say that he had been unfortunate in life before his moving to Virginia, and he was fond of contrasting his former failures with his success in his new home. He is said to have been a man of a mild and genial disposition, but tradition has it that his better half was of a different temper and that, figuratively, she wore the garment which is supposed to be the 'special prerogative and attribute of the male sex. The facts of our tale, if indeed, they are bona fide facts at all, appear to bear out the popular estimate of the family, with the addition, perhaps, that Mr. Livingstone was of a credulous turn of mind, which exposed him to the machinations of some designing neighbors, who took advantage of his unsophisticated nature and who, perhaps, were not sorry to punish the wife for her lack of amiability. It should be noted that the period of our tale long antedates railroads and steamboats. Goods were then conveyed entirely by horse power and the principal road from Baltimore and Alexandria to southwest Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee passed through Middleway. In consequence, long convoys of wagons were constantly passing along this road which was within a few yards of Livingstone's house. About three miles east of this residence, also on this road, lived an Irish family, named McSherry, from whom are sprung the many highly respectable people of that name who now adorn nearly every learned profession in West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, especially that of medicine. Between these two residences lived Joseph Minghini—an Italian—the grandfather of the gentleman referred to as now owning the tract of land called "The Priest's Field." The Minghini of our tale had accompanied the fa-



mous generale Charles Lee from Italy when that eccentric character was obliged to fly from the land of the Caesars, but finding himself disappointed in his patron had set up for himself in the neighborhood of Middleway. So much for a preface and now for our story.

One evening a stranger called at Livingstone's house and asked for a night's lodging. This was accorded to him cheerfully by Livingstone and, in justice to the lady of the house, it must be recorded that tradition is silent on the subject of what she thought of her husband's hospitality and, being an impartial chronicler, the writer will give her the benefit of any doubt on the subject, especially as it turned out afterwards that she had good reason to regret her having "taken in the stranger." The family and their guest conversed for a good part of the night, as is customary in Virginia on such occasions, and the new acquaintances separated about 10 o'clock, Mr. Livingstone conducting the stranger to a sleeping apartment and then betaking himself to his own. After having slept some time, the master of the house awoke and became aware of queer noises coming from the direction of his guest's apartment. He arose, knocked at the stranger's door and inquired what was the matter. The occupant replied that he was very sick and that he had a presentiment that he could not live 'till daylight. At the same time he entreated that a Catholic priest should be sent for to shrive him—that he had been brought up in the Catholic faith, but that he had neglected religion when in health. Now he would gladly accept its consolations, for he felt himself to be in extremis. Livingstone replied that he knew of no priest of that faith anywhere near, and that he could not hope to find one closer than in Maryland. He remarked, however, that he had neighbors who were

Catholics—meaning the McSherrys and the Minghinis—and that they might set him on the track of a priest, and he volunteered to go immediately to make inquiries of those people. On this, the wife who, too, had been aroused, and woman-like, was listening to the conversation, became very angry and told her husband that, if he was fool enough to start out on such a wild-goose chase, she would take good care to thwart him, even if he succeeded in finding the clergyman, which was unlikely enough. She was determined, she said, to hinder any Romish priest from entering her house, and that the best thing Livingstone could do was to return to his bed and leave the stranger to his fate. The good-natured and well-disciplined husband submitted and again retired to slumber. Next morning the guest did not appear for breakfast and Livingstone, a good deal alarmed, went to the stranger's room and found him dead. The neighbors of the family knew nothing of these occurrences, and the Livingstones would not be likely to say much about them, unless they were driven to a disclosure by the pangs of terror and remorse. They, however, had the corpse on their hands, and, of course, the fact of the death could not be concealed. A few neighbors were notified, and the unknown was committed to a nameless grave. No other designation can be given to him than "the unknown" because the stranger had not revealed to the family his name or anything connected with his history, except in the few remorseful words to Livingstone, when he confessed the sinfulness of his life. No clue was ever found to his name, family or nationality, but, as the Livingstones did not report any peculiarity in his accent, it is to be inferred that he was an American by birth or very long residence.

On the return of the family from the funeral late in the evening they built a good fire and took their

seats around it, discussing, no doubt, the untoward occurrences of the previous night, when, suddenly the logs jumped, all ablaze, from the fireplace and whirled around the floor in a weird dance, sputtering sparks all about the room and seeming to be endowed with demoniacal power and intelligence. Poor Livingstone, too, danced around, trying to put out the fire, but it took him a long time to do so, and no sooner had he thrown the smouldering sticks back into the fireplace than they jumped out again and went through the same performance as before, and Livingstone was again obliged to hustle for the safety of his house. This was repeated at short intervals until daylight, and the family did not get a moment's rest during that memorable night. How the amiable lady of the house managed to cook breakfast, tradition does not say, but from the fact that nothing is related of suffering by the Livingstones from hunger, it is to be presumed that the "spook" let up on them for a little while and allowed them to get something to eat.

Worn out, scared and disconsolate, the hapless Livingstone walked down to the road that passed his house, the highway before referred to, and was immediately greeted by a rough wagoner, who had stopped his team and who wanted to know why the devil Livingstone had stretched a rope across the highway and fastened it to a tree on either side, so as to impede travel. Livingstone knew that there were trees, as the wagoner said, on both sides of the road, but he saw no rope and wondered what the apparently drunken teamster meant by accusing him of such an absurd thing. The driver angrily demanded that the obstruction be removed at once, and Livingstone disdaining to make any reply, the infuriated teamster drew a knife and slashed at the rope, but the blade met with no resistance and, while the ob-

struction was palpable to his eye, it was but an airy nothing to his touch. It was now the wagoner's turn to be amazed. He knew not whether to offer an apology or not and, while he was still pondering the matter, another team arrived and its driver went through the same performance as the other, with the same result. At length, Livingstone mildly suggested that they should drive on, regardless of the intangible rope and so they did and passed along without difficulty, attributing their delusion, no doubt, to the bad whiskey of the neighborhood. Soon, however, other teams arrived and again the spectre rope was in the way and again were repeated the perplexity and the profanity of the first encounter. Every new arrival brought the luckless Livingstone a fresh cursing, and so it was kept up for several weeks. In the course of time, the demon, now acknowledged to be around the place, adopted a new method of annoyance. A sharp, clipping noise, as if from a pair of invisible shears, was heard all through and around the house and, worse yet, all the clothes of the family, their table cloths and bed coverings were cut and gashed, the slits being all in the shape of a crescent. Of course, the news of these unearthly doings soon spread, and people from all directions crowded to see and hear what was going on. There are still preserved in some families pocket-handkerchiefs that were folded in the pockets of their owners when they visited the place, but, yet, were cut and marked in his peculiar way by the demon of the scissors that kept up his "clip-clip" around them while they were condoling with the afflicted family. One lady visitor was complimenting Mrs. Livingstone on a fine flock of ducks that were waddling through her yard on their way, perhaps, to the neighboring Opequon, when "clip-clip" went the uncanny and invisible shears and one after another

the ducks were all cleanly decapitated in broad daylight before the very eyes of the ladies and many other witnesses.

At that time there lived in Middleway a German tailor, who, though fully imbued with the mysticism of his native country, yet regarded with contempt all vulgar superstitions, or what he considered to be such. He boasted that he would stay all night alone in the house supposed to be haunted and that, if he had time enough to spare for the purpose, he could expose the imposture of the wizard clipping. He had just finished a suit of broad cloth for a neighboring planter and had made up the clothes in a neat package, when on his way to deliver them he passed Livingstone's house, grinning at the folly of his neighbors in believing that the place was tenanted by an evil spirit. "Clip-clip" went the terrible scissors around the ears of the German who, in the plenitude of his incredulity, invited the author of the sounds to "go for damn." He proceeded to the house of his employer, opened his bundle with professional confidence and pride, to exhibit his model suit, when, lo! and behold! he found the clothes full of the crescent shaped slits and utterly ruined.

The excitement continued to spread and far and near extended the fame of "Wizard Clip." One night a party of youngsters of both sexes assembled at the house for a frolic, got up by the young men of the neighborhood, who desired to show to the world and especially to their sweethearts that *they* were not afraid, whoever else might be so, and curiosity led many young ladies to the scene, in spite of the terrors of the place. They were, perhaps, desirous to test the courage of their lovers, and trusted for protection to the big crowd in attendance. One rough, blustering fellow came all the way from Winchester, carrying his rifle. He was courting a girl of the neigh-



borhood of Livingstone's place, and he determined to show off to the best possible advantage. Things proceeded smoothly for awhile, and the young people were engaged in a dance when, suddenly, "clip-clip" went the goblin shears, and the Winchester-hero felt something flap against the calves of his legs. He reached down to investigate and found, to his consternation, that the most important part of his nether garment had been cut loose from the waist band and that there was nothing left for him to do but to sit down and keep on sitting 'till the festivities were over. His condition soon became known to the others and, great as the terrors of the situation were, nothing could prevent the company from tittering, until the hapless hero found his plight so painful that he resolved to leave the house, which, for the sake of delicacy, he was obliged to do by backing to the door, while the ladies coyly looked in another direction.

Numberless are the tales related of the queer doings of the demon with his invisible and diabolical scissors. Poor Livingstone lost heart and even his wife's masculine courage gave way. The whole neighboring country was, of course, intensely excited. One night Livingstone had a dream. He thought he was at the foot of a hill on the top of which was a man dressed in sacerdotal garments and appearing to be engaged in some religious ceremony. While looking towards this strange man, the afflicted dreamer became aware of the presence with him of some disembodied spirit that whispered to him that the man in the priestly garb could relieve him from his great trouble. He awoke and immediately formed the resolution to appeal to some minister of the gospel to exorcise his tormentor—the fiend of the "clip." He applied to his own pastor, a Lutheran preacher who, of course, had heard

of the affair, as had everybody in the state. To please Livingstone, the reverend gentleman visited the haunted house, but he experienced a reception so hot that he concluded not to try issues any more with so potent a spirit, and he left without accomplishing anything. Livingstone now remembered that the minister of his vision wore priestly vestments and, on the failure of his own pastor, he concluded that the party to help him must be one who was usually arrayed with such adjuncts in the performance of his rites. The Catholic, or perhaps the Protestant Episcopal must, therefore, be the denomination for him to seek aid from, and he found out from the Minghins and the McSherrys that a certain Father Cahill, who used robes such as he had seen in the dream, would, on a certain day, be at Shepherdstown, about ten miles away, to hold Catholic service. They promised Livingstone an introduction to the priest, and on the day specified they accompanied their unhappy neighbor to the church meeting. At the first sight, Livingstone recognized in Father Cahill the minister he had seen in the dream, and falling on his knees and with tears streaming down his cheeks, begged to be relieved from the thralldom of the evil one. Having been questioned by the priest, he gave the whole history, including the unkindness shown to the stranger guest. Father Cahill, who was a jovial, big-fisted Irishman, alive as the Lutheran minister had been, to the absurdity of the whole affair, tried to convince the sufferer that he was merely the victim of some malicious practical jokers of his neighborhood. It was all in vain, however, to try to dispel Livingstone's fears, and for sheer pity and, perhaps, Irishman-like, not being averse to a shindy even with the devil himself, the good father consented to accompany Livingstone home, and do all he could to relieve him. At that

time a Catholic priest was something heard of with awe and superstitious dread in Virginia, but very rarely seen there, and it is likely that the perpetrators of the outrage on the hapless family were themselves victims of an unreasonable fear of something that was formidable only from its rarity and from attributes that existed only in their own ignorant and untrained imaginations. Anyway, it is recorded that never after the visit of Father Cahill were the diabolical scissiors heard, and from that time peace again reigned in the Livingstone household, but the name of "Wizard Clip" still clings to the village and, it is to be hoped, that the legend will not be allowed to die out for, laugh as we may at those old time tales, they have a charm for even the most prosaic and skeptical. John Brown's fort is lost, forever, to Virginia, but it is a matter for thankfulness that, while brick and mortar can be disposed of to satisfy the love of gain, the traditions of a people cannot be converted into money and that sentiment cannot be sold by the square foot. Land marks are more easily destroyed than folklore.

In gratitude to Father Cahill, Livingstone before his death deeded to the Catholic church thirty-four acres of land, and this tract is what has ever since been named "The Priest's Field." The clergy of that faith, however, renounced all claim to the place because, no doubt, they felt that nothing in the spiritual ministration of Father Cahill contributed or was intended by him to contribute towards the object Livingstone had in view—the expulsion of a veritable demōn. Father Cahill, like the Lutheran minister, went to the house merely as a friend and not in the character of an exorciser of a real spirit and, if the rascals who so cruelly tormented their harmless neighbor were more afraid of the priest than of the other minister, with whom they were no

doubt familiar, it was no reason why a claim should be set up by the former of superior influence with Heaven. Mr. McSherry and Mr. Minghini were made trustees of the property, but by common consent, the land was left with the Minghins and it is now theirs by prescription, perhaps. In the county clerk's office in Charlestown, Jefferson county, West Virginia, can be seen the deed made by Livingstone and wife to Denis Cahill, the supposed exorciser of the fiend. It will be found in Book No. 1 of the County Records, and it conveys the title to thirty-four acres of land—"The Priest's Field"—to Father Cahill and his successors. Our esteemed friend Clerk Alexander will be glad to show it to anyone curious to see it. The deed is dated February 21st, 1802.

Within about eight miles of Harper's Ferry is a sleepy hamlet which has quite a history in connection with several prominent men of the Revolution. It is called Leetown, and it has been heretofore mentioned in this history as the scene of a brisk skirmish in the war of the rebellion. As before noted in this book, it got its name from General Charles Lee who, after the censures incurred by him for his conduct at the battle of Monmouth, buried himself here in gloomy seclusion. Very near this village is also a house occupied by General Horatio Gates, of more honorable fame in our war for independence, and still another revolutionary general—Darke—lived in the immediate neighborhood of the place. So, then, a sauntering tourist might spend a little time pleasantly enough in visiting the neighborhood. It is but a few minutes' drive from "Wizard Clip" and a curiosity seeker might easily take in many noteworthy sights in the course of a day's jaunt from Harper's Ferry. About five miles north of Leetown and in the immediate neighborhood of the battlefield of An-

tietam, is Shepherdstown, which is, or at least ought to be known to fame, as the home of James Rumsey who, it has been pretty clearly proven, was the first to apply steam power to purposes of navigation. On the Potomac, at Shepherdstown or Mecklenburg, as it was then called, was the first experiment made of propelling a boat by steam power, and the trial was made with success by Rumsey. In his life-time he was regarded by his acquaintances as a visionary, if not a decided maniac, but time has vindicated him, although the honor of the invention has been generally assumed to belong to others. There can be but little doubt that Rumsey anticipated all the other claimants for the fame of the invention, although with them, too, it may be said to be original, as they probably knew nothing of Rumsey or what he had accomplished. Shepherdstown has a war record, also, for in a day or two after the battle of Antietam, a detachment of federal troops having crossed the Potomac into Virginia at the ford near the town, they were badly defeated by a force of the rebel army that attacked them unexpectedly.

Some ten or twelve years ago, a stranger arrived at Harper's Ferry and, without letting any one know what his business was, he purchased a pick and shovel, hired a horse and buggy, and drove up the Potomac taking the implements with him. He proceeded towards Shepherdstown, appearing to be very familiar with the road. When he arrived within a mile of the latter place, he halted, tied his horse to something available and looked around inquiringly. It took him but a short time to find what he wanted, for in a few minutes he approached a large tree and plied vigorously his pick and then his shovel around the roots. His labor was not in vain, for soon he exposed to view a fair sized box which he immediately transferred to the buggy, and at once



returned to Harper's Ferry, without deigning to satisfy the curiosity of some parties who were attracted to the spot by the sight of him at his work. It is generally supposed that he himself had buried a considerable treasure at the place while he was hard pressed by enemies at some time while the late war was in progress, and that, deeming it safe, and not being much in want of money, he had left it in its concealment for nearly thirty years. Some advanced the dream theory—that, in his sleep he had a vision of the buried treasure, but the stranger kept his own counsel and departed on the next railroad train for parts unknown.

## THE ENCHANTER'S WHEEL.

Starting from the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry and running northwest, with the railroad track for six miles to Duffield's Station, is a region that has ever been the home of wizards, witches and all kinds of adepts in occult lore, besides being a favorite resting place for gypsy caravans. The construction of the railroad many years ago was the first interruption to the dreams of magic, and, then, the civil war, with its very practical ideas and, above all, perhaps, the subsequent introduction of free schools have completed the delivery of the worthy inhabitants from the very galling yoke of many professors of the black art—African and Caucasian—who profited in money and reputation by the fears they excited and the fees they received for cures or immunity. In justice, it must be stated that the whites, mostly of German origin, were generally of a benevolent character and that the practice of their art was always directed to counteract the malevolence of the negroes who seldom devoted their mystic knowledge to any good purpose, especially where any member of their own race was concerned. They always appeared to have an instinctive dread of the superior race and were shy of practising on the white man, unless under very strong temptation. The gypsies alone keep alive the old order of things, appearing to have nobody to punish and every one to reward with a rich wife or a gallant husband for

the trifle of crossing the sibyl's palm with a piece of silver. Indeed, they are not charged with molesting the person or property of any one. On the contrary, they are ever invoking the blessings of Venus, on the conditions above mentioned. Time has in no way changed their habits.

Two generations ago great was the fame of the professors—white and black—but now it is difficult to get any one of either color, unless some octogenarian, to relate what used to occur in the olden times. They appear to be afraid of the imputation of superstition. In this way many interesting and even poetic legends are likely to be lost.

Of the white seers the most renowned was the miller—John Peacher—a Pennsylvania Dutchman. He was a man of excellent reputation, and the only people who had any complaint to make of him were the evil doers, especially the thieves. It was useless for a thief to steal anything from John Peacher, for it had to be returned, and by the culprit himself, in broad daylight. Peacher's friends, too, if they reported to him any loss were merely told to wait a little for the stolen article. So, neither Peacher nor his friends ever complained to a law officer of any loss, feeling very certain that the missing would return. In consequence, it was no unusual sight to see seated on a fence near Peacher's mill, or the house of one of the miller's neighbors, a man, nearly always a negro, with a bundle of some kind tied up to suit the contents. There the visitor sat until late evening, if not asked to get off the fence and tell his business. Even then, it was with extreme difficulty that he could get off his perch, and some were known to invoke the assistance of the proprietor to *unfasten them*. The man was sure to be a thief, and the bundle always contained the stolen article, which was laid at the feet of the lawful owner—the

proprietor of the place—Peacher or some one of his friends who had reported to him a robbery. On one occasion a wagoner on his way to Georgetown drove his team past Peacher's place and abstracted from a wagon that belonged to Peacher some part of the gearing, with which he proceeded to Georgetown, fifty-seven miles distant. Peacher soon discovered the loss but, as usual, he "lay low" and waited for the certain issue. In a few days a man was seen to approach Peacher's place early in the morning afoot and carrying an apparently heavy load. When he reached Peacher's gate, he climbed one of the posts and rested his load on the fence nearby. No one questioned him, for Peacher and his domestics recognized the articles, the loss of which was known to them from the time of the theft, and the presumption was that the man was the guilty one. There the culprit sat without a word until the benevolent Peacher thought that the penitent might be hungry and sufficiently humbled. Peacher invited the stranger to get off and come into the house to get something to eat, but the hapless thief was glued, as it were, to the seat and not 'till Peacher chose to break the spell could the crestfallen victim get off his perch. He then confessed his guilt and told how his conscience did not trouble him a bit until he reached Georgetown with his plunder, when some impulse forced him to leave his team in the city and walk back, carrying the stolen articles, instead of waiting for his regular return trip to make restitution. After his meal he commenced his journey back, afoot, to the city for his team and in some time after rode past Peacher's place on his home trip, but did not stop. How Peacher worked his charms he never revealed, except that he said he had a wheel by the turning of which, as the case demanded, he effected his wonder-

ful exploits at thief-catching. The wheel he never exhibited. For many years after his death there was a common phrase in the neighborhood, "I'll introduce you to Peacher's wheel," whenever any one was suspected of knavish practices—especially a child or a superstitious person. It would take more space than we have allotted to ourselves to relate a tenth of the exploits of Peacher with his magic wheel.



## THE WITCH'S OVERSIGHT.

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Of an entirely different type as to nationality, color and moral standing, was Jesse Short, a disreputable negro scamp who enjoyed an immense reputation for powers of mischief, and who got credit for nearly every mysterious thing that occurred in the neighborhood, if only it was of a disreputable kind. Nearly all of the houses had low porches at their front doors, and the very narrow spaces underneath were enclosed with lattice work, so close that a robin could scarcely force himself inside and, if he could, he had very scant room to hop for a little exercise. It often happened, however, that in the early morning the ears of the family were greeted with the bleats or grunts of a well grown sheep or porker belonging to some neighbor that had found its way or for which a way had been found, in some uncannie manner to enter, and which had to crouch very low to find room for itself. But although an entrance had been found for it, there was no exit until the porch was torn down. All this and many other such pranks were put to the credit of Jesse until he enjoyed a fame equal to that of Michael Scott, and was the great terror of the country all 'round. Like John Peacher of better character, he performed too many feats for recital in this modest-sized book, but we will relate one that was witnessed, and is vouched for by at least two parties of unexceptionable character, who are still living, one of them being the victim of Jesse's unholy

practices, who can still exhibit marks left on her person by the wizard's touch.

Jesse was a slave on the Miller estate, about four miles northwest of Harper's Ferry. Near this plantation was another owned and occupied by John Engle, a pious, God-fearing man, some of whose children are yet alive. As far as we know there are two—Mr. James Engle and his sister, Mrs. Margaret Moler. When these were very young children, their father owned or hired a colored girl to whom our hero, Jesse, desired to pay attentions and with this view, often visited Mr. Engle's house. Mr. Engle, however, positively forbade those visits on account of Jesse's very bad reputation. It was supposed that our hero was deeply offended at this exclusion from the company of his lady-love, and secretly vowed vengeance, although his countenance and general bearing towards the Engle family did not betray his real feeling. One day he visited the house, ostensibly to convey some message from his master. While he was waiting for a return message, Margaret, the five year old daughter of Mr. Engle, who is now the widow of a Mr. John Moler, passed close to him. The negro patted the child and appeared to have a desire to ingratiate himself with her, but the little girl screamed wildly as soon as his hand touched her, and she showed the utmost horror of him. Her screams continued until she got into fits and the greatest difficulty was experienced in restoring her temporarily to her normal condition. But the little one was not the same from that time. Day by day she failed, lost appetite and could not get natural sleep. In a month she was reduced from a hale, hearty and lively child to a mere spiritless skeleton, and hope of her recovery was almost abandoned. At that time regular physicians were not as plentiful as they are now, and old mammies of either color were

mostly depended on, especially in cases of ailing children. The Engle family were then, as they are now, among the most respectable in Jefferson county, and, from regard for them as well as for natural sympathy, every mother in the neighborhood and every skillful woman aided in trying to restore the poor child, but in vain. When the little tot was almost exhausted somebody remembered that across the Potomac, in Maple swamp, a place inhabited in a great measure by half-breeds descended from the Indians, lived a certain Mrs. Mullin, whose fame for occult knowledge was wide-spread. Indeed, she was a power even among the professors themselves. To her as a last resort the parents of the child appealed. The benevolent old lady responded at once, and crossed the Potomac on her mission of charity. She took the child on her knee, without the least repugnance on the part of the little girl. What mystic words or rites the old lady used, tradition does not say, but she took from her pocket a pair of scissors and with deliberation clipped the nails from the fingers of the child—from all but one finger—and herein lies the wonder, for the child at once began to improve and, as we have before mentioned, is still alive and hearty at an advanced age, with the full use of all her limbs, except that one finger, the nail of which Mrs. Mullin failed to clip. That finger is crooked and that one alone. It has never been straight since that day, about seventy-five years ago, when Mrs. Mullin, either by accident or design, failed to treat it as she treated its fellows. It never pains her, however, and merely gives a sign of something designed to be a mystery. Mrs. Mullin, as far as we know, never tried to rectify the omission or make any explanation.

## THE REMORSEFUL DOG.

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About half way bewteen Duffield's and Shenandoah Junction, on the south side of the B. & O. railroad, and very close to it, is to be seen the grave of General Darke, heretofore mentioned as one of the famous men of the Revolution, who once lived in that region which is embraced in the present county of Jefferson, and whose homes were very close to Harper's Ferry. General Darke is the hero of the neighborhood, and many of the best people of Jefferson county, are proud of the kinship to him, which they claim. His personal history would, indeed, read like a romance, but our proposed limits forbid us the pleasure of giving it in detail. We will merely relate one of his adventures and a curious tale told of a dog belonging to him that figured in connection with his master's story. We have but the general's own words to prove the truth of most of the tale, but he was a man of undoubted veracity and, besides, he had no motive for inventing the story. We have heretofore given an account of great sagacity manifested by a dog owned by Colonel Lewis Washington and, as the farms on which the dogs were born are but a short distance apart, it is probable that General Darke's dog was a remote ancestor of that of Colonel Washington, and that the extraordinary intelligence they both displayed was a family trait. The exact period of our legend is unknown, but it probably was a few years after the Revolution.

General Darke then lived near the spot where he now rests from his life's work, surrounded by many of his veterans and relatives, by whom he was much revered. The general, like the great majority of men, was fond of a good dog, and was very jealous of the fame as well as careful of the bodies of his dumb favorites of that species, which he kept around him. One dog was his 'special pet. Tradition does not tell what breed he belonged to or his name, as it does in the case of Colonel Washington's "Bob"—neither does it inform us of his caudal advantages or deficiencies. Indeed, in the case of "Bob" there is no need, yet awhile, to question tradition, for we all, whose hair is gray, knew him, that is all of us who in 1859 were acquainted with the hospitable home of the colonel.

One day one of the general's neighbors complained to him that his—the neighbor's—meat house had frequently of late been robbed and that, having watched many nights for the thief, he had at last got ocular demonstration that the general's favorite dog was the culprit. The general would not deny the fact of the robbery, but he plainly denied the guilt of his dog and, although the complainant was a man of the utmost respectability, the general still stood up for his humble friend. An agreement was finally made that the general himself should watch—which he did and, besides, every night he barricaded the room in which the dog used to sleep, and left the animal not the least chance, as he thought, to leave the house without permission. The master kept listening, too, for any sound from the dog's room that would indicate an effort to escape, and for some nights he heard just enough noise to prove that the dog was in his proper place. One night, however, he thought the stillness unnatural, and his suspicion was aroused. He entered the dog's room and found



it vacant. He also found a hole either in the wall of the room or at the foundation, through which it was easy to make a noiseless escape. The general at once started in pursuit and encountered the dog on the way from the neighbor's meat house whither the master's suspicions led him. The dog had a large piece of meat in his mouth, which he at once dropped on recognizing his owner, and then made a hasty retreat out of sight. Of course, the general made all the apologies due from him to his wronged friend, and the trouble between them was forever ended. The dog, however, was never again seen in that neighborhood.

In some years after General Darke had occasion to travel to Ohio. He made the journey on horseback, the only method at that time. One night he took lodging at a lonely inn among the wilds of the Alleghany Mountains. On alighting he noticed several suspicious-looking men lounging around, but the general was a brave man and, besides, he had no choice, so he remained at the house. He kept awake all night, however, but he was not molested. Next morning he started to continue his journey, but he had not advanced far before a very rough-looking man jumped from behind a fence and ordered him to halt. At the same time a dog bounded from the same direction to the road, and at once caught the assailant by the throat and dragged him to the ground, holding on with a death grip to that peculiarly dangerous part of the human anatomy to be seized by. Whether the man was killed or not tradition does not say, but he was rendered hors de combat. The general recognized in the dog his own former pet, but the dog again fled from before the face of his old master, by whom he was never again seen. The general returned to the inn, reported the affair to the landlord and made special inquiries

about the dog. All he could learn was that the animal had appeared at the inn a long time before, and that, the family having taken a liking to the stray, it was allowed to remain. The dog was not to be seen at the inn at least, until the general departed finally, nor is it known that he ever did return and, as far as we know, he was never again seen by any of his old acquaintances.

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Harper's Ferry has always been noted for the number of ministers of religion it has produced. It would be impossible to name all of them in view of the limit we have set for ourselves. A few, however, whom we ourselves have taught and prepared for learned professions, we feel justified in mentioning. They are Fathers Edward Tearney, James T. O'Farrell and John Bowler, of the Catholic church; the Reverend McFadden brothers—John, Harry and Frank; the Reverend C. B. Price and the Reverend A. S. Yantis—the last five of various Protestant denominations. We are proud of those boys, their genuine piety, their learning and the great good they are reported as doing. No bigots are they who can see no good in anybody that differs from them, but they found their belief and their life-practise on the glorious "Sermon on the Mount" and have a good word for everybody. This is the way to win souls to God, and they have found it.

Various eminent men, not natives of the place, however, have served in the ministry at Harper's Ferry. The Rt. Rev. J. J. Kain, the present Archbishop of St. Louis, and the Rt. Rev. A. Vandevyver, Bishop of Richmond, were formerly priets in charge of the Catholic church there. The venerable Dr. Dutton of the Presbyterian church

also served there and was the hero of a remarkable adventure in the great flood of 1870, which we have noted elsewhere. The last mentioned three were held in extraordinary honor. Many believe that the coming great man of the Catholic church in America is Bishop Vandevyver, of Richmond. He is certainly one of God's noblemen.

There are now serving in the ministry at Harper's Ferry the Reverend Messrs. Marsh of the M. E. Church, and Sullivan and Farring of the M. P. Church, also, the Reverend Father Collins, Catholic priest. We have not the pleasure of much acquaintance with any of those gentlemen, but they are, we know, men of very high character. Father Collins' father we knew well—a better man never lived and we take him for a guarantee for his son's excellence. We have been thrown a good deal into company with the Reverend J. D. Miller of the Protestant Episcopal church, and in our judgment, he is a gentleman of profound learning and a high degree of polish and amiability. We always listen with high pleasure to his conversation, the more so because he never tries to convince his hearers that he "knows it all," although it is plain that he knows a great deal, and that the day is not far off when he will make a very distinguished mark. He is making it now.

In giving the names of Harper's Ferry-born clergymen we might have mentioned Father William Lynch, pastor of the Catholic church at Roanoke, Virginia, who, if not quite a native of Harper's Ferry came very near having that claim on us. He was born and brought up at Halltown, within four miles of Harper's Ferry, and those four miles deprived the ancient village of the honor of being his birthplace, and us of the credit his education would have conferred on us. He is, however, regarded by us as one of our own, and the author is as glad of the great

success the good father has met and is meeting with as if he himself had made him as he made the others. From this rather extended notice of the ministers of religion to the credit of Harper's Ferry it must not be inferred that the place is not entitled to the honor of having produced other men of marked ability who adorn other professions. Some sixty years ago was born in Bolivar, a suburb of the place, the Hon. E. Willis Wilson, an eminent lawyer of Charleston-on-the-Kanawha. The civil war broke out just at the time when he had got a fair education and his studies were, of course, interrupted for a time. His native energy, however, was too much for any obstacle and as soon as the reverberation of the canons ceased around his native place, he went to work at the study of law, entered politics, and was chosen to fill various places of honor and trust until he was elected governor of West Virginia, and was inaugurated on the same day that saw the same ceremony for President Cleveland. The election of Governor Wilson was the more remarkable for the violent opposition to him on the part of all the monopolies in the state and his was a triumph for the right as well as for himself. His administration was a model one and as he is young enough for further usefulness, the people of West Virginia will not lose sight of him.

Another native of the place has risen to eminence in the law. The Hon. James D. Butt was brought up under some disadvantages in the matter of education, caused by the civil war but, as he was young enough at the cessation of hostilities to resume his interrupted studies, he made up for lost time. He is now Referee in the Bankruptcy Court of his native district.

In medicine, too, Harper's Ferry has many sons to be proud of. William, George and Robert Marmion, three sons of Dr. Nicholas Marmion, were

themselves famous physicians and surgeons, especially in diseases of the eye and ear. The second—George—died some two years ago, but the oldest—William—is still practising in Washington City, and ranks among the very highest in the profession. The youngest—Robert—is in the U. S. Navy. They were all our pupils in the long past.

Another pupil of ours is Dr. Joseph Tearney, now employed by the B. & O. railroad. He has practised a good deal at this, his native place, and, although he is yet a young man, he has, and justly has the reputation of possessing wonderful skill in his profession. Personally, he is emphatically a “good fellow” with a big, generous heart, as is well known to many a needy patient. So, with his acknowledged ability, the confidence he inspires, and the magnetism that draws every one to him, he cannot fail to become a veritable celebrity. And he, too, was a pupil of ours. He never forgets the old tie and the “old man” is very much the better for the remembrance.

We would be ungrateful indeed if we forgot Drs. Howard and Claude Koonce, young physicians, natives of Harper’s Ferry and two of our old pupils. They are sons of Mr. George Koonce, prominent in the politics of West Virginia. They stand very highly in their profession and are whole-hearted young men.



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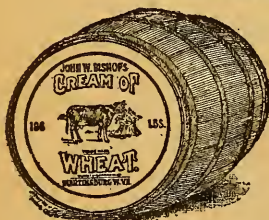
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